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CAMPBELLIANA.

From Frazer's Magazine.

I wish to write about Thomas Campbell in the spirit of impartial friendship: I cannot say that I knew him long, or that I knew him intimately. I have stood, when a boy, between his knees; he has advised me in my literary efforts, and lent me books. I have met him in mixed societies—have supped with him in many of his very many lodgings—have drunk punch of his own brewing from his silver bowl—have mingled much with those who knew and understood him, and have been at all times a diligent inquirer, and, I trust, recorder of much that came within my immediate knowledge, about him. But let me not raise expectation too highly. Mr. Campbell was not a communicative man; he knew much, but was seldom in the mood to tell what he knew. He preferred a smart saying, or a seasoned or seasonable story; he trifled in his table-talk, and you might sound him about his contemporaries to very little purpose. Lead the conversation as you liked, Campbell was sure to direct it in a different way. He had no *arrow-flights of thought*. You could seldom awaken a recollection of the dead within him; the

mention of no eminent contemporary's name called forth a sigh, or an anecdote, or a kind expression. He did not love the past—he lived for to-day and for to-morrow, and fed on the pleasures of hope, not the pleasures of memory. Spence, Boswell, Hazlitt, or Henry Nelson Coleridge, had made very little of his conversation; old Aubrey, or the author of Polly Peacham's jests, had made much more, but the portrait in their hands had only been true to the baser moments of his mind; we had lost the poet of Hope and Hohenlinden in the coarse sketches of anecdote and narrative which they told and drew so truly.

Thomas Campbell was born in Glasgow, on the 27th of July, 1777, the tenth and youngest child of his parents. His father was a merchant in that city, and in his sixty-seventh year when the poet (the son of his second marriage) was born. He died, as I have heard Campbell say, at the great age of ninety-two. His mother's maiden name was Mary Campbell.

Mr. Campbell was entered a student of the High School at Glasgow, on the 10th of October, 1785. How long he remained there no one has told us. In his thirteenth year he carried off a bursary from a competitor twice his age, and took a prize for

a translation of *The Clouds* of Aristophanes, pronounced unique among college exercises. Two other poems of this period were *The Choice of Paris* and *The Dirge of Wallace*.

When Galt, in 1833, drew up his autobiography, he inserted a short account of Campbell. "Campbell," says Galt, "began his poetical career by an Ossianic poem, which his 'school-fellows' published by subscription, at two-pence a-piece; my old school-fellow, Dr. Colin Campbell, was a subscriber. The first edition of *The Pleasures of Hope* was also by subscription, to which I was a subscriber." When this was shown to Campbell, by Mr. Macrone, just before the publication of the book, the poet's bitterness knew no bounds. "He's a dirty blackguard, sir," said Campbell; "and, sir, if Mr. Galt were in good health, I would challenge him; I feel disposed to do so now, the blackguard." "What's to be done?" said Macrone; "the book is printed off, but I will cancel it, if you like." Here the heading of the chapter "A Two-penny Effusion," attracted Campbell's attention, and his thin, restless lips quivered with rage. "Look here, sir," said Campbell, "look what the dirty blackguard's done here!" and he pointed to the words, "A Two-penny Effusion." Two cancels were then promised, and the soothed and irritated poet wrote with his own hand the following short account of his early efforts:—"Campbell began his poetical career by an Ossianic poem, which was published by his school-fellows when he was only thirteen. At fifteen he wrote a poem on the Queen of France, which was published in the *Glasgow Courier*. At eighteen, he printed his Elegy called *Love and Madness*; and at twenty-one, before the finishing of his twenty-second year, *The Pleasures of Hope*."

Before Campbell had recovered his usual serenity of mind, and before the ink in his pen was well dry, who should enter the shop of Messrs. Cochrane and Macrone, but the poor offending author, Mr. Galt. The autobiographer was on his way home from the Athenæum, and the poet of "Hope," on his way to the Literary Union. They all but met. Campbell avoided an interview, and made his exit from the shop by a side door. When the story was told to Galt, he enjoyed it heartily. "Campbell," said Galt, "may write what he likes, for I have no wish to offend a poet I admire; but I still adhere to the *two-penny effusion* as a true story."

On quitting the Glasgow University, Mr. Campbell accepted the situation of a tutor in a family settled in Argyllshire. Here he composed a copy of verses, printed among his poems on the roofless abode of that sept of the Clan Campbell, from which he sprung. The Lines in question are barren of promise—they flow freely, and abound in pretty similitudes; but there is more of the trim garden breeze in their composition, than the fine bracing air of Argyllshire.

He did not remain long in the humble situation of a tutor, but made his way to Edinburgh in the winter of 1798. What his expectations were in Edinburgh, no one has told us. He came with part of a poem in his pocket, and acquiring the friendship of Dr. Robert Anderson, and the esteem of Dugald Stewart, he made bold to lay his poem and his expectations before them. The poem in question was the first rough draft of *Pleasures of Hope*. Stewart nodded approbation, and Anderson was all rapture and suggestion. The poet listened, altered, and enlarged—lopped, pruned, and amended, till the poem grew much as we now see it. The fourteen first lines were the last that were written. We have this curious piece of literary information from a lady who knew Campbell well, esteemed him truly, and was herself esteemed by him in return. Anderson always urged the want of a good beginning, and when the poem was on its way to the printer, again pressed the necessity of starting with a picture complete in itself. Campbell all along admitted the justice of the criticism, but never could please himself with what he did. The last remark of Dr. Anderson's roused the full swing of his genius within him, and he returned the next day to the delighted doctor, with that fine comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of happiness which imaginative minds promise to themselves with all the certainty of hope fulfilled. Anderson was more than pleased, and the new comparison was made the opening of the new poem.

"At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;

Thus from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;
And every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there."

There is a kind of inexpressible pleasure in the very task of copying the Claude-like scenery and repose of lines so lovely.

With Anderson's last *imprimatur* upon it, the poem was sent to press. The doctor was looked upon at this time as a whole Wills' Coffee-house in himself; he moved in the best Edinburgh circles, and his judgment was considered infallible. He talked, wherever he went, of his young friend, and took delight, it is said, in contrasting the classical air of Campbell's verses with what he was pleased to call the clever, home-spun poetry of Burns. Nor was the volume allowed to want any of the recommendations which art could then lend it. Graham, a clever artist—the preceptor of Sir David Wilkie, Sir William Allan, and John Burnet—was called in, to design a series of illustrations to accompany the poem, so that when *The Pleasures of Hope* appeared in May, 1799, it had every kind of attendant bladder to give it a balloon-waft into public favor.

All Edinburgh was alive to its reception, and warm and hearty was its welcome. No Scotch poet, excepting Falconer, had produced a poem with the same structure of versification before. There was no Sir Walter Scott in those days; the poet of *Marmion* and the *Lay* was only known as a modest and not indifferent translator from the German: Burns was in his grave, and Scotland was without a poet. Campbell became the Lion of Edinburgh. "The last time I saw you," said an elderly lady to the poet one day, within our hearing, "was in Edinburgh; you were then swaggering about with a Suwarrow jacket." "Yes," said Campbell, "I was then a contemptible puppy." "But that was thirty years ago, and more," remarked the lady. "Whist, whist," said Campbell, with an admonitory finger, "it is unfair to reveal both our puppyism and our years."

If the poet's friends were wise in giving the note of preparation to the public for the reception of a new poem, they were just as unwise in allowing Campbell to part with the copyright of his poems to Mundell, the bookseller, for the small sum of twenty guineas. Yet twenty guineas was a good deal to embark in the purchase of a poem by an untried poet: and when we reflect that Mundell had other risks to run—that

paper and print, and above all the cost of engravings, were defrayed by him—we may safely say, that he hazarded enough in giving what he gave for that rare prize in the lottery of literature, a remunerating poem. We have no complaint to make against the publisher. Mundell behaved admirably well, if what we have heard is true, that the poet had fifty pounds of Mundell's free gift for every after edition of his poem. Our wonder is, that Dr. Anderson and Dugald Stewart allowed the poet to part with the copyright of a poem of which they spoke so highly, and prophesied its success, as we have seen, so truly.

I have never had the good fortune to fall in with the first edition of the *Pleasures of Hope*, but learn from the magazines of the day, that several smaller poems, *The Wounded Hussar*, *The Harper*, &c., were appended to it. The price of the volume was six shillings, and the dedication to Dr. Anderson, is dated "Edinburgh, April 13, 1799."

I have often heard it said, and in Campbell's life-time, that there was a very different copy of the *Pleasures of Hope*, in MS., in the hands of Dr. Anderson's family, and I once heard the question put to Campbell, who replied with a smile, "Oh dear, no; nothing of the kind." The alterations which the poem underwent by Anderson's advice, may have given rise to a belief that the poem was at first very unlike what we now see it.

It was said of Campbell, that by the time

"His hundred of grey hairs
Told six-and-forty years,"

he was unwilling to remember the early attentions of Dr. Anderson. He certainly cancelled or withdrew the dedication of his poem to Dr. Anderson, and this is the only act of seeming unkindness to Dr. Anderson's memory which we have heard adduced against him. But no great stress is to be laid on this little act of seeming forgetfulness. He withdrew, in after-life, the dedication of *Lochiel* to Alison, whose *Essay on Taste*, and early friendship for Campbell, justified the honor; and omitted or withdrew the printed dedication of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, to the late Lord Holland.

As soon as his poems had put money in his pocket, an early predilection for the German language, and a thirst for seeing some of the continental universities, induced him to visit Germany.

He set sail for Hamburgh, where, struck with the sight of the many Irish exiles in that city, he strung his harp anew, and sung that touching song, *The Exile of Erin*, which will endear his name to the heart of every honest Irishman. On his road from Munich to Linz, he witnessed from the walls of a convent the bloody field of Hohenlinden (Dec. 3, 1800), and saw the triumphant French cavalry, under Moreau, enter the nearest town, wiping their bloody swords on their horses' manes. But he saw, while abroad, something more than "the red artillery" of war; he passed a day with Klopstock, and acquired the friendship of the Schlegels.

He was away altogether about thirteen months, when he returned to Edinburgh, to make arrangements with Mundell about the publication, in London, of a quarto edition of his poems. Mundell granted at once a permission which he could not well refuse, and Campbell started for London by way of Glasgow and Liverpool. At Liverpool he stayed a week with the able and generous Dr. Currie, to whom he was introduced by Dugald Stewart. Currie gave him letters of introduction to Mackintosh and Scarlett.

"The bearer of this," Dr. Currie writes to Scarlett, "is a young poet of some celebrity, Mr. Campbell, the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.' He was introduced to me by Mr. Stewart, of Edinburgh, and has been some days in my house. I have found him, as might be expected, a young man of uncommon acquirements and learning, of unusual quickness of apprehension, and great sensibility.

"He is going to London, with the view of superintending an edition of his poems, for his own benefit, by the permission of the booksellers to whom the copyright was sold before the work was printed; and who, having profited in an extraordinary degree by the transaction, have now given him the permission above-mentioned, on condition that the edition shall be of a kind that shall not interfere with their editions. He is to give a quarto edition, with some embellishments, price a guinea; the printing by Bensley. You must lay out a fee with him; and if you can do him any little service you will oblige me and serve a man of genius."

Currie's letter is dated 26th February, 1802, so that we may date Campbell's arrival in London (there was no railway then) on or about the 1st of March.

"When Campbell came first to London," said Tom Hill, to the collector of these imperfect 'Ana,' "he carried a letter of introduction to Mr. Perry, of the *Morning*

Chronicle. He was then a poor literary adventurer, unfitted with an aim. Perry was so much pleased with him that he offered him a situation on his paper, which Campbell thankfully accepted. But what could Campbell do? he could not report, and he was not up to the *art* of writing *leaders*. At last it was agreed that he should receive two guineas a-week, and now and then contribute a piece of poetry to the corner of the paper. He did write, certainly," said Hill, "but in his worst vein. We know what newspaper poetry is, but some of Campbell's contributions were below newspaper poetry—many pieces were not inserted, and such as were inserted, he was too wise to print among his collected poems." Tom Hill's means of information were first-rate; he was, moreover, the intimate friend of Perry, and Campbell's neighbor for many years at Sydenham.

The quarto edition of his poems, which Campbell was allowed to print for his own profit, was the seventh. This was in 1803. The fourth edition, corrected and enlarged, was printed in Glasgow in 1800. His own edition is a fine specimen of Bensley's printing; but the engravings are of the poorest description of art.

In 1803, and before the publication of his subscription quarto, he printed, anonymously, at Edinburgh, and at the press of the Ballantynes, his "Lochiel" and "Hohenlinden." The title is simply "Poems," and the dedication is addressed to Alison. "John Leyden," says Sir Walter Scott, "introduced me to Tom Campbell. They afterwards quarrelled. When I repeated 'Hohenlinden' to Leyden, he said, 'Dash it, man, tell the fellow I hate him, but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years.' I did mine errand as faithfully as one of Homer's messengers, and had for answer, 'Tell Leyden that I detest him; but I know the value of his critical approbation.'" Scott knew "Hohenlinden" by heart; and when Sir Walter dined at Murray's in 1800, he repeated at the table, as Wilkie tells us, Campbell's poem of "Lochiel."

What Campbell's profits or expectations were at this time I have never heard. When a poet is in difficulties, he is sure, said William Gifford, to get married. This was Campbell's case, for I find in the Scotch papers, and among the marriages, of the year 1803, the following entry:—"11th Oct., at St. Margaret's Church, Westmin-

ster, Thomas Campbell, Esq., author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' to Miss Matilda Sinclair, daughter of R. Sinclair, Esq., of Park Street."

The fruit of this marriage, the most prudent step the poet could have taken at that time, was a son, born at Edinburgh on the 1st of July, 1804, Thomas Telford Campbell, a helpless imbecile, still alive. If there was any one point in Campbell's character more amiable than another, it was his affection for his son. They were much together; and, before his imbecility became confirmed, it was a touching sight to see the poet's fine eyes wander with affection to where his son was seated, and, at any stray remark he might make that intimated a returning intellect, to see how his eyes would brighten with delight, and foretell the pleasures of a father's hope.

In the volume of *Johnson's Scots Musical Museum* for 1803, there is a song of Campbell's, addressed to his wife, when Matilda Sinclair. It is in no edition of his poems that I have seen, and can make no great claim for preservation, beyond any little biographical importance which it may bear.

"O cherub Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I would all the gay hopes of my bosom resign;
I would part with ambition thy votary to be,
And breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee.

"But thy presence appears from my pursuit to fly,
Like the gold-colored cloud on the verge of the sky:
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is so short as the smile of thy favor to me.

"In the pulse of my heart I have nourish'd a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my youth slow departing I see;
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

"O cherub Content, at thy moss-cover'd shrine
I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptur'd I see,
I would breathe not a vow but to friendship and thee."

This is poor poetry, after the passionate love-songs of Burns, in the earlier volumes of the same publication.

On the 28th of October, 1806, Campbell had a pension granted to him from the Crown, payable out of the Scotch Excise, of one hundred and eighty-four pounds a-year. It was Fox's intention to have bestowed this pension upon Campbell, but that great statesman died on the 13th of the preceding month. His successors, however, saw his wishes carried into execution, and the poet enjoyed his pension to

the day of his death, a period of nearly eight and thirty years.

He now took up his residence in the small hamlet of Sydenham. Here he compiled his "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens." Forty years of eventful history, compiled without much accuracy of information, or any great elegance of style. This was a mere piece of journeyman's work, done to turn a penny. Few have heard of it, fewer seen it, and still fewer read it. The most intelligent bookseller in London was, a week ago, unaware of its existence.

Some small accession of fortune about this time, and the glorious certainty of a pension, enabled him to think seriously of a new poem, to outstrip his former efforts, and add another stature to his poetic height. As soon as it was known that the celebrated author of "The Pleasures of Hope" was employed upon a new poem, and a poem of length, expectation was on tiptoe for its appearance. The information first got wind in the drawing-room of Holland House. Then the subject was named—then a bit of the story told by Lord Holland, and a verse or two quoted by Lady Holland; so that the poem had every advertisement which rank, fashion, reputation, and the poet's own standing, could lend it. The story was liked—then the metre was named and approved—then a portion shown; so that the poet had his coterie of fashion and wit before the public knew even the title of the poem they were trained up to receive with the acclamation it deserved.

Nor was public expectation disappointed, when it became generally known that the poet had gone to the banks of the Susquehanna for his poem—had chosen the desolation of Wyoming for his story, and the Spenserian stanza for his form of verse. The poet, however, was still timidly fearful, though he had the *imprimatur* of Holland House in favor of his poem. I was told by Tom Hill that Campbell sent the first printed copy of his poem to Mr. Jeffrey (now Lord Jeffrey). The critic's reply was favorable. "Mrs. Campbell told me," added Hill, "that, till he had received Jeffrey's approbation, her husband was suffering, to use his own expression, 'the horrors of the damned.'"

A Whig poet was safe in those days, when in the hands of a Whig critic. He had more to fear from the critical acumen of a Tory

writer; but only one number of the *Quarterly Review* had then appeared. If Gifford had dissected "little Miss Gertrude," he might have stopped the sale, for a time, of a new edition; but no critical ferocity could have kept down "Gertrude of Wyoming" for more than one season. But Gifford was prepossessed in favour of Campbell; he liked his versification and his classical correctness; so the poem was intrusted to a friendly hand—one prepossessed, like Gifford, in his favor—the greatest writer and the most generous critic of his age—Sir Walter Scott.

No poet ever dreaded criticism more than Campbell. "Coleridge has attacked 'The Pleasures of Hope,' and all other pleasures whatsoever," writes Lord Byron; "Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly rowed by the lecturer. Campbell will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive;—what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can *he* fear from criticism?"

His next great work was the "Specimens of the British Poets," in seven octavo volumes, published in 1819. This was one of Mr. Murray's publications, and one of his own suggesting. His agreement with Campbell was for 500*l.*, but when the work was completed he added 500*l.* more, and books to the value of 200*l.*, borrowed for the publication. Such fits of munificence were not uncommon with John Murray; he had many dealings, and dealt fairly, straightforwardly, beyond the bounds of common liberality. We wish we could say the same of Campbell in this transaction. No second edition of the "Specimens" was called for before 1841; and when Mr. Murray, in that year, determined on printing the whole seven volumes in one handsome volume, he applied to Campbell to revise his own work, and made him at the same time a handsome offer for the labor of revision. Campbell declined the offer, and set his face at first against the publication. What was to be done? There was a demand for a new edition, and it had been a piece of literary madness on Mr. Murray's part if he had sent the book to press with all its imperfections on its head—not the imperfections, be it understood, of taste and criticism, but of biographical and bibliographical information. Good taste can never change—it is true at all times; but facts, received as such, for want of better information, may be set aside by any dull fact-monger who will take the pains to examine a parish register, a

bookseller's catalogue, or a will in Doctors' Commons.

Mr. Peter Cunningham, at the eleventh hour, was called in by Mr. Murray to superintend the reprint, and correct the common errors of fact throughout the seven volumes. Various inaccuracies were removed; some silently, for it had been burdening the book with useless matter to have retained them in the text and pointed them out in a note; while others, that entangled a thought or gave weight, were allowed to stand, but not without notes to stop the perpetuity of the error. A quiver of rage played upon the lips of the poet when he was informed that any one had dared to revise his labors: but when he saw what was done, and knew the friendly hand that had gone with so much patient care through the whole work, he expressed his unfeigned pleasure, and, as we have heard, thanked Mr. Cunningham for his useful services.

The Essay is a charming piece of prose, fresh at the fiftieth reading, and the little prefatory notices abound in delightful criticism, not subtle and far-fetched, but characteristically true to the genius of the poet. He is more alive to beauties than defects, and has distinguished his criticism by a wider sympathy with poetry in all its branches, than you will find in any other book of English criticism. Johnson takes delight in stripping more than one leaf from every laurel—he laughs at Gray—Collins he commends coldly, and he even *dares* to abuse Milton. Dryden and Pope, the idols of Dr. Johnson's criticism, are the false gods of Southey's:

"Holy at Rome—here Antichrist."

Campbell has none of this school of criticism; he loves poetry for its own sweet sake, and is no exclusionist.

The great fault of Campbell is, that he does not give the best specimens of his authors; but such pieces as Ellis and Headly had not given. Of Sir Philip Sydney he says, "Mr. Ellis has exhausted the best specimens of his poetry. I have only offered a few short ones." No one will go to a book of specimens for specimens of a poet in his second-best manner, or his third-rate mood. We want the cream of a poet, not the skimmed milk of his genius. A long extract from Theodoric would not represent Mr. Campbell's manner in the fiery Hope, or the more gentle Gertrude. Specimens are intended for two classes of people—one who cannot afford to buy, and the second who do not

care to possess, the British Poets in one hundred and fifty odd volumes. The poor want the best, and the other class of purchasers want surely not the worst.

In the year 1820 Mr. Campbell entered upon the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, which he conducted, we are told, "with a spirit and a resource worthy of his reputation, and of the then palmy estate of periodical literature." We doubt this. He drew his salary regularly, it is true, but contributed little of his own of any merit. The whole labor, and too much of the responsibility, rested on the shoulders of the assistant. The poet's name carried its full value; the Magazine took root and flourished, and the pay per sheet was handsome. He soon drew a good brigade of writers around him, and placing implicit confidence in what they did, and what they could do, he made his editorship a snug sinecure situation. "Tom Campbell," said Sir Walter Scott, "had much in his power. A man at the head of a Magazine may do much for young men; but Campbell did nothing, more from indolence, I fancy, than disinclination or a bad heart."

A series of articles appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* when Campbell was its editor, entitled *Boswell Ridivivus*—a catch-penny name, given by Hazlitt to a collection of Northcote's conversations and sayings, uttered, as was urged, by Northcote, in all the confidence of friendship. An ill-natured saying or two brought the painter into trouble, and Northcote wrote to Campbell, complaining of their appearance, in a letter in which he calls Hazlitt a wretch who had betrayed him. Campbell's answer is a striking illustration of the system he pursued in editing the *New Monthly*.

"I am afflicted beyond measure," says the poet, "at finding my own inattention to have been the means of wounding the feelings of a venerable man of genius. Dictate the form and manner of my attempting to atone for having unconsciously injured you, if I can make any atonement. The *infernal* Hazlitt shall never more be permitted to write for the *New Monthly*. I mean not to palliate my own want of watchfulness over the magazine which has occasioned such a paper being admitted. I only tell you the honest truth, that a crisis in my affairs, which is never likely to occur again, fatally tempted me this last month to trust the revision of some part of the number to the care and delicacy of another person; that person, like myself, has slept over his charge."

This want of watchfulness was, we fear,

a monthly failing, not, as is here set forth, a rare occurrence.

The success of *Gertrude* induced him in 1824 to put forth another poem, a dramatic tale, entitled *Theodoric*. A silence of fifteen years put expectation upon tiptoe, but when *Theodoric* appeared it was much in the condition of Jonson's *Silent Woman*, *there was no one to say plaudite to it*. The wits at Holland House disowned the bantling; the *Quarterly* called it "an unworthy publication," and friend joined foe in the language of condemnation. Yet Campbell had much to encounter, he had to outstrip his former efforts, and fight a battle with the public against expectation and the applause awarded to his former poetry. There is a conscious feeling throughout the poem that the poet is fighting an unequal battle; he stands up, but his play is feeble, he distrusts himself, and is only tolerated from a recollection of his bygone powers.

"I often wonder," says Sir Walter Scott, "how Tom Campbell, with so much real genius, has not maintained a greater figure in the public eye than he has done of late." Scott is writing in 1826. "The magazine seems to have paralyzed him. The author not only of *The Pleasures of Hope*, but of *Hohenlinden*, *Lochiel*, etc., should have been at the very top of the tree. Somehow he wants audacity, fears the public, and what is worse, fears the shadow of his own reputation." * * * "What a pity it is," said Sir Walter to Washington Irving, "that Campbell does not write more and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again, and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. The fact is, Campbell is in a manner a hugbear to himself; the brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*"

In 1827 he was elected lord-rector of his own mother university at Glasgow. He was elected by the free and unanimous choice of the students, and was justly proud of his election.

"It was a deep snow," writes Allan Cunningham, "when he reached the college-green; the students were drawn up in parties, pelting one another, the poet ran into the ranks, threw several snow-balls with unerring aim, then summoning the scholars around him in the hall, delivered a speech replete with philosophy and eloquence. It is needless to say how this was welcomed."

When his year of servitude had expired, he was unanimously re-elected, the students presenting him at the same time with a handsome silver punch-bowl, described by the poet in his will as one of the great jewels of his property.

On the 9th of May, 1828, he lost his wife. This was a severe blow to him. She was a clever woman, and had that influence over him which a wife should always have who is a proper helpmate to her husband. I have heard him say, and with much emotion, "No one can imagine how much I was indebted to that woman for the comforts of life."

In 1829 and 1830, he quarrelled with Colburn, threw up the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and lending his name to another publisher, started a magazine called *The Metropolitan*. A *Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence*, in two octavo volumes, was advertised, with Campbell's name to it, about the same time. The *Life* was soon abandoned, and the new magazine, after a time, transferred to Saunders and Otley, with two editors instead of one, Tom Campbell and his friend Tom Moore. The after history of the magazine is well-known—the two poets retired, and Marryat, with his "Peter Simple," gave it a swing of reputation which it had not before.

The sorrows of Poland, and the ebullitions of bad verse, occupied much of Campbell's time when editor of *The Metropolitan*. He lived in the Polish Chambers, and all his talk was Poland. Czartoryski and Niemcewicz were names everlastingly on his lips. A tale of a distressed Pole was his greeting when you met, and an alms or subscription the chorus of his song. Boswell was not more *daft* about Corsica than Campbell about Poland. Poor Tom Campbell, he exhausted all his sympathy on the Poles, and spent all his invectives upon Russia. Yet he did good—he was the means of assisting many brave but unfortunate men, whilst his ravings against Russia passed unheeded by, like the clamorous outcries for liberty of Akenside and Thomson.

In 1834, he published, in two octavo volumes, the "Life of Mrs. Siddons." Our great actress had constituted Campbell her biographer, and Campbell has told me, more than once, that he considered the work a kind of *sacred duty*. No man ever went to his task more grudgingly than Campbell; and no man of even average abilities ever produced a worse biography

than Campbell's so-called "Life of Mrs. Siddons." The *Quarterly* called it "an abuse of biography," and its writer "the worst theatrical historian we have ever read." Some of his expressions are turgid and nonsensical almost beyond belief. Of Mrs. Pritchard he says, that she "electrified the house with disappointment." Upon which the *Quarterly* remarks, "This, we suppose, is what the philosophers call negative electricity."

Since Mr. Campbell's death, Mr. Dyce has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, disclaiming any partnership in the composition of what he calls "that unfortunate book." There was a rumor very rife, when the book appeared, that Mr. Dyce had had a main-finger in the pie; but the gross inaccuracies of the work gave the best answer to the rumor. Mr. Dyce's accuracy deserves to be proverbial, and no one could suspect that he could have had a hand in any thing like "a very large portion" of the unfortunate performance. However, in disclaiming the share assigned he lets us a little behind the scenes on this occasion. We see Mrs. Siddons in Tom Campbell's *tiring-room*.

"Soon after Campbell had received the materials which Mrs. Siddons had bequeathed to him for her biography, he wrote to me on the subject; informing me, that, as he had a very slight acquaintance with stage-history, he dreaded the undertaking, and offering me, if I would become his coadjutor, one-half of the sum which E. Wilson was to pay him for the work. I refused the money, but promised him all the assistance in my power. He next forwarded to me his papers, consisting chiefly of Mrs. Siddons's memoranda for her life, and a great mass of letters which she had written, at various intervals, to her intimate friend Mrs. Fitz-Hughes. Having carefully gone over the whole, I returned them with sundry illustrations; and subsequently, from time to time, I sent him other notes which I thought might suit his purpose. As, on one occasion, he had spoken slightly of the letters to Mrs. Fitz-Hughes, (calling them 'very dull,' and saying that 'the mind of Mrs. Siddons moved in them like an elephant,') and was evidently inclined not to print them, I strongly urged him by no means to omit them, since they appeared to me, though a little pompous in style, extremely characteristic of the writer.

"While he was engaged on the biography, a report reached him that Mrs. Jameson was about to publish *Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons*, and that Miss Siddons (now Mrs. Combe) had furnished her with many anecdotes. At this he was excessively angry; and showed me a letter which he had written to Miss Siddons, indignantly complaining that she should

patronize Mrs. Jameson's work, when she must be aware that he had been specially appointed her mother's biographer. As the letter in question was perhaps the most extraordinary ever addressed by a gentleman to a lady, I entreated him to throw it into the fire; but he positively refused. Whether it was eventually sent or not, I never learned: if it was, Mrs. Combe cannot have forgotten it. He had afterwards some communication with Mrs. Jameson, in consequence of which she abandoned her design.*

I have heard Campbell say that a little girl of eleven would write better letters of their kind than any half dozen addressed by Mrs. Siddons to Mrs. Fitz-Hughes. The poet was introduced to the actress by Charles Moore, the brother of Sir John Moore.

With the money which the publication of a bad book brought him, Mr. Campbell set off for Algiers. He told on his return more stories than Tom Coryatt, and began a series of papers upon his travels, for his old magazine, the *New Monthly*. These papers have since been collected into two volumes, entitled, "Letters from the South."

His subsequent publications were a "Life of Shakspeare," a poem called "The Pilgrim of Glencoe," the very dregs and sediment of his dotage; "The Life and Times of Petrarch," concocted from Archdeacon Coxe's papers (a sorry performance); and Frederick the Great and his Court and Times," a publication far below any thing which Smollett's necessities compelled him to put his name to, and only to be equalled by the last exigencies of Elkanah Settle.

In 1837, he published his poems, in one handsome octavo volume, with numerous vignettes, engraved on steel, from designs by Turner; but Campbell had no innate love for art, and his illustrated volume, when compared with the companion volume of Mr. Rogers, is but a distant imitation. Mr. Rogers, it is true, had a bank at his back, and Campbell had little more than Telford's legacy of 500*l.* to draw upon; but this will not account for the difference which we are to attribute altogether to an imperfect understanding of the beauties and resources of art.

When Mr. Campbell accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, he

* *Literary Gazette*, 22d June, 1844. Mr. Dyce's letter is dated the 18th, three days after Campbell's death. After ten years of possessing his soul in peace—he might have waited a little longer.

forsook his favorite Sydenham, and leased the house No. 10, Upper Seymour-street West. It was in this house that Mrs. Campbell died. His next remove was to Middle Scotland Yard. Here he gave a large evening party, and then grew tired of his house. Milton's biographers pursue their favorite poet through all his garden-houses, and tenements in London: I am afraid it would be no easy task to follow Campbell through the long catalogue of his London lodgings, for the last fifteen years of his life. I recollect him lodging at No. 42 Eaton-street; in Stockbridge-terrace, Pimlico; in Sussex Chambers, Duke-street, St. James; at 18 Old Cavendish-street; in York Chambers, St. James-street; and at 61 Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. In November, 1840, he again set up house, for the sake of a young niece, to whom he has bequeathed the whole of his little property. The house he chose was No. 8 Victoria-square, and here he made his will.

The last time I saw Mr. Campbell was in Regent-street, on the 26th of September 1843. He was dressed in a light blue tail coat, with gilt buttons, an umbrella tucked under his arm, his boots and trowsers all dust and dirt, a perfect picture of mental and bodily imbecility. I never saw a look in the street more estranged and vacant; not the vacancy of the man described by Dr. Young, "whose thoughts were not of this world," but the listless gaze of one who had ceased to think at all. I could not help contrasting to myself the poet's present with his past appearance, as described by Byron in his *Journal*. "Campbell looks well, seems pleased, and dressed to sprucery. A blue coat becomes him, so does his new wig. He really looks as if Apollo had sent him a birth-day suit, or a wedding garment, and was witty and lively." This was in 1813, in Holland House. He has drawn a picture of himself in the streets of Edinburgh, when the "Pleasures of Hope was a new poem; "I have repeated these lines so often," he says, "on the North Bridge, that the whole fraternity of coachmen know me by tongue as I pass. To be sure, to a mind in sober, serious, street-walking humor, it must bear an appearance of lunacy, when one stamps with the hurried pace and fervent shake of the head, which strong, pithy poetry excites."*

Mr. Campbell died at Boulogne on the

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, i. 342.

15th of June, 1844, and on the 3rd of July, was buried at Poets' Corner, about one foot above the ground, and over against the monument to Shakspeare. I have heard that he had a wish to be buried in the Abbey—a wish which he expressed about a year before he died, at a time when a deputation of the Glasgow Cemetery Company waited on the poor enfeebled poet to beg the favor of his body for their new cemetery. Who will say that Campbell lived unhonored in his native city?

Mr. Campbell was in stature small but well made. His eyes were very fine, and just such eyes as Lawrence took delight in painting, when he drew that fine picture of the poet which will preserve his looks to the latest posterity. His lips were thin, and on a constant twitter—thin lips are bad in marble, and Chantrey refused to do his bust because his lips would never look well. He was bald, I have heard him say, when only twenty-four, and since that age had almost always worn a wig.

There was a *sprucery* about almost every thing he did. He would rule pencil lines to write on, and complete a MS. more in the manner of Davies of Hereford than Tom Campbell. His wigs, in his palmy days, were true to the last curl of studious perfection.

He told a story with a great deal of humor, and had much wit and art in setting off an anecdote that in other telling had gone for nothing. The story of the mercantile traveller from Glasgow, was one of his very best, and his proposing Napoleon's health at a meeting of authors because he had murdered a bookseller (Palm), was rich in the extreme.

Campbell was very fond of forming clubs—he started a poets' club at his own table at Sydenham, when Crabbe, Moore, and Rogers were of the party. "We talked of forming a poets' club," writes Campbell, "and even set about electing the members, not by ballot, but *viva voce*. The scheme failed, I scarcely know how; but this I know, that, a week or so afterwards, I met with Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*, who asked me how our poets' club was going on. I said, "I don't know—we have some difficulty in giving it a name; we thought of calling ourselves *The Bees*. "Ah," said Perry, "that's a little different from the common report, for they say you are to be called *The Wasps*." I was so stung with this waspish report, that I thought no more of the Poets' Club." Whatever

merit is due to the foundation of the London University, I believe belongs by right to Campbell: he was the founder, moreover, of the Literary Union, an ill-regulated club which expired in the spring of the present season,

"Unwilling to outlive the good that did it,"

like the Ipswich of Wolsey, as described by Shakspeare.

It is well known that Campbell's own favorite poem of all his composition was his *Gertrude*. "I never like to see my name before *The Pleasures of Hope*; why, I cannot tell you, unless it was that when young I was always greeted among my friends as 'Mr. Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*.' 'Good morning to you Mr. Campbell, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*.' When I got married, I was married as the author of *The Pleasures of Hope*; and when I became a father, my son was the son of the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*." A kind of grim smile, ill-subdued, we are afraid, stole over our features, when standing beside the poet's grave, we read the inscription on his coffin:—

"THOMAS CAMPBELL, LL. D.
AUTHOR OF THE 'PLEASURES OF HOPE,'
DIED JUNE 15, 1844.
AGED 67."

The poet's dislike occurred to our memory—there was no getting the better of the thought.

There is a vigor and swing of versification in *The Pleasures of Hope* unlike any other of Campbell's compositions, the *Lochiel* excepted: yet it, carries with it as Sir Walter Scott justly observes, many marks of juvenile composition. The *Lochiel* has all the faults and all the defects of his former effort, and, as if aware of a want, he sat down, when busy with *Gertrude of Wyoming*, to amend the poem. The four last lines originally ran:—

"Shall victor exult or in death be laid low
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

A noble passage nobly conceived; but hear how it runs as appended to the first edition of *Gertrude of Wyoming*:

"Shall victor exult in the battle's acclaim,
Or look to yon Heav'n from the death-bed of fame."

The poet restored the original reading on the recommendation of Sir Walter Scott:

he had succeeded in squeezing the whole spirit from out the passage.

I remember remarking to Campbell, that there was a couplet in his *Pleasures of Hope*, which I felt an indescribable pleasure in repeating aloud, and filling my ears with the music which it made;—

“And waft across the wave’s tumultuous roar,
The wolf’s long howl from Oonalaskai’s shore.”

“Yes,” he said, “I tell you where I got it—I found it in a poem called *The Sentimental Sailor* published about the time of Sterne’s *Sentimental Journey*.” I have never been able to meet with this poem.

Campbell deserves a good biography and a good monument. His own works want no recommendations, but his friends may do much to perpetuate the memory of the man. Surely his letters deserve collection, and his correspondence should not be suffered to perish from neglect. There is a subscription on foot to erect a monument to his memory in Poets’ Corner. This is as it should be—but let it be something good. We have more than enough of bad and indifferent in the Abbey already.

SOUTHEY’S MONUMENT.—The Committee for erecting the Monument to the memory of Mr. Southey, have altered their original plan. Instead of a Tablet with a Medallion, they now propose a Shrine, with a recumbent figure of the poet upon it, from a design by Mr. P. G. Lough, of which a lithographed copy will be sent to each subscriber; among whom are already to be found the late Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Kenyon, Lord Ashley, Lord Mahon, the Earl of Leven, Viscount Melville, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Gloucester, the Bishop of Carlisle, Mr. Justice Coleridge, Mr. Justice Patteson, Mr. W. Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, Mr. S. Rogers, the late Mr. T. Campell, Professor Sedgwick, &c. —*Athenæum*.

LORD BYRON.—Among the objects intrusted to the care of the banker Caccia, who was declared a bankrupt last month (May), was a box containing the MSS. of Lord Byron. The box, belonging to the Countess Guiccioli, to whom the great poet bequeathed his most precious *souvenirs*, was claimed on the 19th from the Syndic of the bankruptcy by M. Micard, the attorney for the countess. Besides the MSS. of all the printed works of Lord Byron, there are a few unpublished poems and critical notes written by himself in his own publications.—*Revue de Paris*.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.

BY A GERMAN OFFICER IN THE SWEDISH SERVICE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WHEN I saw King Charles John for the first time, he was in his sixty-fourth year; but, from his glossy black hair, his fine figure, retaining all the vigor of his prime, and the vivacity and agility of his movements, he might have passed for a hale man of fifty. His angular, marked, but extremely pleasing features, his beautifully formed mouth, and his large, brilliant eyes, composed a whole, the highly intellectual and, at the same time, amiable expression of which was extremely fascinating. The gaze of his eagle eye, which fixed upon and penetrated any one who was conversing with him, had such a spell, that I think it would have been very difficult to tell the king to his face an untruth, without confusion or trepidation. I have seen courtiers and placemen, whose consciences might not be perfectly clear, stand abashed and confounded, as if thunder-struck, by that piercing look, which seemed to read the inmost recesses of the heart. Bernadotte appeared to be aware of this effect of his looks, and he is said to have formed beforehand an unfavorable opinion of those who could not bear their scrutiny.

The expression of that searching eye changed with inconceivable rapidity. On my return to Stockholm, after a long journey, which I had performed, as the bearer of despatches on matters of great importance, with such expedition that it was noticed as an extraordinary circumstance both in the German and French newspapers, I waited immediately upon the king, and, being admitted to his presence, had occasion to observe the expression of the kindest benevolence in his face suddenly changed into the flashing look of indignation. He had laid upon the table the despatches which I had brought, and, while he carelessly sprinkled me from a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, as he frequently did, to take off the smell of tobacco to which he had a strong aversion, he put various questions, to which I gave satisfactory answers. At last, he inquired in what time I had performed the journey. When I mentioned the precise number of days and hours, his eyes, till then all kindness, all at once darted at me an annihilating look. “Monsieur,” he thundered forth, “souvenez vous que c’est à moi que vous parlez, et que je ne souffre pas les mauvaises plaisanteries.” I assured him most respectfully that nothing was further from my intention than to take such a liberty; but it was not till he opened the letters, and found the truth of my statement confirmed by the date of them, that his good-humor returned.

For the rest, there was nothing whatever in his manner that tended to intimidate; on the contrary, he possessed in the highest degree the talent so useful to a sovereign, of saying to every one what was most likely to be most

agreeable to him, and of so prepossessing by his conversation all who approached him that they went away delighted. Of his extraordinary power of persuasion, and the great effect of his personal appearance, I will give a remarkable instance. When on one occasion (I forget in what year) the Norwegian Storting, which, as every body knows, is always in opposition to the government, had again rejected all the propositions of the latter, and a formal breach was anticipated, the king, on receiving this intelligence, attended by a single aide-de-camp, hastened to Christiana, where he arrived quite unexpectedly. He spoke the same evening with some of the leading members, went the following day to the assembly, harangued it, and in a short time produced such a change of sentiments that the ferment subsided, order and tranquillity were restored, and the measures proposed by the government, which were in reality fit and moderate, were adopted.

This faculty of rendering himself beloved, not by words alone, but by real kindness and beneficence, contributed not a little to raise him to the throne of Sweden. Other French marshals had acquired as high military reputation as Bernadotte, but by his longer residence at Anspach, and subsequently in Hanover, he had gained the character of a good, just, and clement governor, and, by his humane treatment of the Swedes taken prisoners by him near Lübeck, in the campaign of 1806, that of a noble and generous enemy. In this Swedish corps were several officers belonging to the most influential families in Sweden, who, fascinated by the amiable disposition of the marshal, and by the lively interest with which he inquired concerning the state of their country, carried home with them a high idea of his acute, comprehensive mind, and profound gratitude for his favors. The influence of these officers and their families contributed not a little to the election of the marshal as Crown-Prince of Sweden at the diet of Oerebro, in 1810.

The opinion which has prevailed that the object of the Swedes in electing a French marshal was to flatter Napoleon, who was then all-powerful, is erroneous. The Swedes knew, as well as every one who was at all acquainted with the state of things at the French court, that for a long time past the emperor could not endure Bernadotte, and that he was even in some respects afraid of him. Napoleon neither wished nor favored the election of the Prince of Ponte Corvo as Crown-Prince of Sweden. He knew the character of this man, who had on several occasions openly and boldly opposed him, and was but too well aware that Bernadotte would never stoop to the subordinate and degrading part of a French prefect, to which the emperor doomed his brothers and relatives whom he invested with European sovereignties. Experience showed that he was not mistaken, for he soon received the strongest proofs that his former marshal had

become in heart and soul a Swede, and that, as might be expected of such a man, he preferred the interest of the country which had adopted him to that of the country in which he happened to be born.

The continental system, that fixed idea of the emperor, to which he sacrificed so much, and by which he plunged into misery and estranged whole nations, who might otherwise have been and remained devoted to him—the continental system was the rock upon which the good understanding hitherto kept up, apparently at least, between these two extraordinary men, suffered shipwreck. The introduction of the continental system required unconditionally by Napoleon, would have been a death-blow to the commerce of Sweden: the Crown-Prince wrote to this effect to the emperor; and when the latter persisted in his unreasonable demand, flatly refused to comply. I have myself had occasion to peruse great part of this correspondence, which is stamped, on the part of Napoleon, with the character of despotism and irritability; and on the part of the Crown-Prince, with that of a firm, dignified resistance, of a bold, noble independence, and a perfect consciousness of the duties which he owed to his new country. The emperor, in his letters, calls the Crown-Prince a traitor, a rebel; and the latter replies that he should deserve those names, if, unmindful of his oath and his engagements, he should sacrifice the interests of Sweden to those of France. The conduct of Bernadotte on this occasion was as prudent as that of Napoleon was impolitic.

I have frequently heard it alleged as a ground of reproach against the Crown-Prince of Sweden, by Prussian officers more especially, but also by Swedish, that his conduct during the campaign of 1813 was not frank and straightforward—that he was not to be trusted—that he let slip several opportunities of beating the French, and, on the other hand, seized every occasion to spare them, and that, on this account, he led his own troops, the Swedes, into action as little as possible. This imputation is not quite just. The Crown-Prince of Sweden could not have a real interest in sparing the French, or, to speak more correctly, Napoleon: on the contrary, it was decidedly to his interest to annihilate him, for he knew his former commander too well not to be thoroughly convinced, that if he should come off conqueror from the conflict for life and death, he would never forgive the conduct of Bernadotte, nor forego his revenge. If he took the field against his countrymen without ardor, nay, with a certain lukewarmness, or even repugnance, this, in my opinion, rather redounds to his honor, and the more so as, from the very first, he communicated his views to his allies, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and not only advised them to drive the French out of Germany, but insisted that there could be no question of peace with Napoleon while a single French soldier remained on German ground. It is true that he strove also to persuade the

two sovereigns not to enter France, frankly declaring that, though he was ready to co-operate in the first-mentioned object with all his might, he would not contribute in any way to the occupation of France.

About this period, he wrote several times, with the knowledge of the monarchs of Russia and Prussia, to Napoleon, earnestly exhorting him to peace, strongly and clearly representing to him the impossibility of any long resistance in his situation, and accurately predicting what must befall him if he would not lend a hand to peace. As this advice proved fruitless, Bernadotte cheerfully and honestly assisted in clearing the German territory of the French. If, in so doing, he manifested no hatred, no personal enmity to them, this is as natural as the animosity of the Prussians, who had great outrages to revenge; and I will take leave to add that these latter, perhaps, conceived themselves authorized to censure with the more severity this coolness of the commander-in-chief, because they could not help recollecting that this was the same general who, in 1806, had proved to them near Halle that he was not deficient in energy.

The rather remarkable supineness of the Crown-Prince at Grossbeeren, where he placed his whole Swedish corps, with the exception of the artillery, which, under General Cardell, contributed materially to the victory, in the reserve, and would not suffer it to take part in the engagement, proceeded from the motive already touched upon—his reluctance, unseasonably indulged, it is true, to permit his own troops to act against the French.

"The point," said he, "was to save Berlin. It was but just that the Prussians should fight in first line for their capital, and that the Swedes should be there to afford assistance only in case of defeat. Thanks to my dispositions, to the ability with which they were executed by the Prussian generals, and to the enthusiasm and valor of their troops, that assistance was not necessary."

These sentiments I have heard Charles John himself express more than once, if not in the same words, yet in others of precisely the same signification. After the battle of Leipzig, the Crown-Prince separated from the allies, operated with his army against the Danes, and subsequently against the French in Belgium; and, adhering to his principle, halted his Swedish corps on the French frontier, which he would not allow it to cross.

Bernadotte's way of living was extremely simple. To his established habit of temperance, he owed the astonishing conservation of his person and his robust health. Very often, indeed generally, he passed great part of the forenoon in bed, where, however, from eight o'clock, he gave audience and transacted business. About two, he generally rode out in fine weather, and frequently repaired to his favorite retreat, the elegant little palace of Rosendal, built by himself, in the park, and tastefully fitted up and furnished, where he sometimes

dined. He rarely visited the table of the queen, who regularly dined with the gentlemen and ladies in attendance on her. In general, the king dined in company with only two or three men, courtiers of distinction, high officers of state, scholars, foreigners, or other interesting persons, with whom he wished to converse. He seldom went to the theatre, chiefly because he was not sufficiently conversant with the Swedish language. The last hours of the day he spent either in writing, or in the family circle.

With pleasure and with just pride, the thoughts of Charles John dwelt upon his earlier career, and he frequently spoke with fondness of the time when he held the very lowest military ranks. "*Lorsque j'étais sergent,*" or, "*À cette époque je venais d'être nommé officier,*"—were expressions which I have often heard him use. He had an astonishing memory for old comrades and acquaintance, and when I was first introduced to him, I had to give him all the information I could concerning a great number of his old companions in arms. On many of them, who fell into distress, he conferred substantial favors, but he adopted the prudent resolution not to permit any of them to come to Sweden. On this point he has been so consistent that he had about him but a single Frenchman, his foster-brother, General Camps, and that, as far as I know, none of his relations, who are people of good property, ever came to Sweden. Had not the king adhered so firmly to this principle, a great number of Frenchmen, dissatisfied with the government of the elder branch of the house of Bourbon, would gradually have found their way to Sweden to importune their former general with applications for appointments, the granting of which would have been mortifying to the Swedes.

Though the king, as I have already observed, generally lay long abed, he was attentive to his health, rarely rode on horseback, scarcely ever went a-hunting, and in general exposed himself to as little fatigue as possible, still he could upon occasion, in spite of his age, endure more than even the younger of his attendants liked to encounter. In great manœuvres, I have seen the king for several successive days, passing eight or ten hours on horseback, and distinguished by his noble military bearing, and the great simplicity of his dress, among the brilliant uniforms of his numerous staff. His frequent journeys to Norway were often performed with the utmost celerity, in winter, in the most intense cold, and on roads which in that season are not always the best.

I shall here introduce one trait from Bernadotte's life, which does him great honor, and attests as well his integrity as his powers of persuasion, and the influence which he always exercised upon those around him. At the breaking out of the Revolution in 1789, Bernadotte had recently been appointed sergeant by his captain. This captain, a native of the same province as himself, and who wished him well, had often reproved him for his fondness

for the revolutionary ideas which were gradually gaining ground, assuring him that they could not lead to any good; and declaring that he was "une mauvaise tête," and, in spite of his superior education and acquirements, he would come to nothing. When the troubles actually commenced, and order and discipline were banished from the army, several regiments deposed their officers, or refused to obey them, and elected others out of their own midst. The regiment to which Bernadotte belonged followed this example, arrested its colonel and its officers, and unanimously chose Sergeant Bernadotte for its commander.

Having accepted this new dignity, he assembled the regiment and thanked his comrades for their confidence, of which, he said, he felt and would prove himself worthy.

"Above all," he thus concluded his speech, "I must impress it upon you, that without discipline no military body can subsist, and if I am to command you, and to operate efficiently for your welfare, you must promise me absolute, implicit obedience."

"That we will," cried the men, with one voice.

"It follows of course then," resumed the sergeant-colonel, "that whoever does not instantly obey my orders, shall be punished according to the laws of war. Do you swear this?"

"We swear it!" responded the soldiers.

Bernadotte immediately took a company—the one to which he belonged, and on which he could reckon implicitly—put himself at its head, led it to the prison, and brought out the officers, with whom he proceeded to the front of the still assembled regiment.

"Soldiers," said he, taking the hand of the colonel, "you have, of your own accord, conferred on me the command over you, and sworn obedience to me: I now command you to recognise again your former colonel and officers. Let us not disgrace a good cause by rebellion and disorder. My command is at an end—I resign it to our former chief."

The latter, however, had seen too much, and was too well informed of what was going on in Paris, and throughout all France, to accept the proffered command again. He declined it, and with most of the officers quitted the regiment, of which Bernadotte then assumed the command.

In process of time, when he came as Marshal of France and Prince of Ponte-Corvo to Anspach, he there met with his former captain, who had emigrated and made that place his residence. He received him with great cordiality, offered him his services, invited him to his table, and introduced him to his officers as his old chief, by whom he had been made subaltern.

"Vous voyez," said he to him, smiling, "que, malgré ma mauvaise tête, et vos prédictions, je n'ai pas trop mal fait mon chemin."

But, notwithstanding his good-nature and amiable disposition, Bernadotte knew perfectly

well how to refuse importunate petitioners in an indirect way. After he had become marshal, he had an aide-de-camp, who had done him good service, but for which he had already been rewarded with the rank of lieutenant-colonel and the cross of the legion of honor. Not content, however, he seized every opportunity to urge his chief to propose him for colonel. One evening, after this officer had, even in the presence of his comrades, taken the liberty to make palpable allusions to unrequited services, slow promotion, and the like, the marshal related the following apologue:

"When I was still a subaltern, I once went with some of my comrades to see the performances of a company of dogs. I was delighted, and still more astonished at the dexterity of these animals, and asked the proprietor how he contrived to bring his pupils into such admirable training.

"If," said he, 'you will come to-morrow about noon, you will comprehend at once my system of education; it is extremely simple.'

"I did not fail to attend at the appointed hour, and the master began with one of the older dogs, and which was already trained, but which, it seemed, needed another lesson. Showing to the animal a large tempting piece of meat, he held it up in his hand: the dog danced capitably, and did all that was required of him. When this had continued for some time, I begged the man not to make the docile brute wait any longer for his reward, and to give him the meat.

"Oh, no! not yet," he replied; 'you don't understand it. So long as I show the dog the meat, he works hard in the hope of getting it; but as soon as he has obtained the object of his wishes, he flings himself down, and will not stir without driving.'

The greatest and cleverest of men have their weaknesses. Peter the Great could not touch a lizard; Marshal Saxe almost swooned if a cat came too near him; and it is well known that King Gustavus Adolphus had a particular antipathy to spiders. Charles John is said to have felt an invincible repugnance to dogs, partly arising from the circumstance that a friend of his died from the bite of a mad dog, and partly from his having seen, on the field of battle, the corpse of another friend torn in pieces by dogs, among which was the deceased officer's own dog. Whether this is true or not, I cannot tell: but the king's aversion to dogs was well known at court. The Crown-Prince had a very beautiful hound, which had been trained, as soon as the king was seen at a distance, or whenever he heard the words, "The king is coming," to run away; or, if this was not possible, to hide himself under the furniture, where he lay quiet while the king remained in the room.

Several biographical accounts of Charles John have appeared, some of which, especially that by Touchard Lafosse, though considered somewhat romantic, is said to be tolerably faithful. It is, however, to be hoped that the

memoirs of this remarkable man, which he is reported to have dictated to one of his orderly officers, will be given to the public. They must furnish the most interesting elucidations of many still dark points in the history of the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire.

The private life of Charles John, as husband and father, was irreproachable. Even busy Fame, with her thousand tongues, has nothing but good to relate, and the *chronique scandaleuse* is silent. Particularly praiseworthy was his behavior towards his adoptive parents, Charles XIII. and his consort, born Princess of Holstein, the latter of whom, it is said, could not endure him. The Crown-Prince has the reputation of having uniformly paid them all the attentions of a dutiful son, and all the respect of an obedient subject; and of having always spoken of his adoptive father with reverence and affection.

If the king was an imposing character, as well on account of the glory which he had acquired, and the grand recollections attached to his person, as on account of that person itself, you can scarcely meet with a handsomer and more interesting couple in every respect than his son, the present king, and his consort. King Oscar combines expressive features, of extraordinary beauty, with a fine manly figure. His eyes are of that dark black, which a French lady once described as "*des yeux de velours noir doré de feu*:" and their looks attest superior understanding, firmness, and resolution, united with a kindness which there is no mistaking. In a certain respect, the character of Oscar may be better suited to the Swedes than that of his father. The chief fault found with the latter is, that he always promised more than he could or meant to perform. In his desire to render himself beloved, and to satisfy every body, it happened not unfrequently that he granted petitions, though he well knew that the thing was impossible in the execution. Hence arose many disappointments, much ill blood, and want of confidence in the royal word. Oscar, on the other hand, has hitherto promised but little and rarely: he listened to people quietly and sympathisingly, investigated their rights, their claims, and the greater or less probability of the success of their efforts and wishes, frankly expressed his opinion on the subject, assisted when it was in his power, but took good care not to excite false hopes. For the rest, Oscar, as a member of the council of state, as commanding general, as chief of the artillery, and high admiral, has always proved himself an efficient man of business, an accomplished officer, a just and paternal chief. He is beloved by the people, the army, and the fleet; and it is alleged that the frequent manifestations of this love and attachment were rather displeasing to his predecessor, and that this was the real cause why the prince had recently withdrawn from almost all business, and relinquished almost all direct influence, in order to occupy himself with the sciences, the fine arts, and the education of his highly-gifted

children. In the opinion of all who know him, an opinion to which I cheerfully subscribe, Oscar must be numbered among the most distinguished sovereigns of Europe. With a lively sense for all that is good and true, with calm, manly courage, with a sincere aspiration to what is excellent, he unites a highly cultivated mind and strong natural talents. He is said to be, in particular, a clever mathematician and a good astronomer, and I have myself often had occasion to admire his abilities as a musician and composer.

"Quel dommage," once exclaimed an old French lady, when I was describing Prince Oscar to her, "quel dommage, que tout cela ne soit pas légitime."

The present queen, a daughter of the noble Duke of Leuchtenberg, not only surpasses the ladies of the court in beauty and grace, but sets them a pattern of every female virtue. She has hitherto abstained from all influence, immediate or mediate, on public affairs. For the rest, amiableness is innate and inherent in the whole family of Leuchtenberg. With all the most amiable traits of French mind, "*solide dans le sérieux, et charmant dans les bagatelles*," the members of this house combine the noblest and most valuable qualities of the German national character; and they have thereby acquired, wherever Providence has called them, the attachment of their subjects, or the love of those around them.

NELSON.—The ball which inflicted Nelson's death-wound—preserved by the late Sir William Beatty, who was principal medical attendant on board the Victory, at the time of the fatal event—has been presented by his eldest surviving brother, Captain Beatty, as an interesting national relic, to the Queen, and will, it is said, be deposited in Windsor Castle. Greenwich Hospital would seem to be its more appropriate place of deposit. The ball, with the particles of the coat and epaulette that were forced into the body, has been set within a crystal case, which is appropriately mounted with a double cable of gold around its circumference, and opens like a watch.—*Athenæum*.

THE MADONNA OF LORETTO.—The treasure of Our-Lady-of-Loretto has just vanished. The event has thrown the Court of Rome into consternation. At the time the French conquered Italy, the Pontifical Government removed to Rome the Madonna's rich coffer, in order to shelter it from the profane covetousness of the conquerors. Since the restoration it has been conveyed back to Loretto, and new offerings had increased its richness. Count Rocchi, Receiver-General of the province of Ancona, to whose custody the coffer of holy Loretto was intrusted, had embarked in an Austrian steamer proceeding to Trieste, and carried off the contents of all the coffers, the keys of which he had in his possession.—*Revue de Paris*.

THE LEGEND OF ZÄHRINGEN.

From the Court Journal.

THE following sketch of the ruins of Zähringen, the cradle of the house of Paden, may not be uninteresting, now that the delicious watering-place of Baden-Baden has become so familiar to most of our readers.

The Dukes of Zähringen were once the most powerful lords of Suabia; they originally lived in the castle of Limburg, which was the cradle of the family, but of which there is now little to be seen. This castle was built upon a jut of the Alps called Lynsburg, not far from the little town of Weiheim on the Neckar. In the year 1080, Berthold, the proprietor of Lynsburg, or, as it is now called, Limburg, left his paternal mansion, and emigrated into Brisgau; and at a short distance from the town of Freiburg, upon a mountain in the Black Forest, at the foot of which the village of Zähringen stood, he built a castle which, after the fashion of those days, he called by the name of the village below.

The popular origin of the house of Zähringen is, perhaps, too romantic to be believed. The forefathers of Berthold were nothing more than common charcoal-burners, who dwelt in forests and mountains, and existed on the sweat of their brow. It happened that one of these wood-burners, after having collected together his pile of wood, covered it over with earth, in order to prevent the heat from expanding itself into flame, and thus evaporate. When the wood was reduced to the requisite condition and removed, he found to his great astonishment, at the bottom of the pile, among the ashes, an immense mass of silver, which the heat of the fire had extracted from the earth. His fortune was now made, and he continued extracting silver, when it happened that a king (the legend does not tell us his name), who had been driven from his country, came with his family, and took refuge in the neighborhood of the hut, where he announced to the world that he would make a duke of that man, and moreover give him his daughter in marriage, who would assist him in regaining his crown. This offer reached the ears of the wood-burner, who, ignorant as he was, had instinct enough to know that money must be the first object necessary to attain this end; accordingly he left his hut with a bag full of the precious metal on his shoulders, and presenting himself before the dethroned monarch thus addressed him, "Sire give me thy daughter in marriage, and make me duke of the country around my hut, and I will give thee such a treasure in silver as will help to bring thee back thy kingdom." And he cast the bag of silver at the feet of the astonished monarch, who, seeing himself already reinstated in his dominions, made him immediately his son-in-law, and created him duke of the land he coveted. After this, his wealth went on increasing to such a degree, that he was enabled to build castles and towns, and among others those of Zähring-

and Freiburg. But among the ignorant and low-born a rapid excess of opulence often begets a sensual and depraved taste; and this was the wood-burner's lot. He became tyrannical and cruel, and forgot that he once existed upon dry bread and water. His taste grew so corrupted that he yearned to know the relish of human flesh, and, to satisfy his horrible desire, he ordered his cook to roast him an infant. Unwillingly did the servant follow his cruel master's orders, and when the roasted baby appeared upon the table, the inhuman Duke was so horror-struck, that he instantly repented his cruelty, and by way of atoning for it, elected two cloisters in the Black Forest, which he called the holy Ruprecht and the holy Peter, both of which exist to this day.

The castle of Zähringen was originally small, but strong. When the house of Hohenstaufen, however, made its way to the throne of Charlemagne, and Conrad the Third, one of the members of that family, was elected Emperor of Germany, the Duke Conrad of Zähringen refused him his allegiance, upon which the Emperor despatched his brother Frederick of Suabia to exact it by force, and so closely besieged the Duke, that he compelled him to surrender both himself and castle to the besiegers. The Emperor acted generously towards him, and reinstated him in his possessions. From this period the power of the Zähringen family increased, but the Burg ultimately came into the possession of the Counts of Freiburg, and afterwards often changed masters, until it finally fell into the hands of the monks of the cloisters of St. Peter's in the Black Forest. The ruin is now very insignificant; but the view from it is magnificent, and extends as far as the mountains of Alsace and Lorraine.

The Dukes of Baden still take their second title from this castle, and whatever may be the fabulous tales attending their earliest history, it is well authenticated that this illustrious family springs from the same source as the houses of Austria and Lorraine, Hohenzollern and Prussia. Ethico I. Duke of the Allemani, was their common ancestor.

IMPROVED OMNIBUS.—An improvement in the mode of egress to and from this carriage, now so general in London use, has been patented by a Mr. Hayman, and a model shown. Instead of the steps coming down directly behind from the door, their place is supplied by a platform railed off, and protected in the rear, whilst the steps are placed laterally towards the side pavement. There are other amendments of form, and the whole appears to be very ingeniously devised.
—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ANOTHER, and another, and another day passed away, but no more was heard of Madame de Soissonac. The high spirit of the Roberts family, on which they particularly prided themselves, rose to a pitch that required, especially in the more easily exploding bosoms of the ladies, the safety-valve of vituperation, to preserve them from bursting. They had also another motive for wishing to discuss the subject with some one of their acquaintance whom they had been in the habit of meeting at the assemblies of the fair but perfidious French woman, in order to discover beyond the possibility of mistake, whether others had received the same affront as themselves. They doubted, however, for some time, as to the person to whom they should first open their hearts on the subject. Mrs. Bretlow would have been in many respects the most eligible person to whom they could have addressed themselves on this occasion, inasmuch as she was really intimate with Madame de Soissonac, and was therefore likely to know the real cause of her abominable behavior. But then, this real intimacy had always appeared to be accompanied by a great deal of real affection, and it was not well to talk to any body on the subject, who was likely to be so strongly prejudiced as Mrs. Bretlow.

"No, indeed, mamma," said Maria, "if you go to Mrs. Bretlow, in order to ask her opinion of Madame de Soissonac, I will not go with you. I don't know how the rest of the family may feel, but I have too much English spirit to go any where on purpose to hear the praises of a person who has used me ill."

"Well, then, who shall we go to?" returned the mother, who immediately felt the truth of this sensible observation. "I, for my part, don't care who it is, so that it is an English person, who will have common sense enough to understand what one says. The French are certainly unaccountably slow of comprehension in conversation. I find perpetually from their answers, that they have not understood one word in ten that I have said to them. It is no good to talk to them."

"Why should we not call on Lady Moreton and her cousin?" said Agatha. "There cannot be two more charming people to talk to on any subject, and as they

visit every body in Paris almost, they will certainly be able to tell us, if any one can, the reason for this French woman's conduct, and at the same time, you know, we may be quite sure that our natural ladylike feelings on the occasion will be properly repeated every where."

"To be sure," exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, eagerly, "I am surprised I did not think of them at first. They are the very people for us. I wonder whether Edward would like to go with us? They always seem so delighted to see him. Do go to his room, Maria, and ask him to come into the drawing-room before he goes out. I should so like him to go with us! He grows handsomer and more elegant every day of his life. I would defy any mother not to be proud of such a son."

The young man obeyed the summons instantly, having just completed his morning costume for the Boulevards, and looking, as his mother said, like a Parisian angel, only with a lovely English color in his cheeks.

"Edward, dearest, if you have no objection," said the respectful parent, "I should like you to go with us this morning to call on Lady Moreton and Lady Forton. Though they are, both of them, always kindness itself, they are never so delighted to see us as when you are of the party. You *will* go, won't you? We are going on purpose to talk to them a little about the impertinent behavior of that extraordinary Madame de Soissonac, and I should like that you should be with us. What do you say to it, my dear?"

"Why, no, ma'am, thank you, I think I'd rather not. For, to say the truth, the Soissonacs are, in my opinion, a vast deal too absurd to talk about; and of all people in the world, I am the last who ought to enter upon the subject," said the young man, coloring. "I would rather not go, thank you."

"Good gracious, why?" said Agatha. "What can you have to do with it, Edward?"

"What can you mean, Edward?" cried Maria. "For goodness sake, speak out."

"Upon my word, my dear, you must not go till you have explained yourself," said his mother. "Perhaps, Edward, you know a great deal more about them than we do. Do tell us every thing that you have heard, my dear, dear Edward. It is cruel to keep us in the dark if you *do* know any thing. I must beg that you will hide nothing."

"Really, mother, I know very little about her, for I can't say I have ever given myself the trouble to inquire. But if you won't talk too much about it, I will tell you what I have reason to suspect; and one or two fellows of my acquaintance, who know old Soissonac a great deal better than I do, say they are quite sure I am right. The fact is, my dear ladies—it is very absurd, you know, but I can't help that—the fact is, that Monsieur de Soissonac, the tiresome old husband of our pretty friend, has taken it into his head to be jealous of me."

"Jealous!" exclaimed all the three ladies at once. "Jealous of you, Edward?"

The young man replied to them all, at one and the same instant, by a low and graceful bow, and then turned round, and, by the help of the mirror over the chimney-piece, re-arranged a curl upon his left temple, which the playful profundity of the salutation had displaced.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed his mother, after a pause, and looking at him with an eye that seemed to say, "No wonder!" And then she sighed very deeply, and in an accent that visions of *crim. con.* trials, and tremendous damages, rendered both solemn and melancholy, she added, "For Heaven's sake, set my heart at ease, and tell me that he has no reason for it!"

"Nonsense, ma'am!" returned the young man, in a tone of very spirited indignation. "How can you suppose that I should so far commit myself as to answer such a question as that? I alluded to the circumstance, merely for the sake of doing justice to poor Madame de Soissonac. Of course you must perceive from what I have said, though I have not violated any confidence of any kind—but of course you must perceive that *she* is not to blame. It was my duty to show this, but you must please to excuse my saying any thing more on the subject. It is very wrong to ask me."

"It is very shocking, I am sure, altogether," said Agatha, looking very grave. "But I don't understand exactly how her warning us off her premises in so very impertinent a manner, can do any good in the business."

"Don't you, my dear?" returned her brother demurely, casting his eyes upon the carpet.

"No, certainly," said Maria; "on the contrary, if she is behaving as she ought to do, her best security against the injurious suspicions of her husband, would be the

cultivating an intimacy with us. I think she is exceedingly wrong, indeed."

"Do you, my dear?" said the young man, again profiting by the vicinity of the mirror. "I am sure I am exceedingly sorry for it."

"Upon my word, Edward," said his mother, "this obstinate reserve on your part is exceedingly ill-judged, to say the least of it. How can we know, for instance, how we ought to conduct ourselves, in case we meet Madame de Soissonac accidentally? If, as Maria says, she is behaving as she ought to do, there is every reason in the world that we should treat her with kindness, feeling, as we must all do, that whether right or wrong, as to judgment, her declining our visits must be from the very best and most virtuous of motives, poor dear young woman! But if, on the contrary, Edward, there should be unhappily any real cause for her husband's suspicions, just think of the incalculable injury you may do your sisters, by letting them be seen to speak to her. For mercy's sake, my dearest Edward, trust to our discretion sufficiently to enable us to judge fairly how we ought to act."

"I would recommend you, ma'am, not to push yourselves into any further intimacy with Madame de Soissonac—you really must excuse my not being more explicit," returned Mr. Edward Roberts, looking greatly displeased with them all. "Your questions are not fair."

"How very horrid!" cried one sister.

"Detestable woman!" exclaimed the other.

"I am sure that the sooner we leave Paris the better," ejaculated the mother.

"I shall not, ma'am, oppose your departure," said her son, "you may depend upon it; nor, whatever my inclinations may dictate, will I distress my family by remaining behind them, and all I require in return for this concession is, that I may not be embarrassed by any more questions."

Having pronounced these words with much more gravity than was usual with him, the young man walked out of the room.

"Oh, goodness gracious! have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes towards the ceiling. "Is it not enough to break one's heart to find one's only son exposed to such temptations? So shocking, too, for his sisters to listen to it! Abominable hussy! How dreadful it is that a hand-

some young Englishman can't show himself in Paris, without having the married women behaving in this way! It really is perfectly horrible."

"It is no good to fret about it, mamma, in that way," said Agatha. "We all know that Edward is particularly handsome, and it will be lucky for him if this is the only French woman that attacks him. I believe in my heart that they are one and all capable of it."

"Yes, yes," returned Mrs. Roberts, in a tone of less profound despair, "we all know but too well, I am afraid, what depraved creatures French women are—nor will I pretend to deny that if one could bring one's mind to say that any man's perfections could be an excuse for such abominable conduct, my son Edward is the man. But I beg you both to observe, my dears, that I don't say this with the least atom of a thought towards meaning that any such thing can be excused. We English know better. But here, to be sure, the case is altogether different. God forbid I should ever be unjust to any woman. And upon the whole, I can't say but what I think it might be, as Maria says, the surest way to stop such a report, if we, that is, without Edward, of course, but if we three were to keep going on to all her balls as long as we do stay here; and perhaps the best thing I could do, after all, would be to get Lady Moreton or Lady Forton to give Madame de Soissonac a hint about it. I am sure I don't know what use it was to have those last new dresses if we don't go there—for the embassy people still mean to go on in the same impertinent way, that's quite clear. We shall never get there above once in a month at the very most. So that, on the whole, I think we owe it to ourselves not to give up Madame de Soissonac."

"At any rate," observed Agatha, "the best thing we can do now is, to try and get a good talk with Lady Moreton and her cousin. We shall be sure to find out something, and it is very possible, I think, that it may end by our going without poor Edward to the Soissonac ball on Tuesday. Come, Maria! let us put on our things—the carriage will be here directly."

On reaching the splendid mansion in the Rue de Rivoli, in which the titled cousins had their very showy apartment, the Robertses had the satisfaction of being in-

formed that they were both at home. Nevertheless, on entering the spacious drawing-room, they found no one in it, save a young girl in deep mourning, whom they had never seen before, and who seemed almost lost in its ball-room-like extent. She looked a little frightened, as if unaccustomed to the task of receiving strangers, but she rose, and begged them to sit, in a manner which showed that she considered herself at home, and bound to do the honors of the saloon, till the mistress of it appeared.

She was very young for such an office—certainly not more than seventeen, and looked younger still, from the great simplicity of her dress, and the almost childish manner in which her pretty brown hair was combed away from her face, and suffered to hang with its closely curled ends behind her ears. Perhaps it would be impossible to hit upon a less becoming mode of arranging a young head than that exhibited by the dark-eyed stranger. The regular features and delicate complexion, the large and brilliant eyes,—nay, even the reddest lips and whitest teeth that ever were seen, could scarcely atone for the look of naked boldness which this merciless exposure of the fair and ample forehead produced.

"La! what an ugly girl," whispered Agatha to Maria. "Did you ever see such a fright?"

"Never!" was the satisfactory reply. "Never since I was born!"

"I will go and tell my aunt Moreton," said the young stranger, leaving the room as soon as the party had seated themselves. The moment her slight young figure had become safely invisible by the closing of the door behind her, the mother and daughters exclaimed in chorus,

"Who in the world can this be? I never heard she had a niece."

"Isn't she ugly?" whispered Maria.

"Humph!" returned her mamma, to whom the question was addressed; "I am not quite sure that she is absolutely ugly. She is quite a girl, you know, as yet, perfectly a child; but when she is grown up, I should not wonder if she were to be called handsome. Those eyes will tell, you may depend upon it. They are absolutely magnificent."

"Grown up, ma'am!" returned Maria, "why she is as tall as a house already! She is taller than Agatha, take my word for it."

"Nonsense, Maria!" said the eldest sis-

ter. "She is as thin as a whipping-post, but I am positive she is not so tall as I am. I agree with mamma, however, now I have given her a second glance. I don't think she *would* be so very ugly if her hair were not strained off her forehead so. And I'll tell you what, she has the prettiest foot I ever saw in my life. Did you look at it?"

"Yes, I did look at it," replied her sister, with a sneer. "That is so like you, Agatha. You fancy every foot that is small must be pretty, which, as I often tell you, is the greatest mistake in the world. Any artist would tell you so. I can't endure those little unmeaning Chinese feet. They always strike me as being much more like a deformity than a beauty. I can see no beauty in her feet, I confess."

Perhaps, as "Bailey junior" would say, Miss Agatha had not rather small feet, and her sister rather the contrary, "Oh, no!"

Before the elder Miss Roberts could reply to the artistic observation of the younger, the drawing-room door was re-opened, and Lady Forton entered.

"My cousin will be here directly," said her ladyship, courteously extending first one hand, and then the other to receive the offered salutations of the Roberts family; "but at this moment she is under the hands of a mantua-maker, and cannot stir an inch."

Either because Lady Moreton was the widow of a peer, whereas her cousin, Lady Forton, was only the wife of a baronet (from whom she was separated on account of a recently discovered incompatibility of temper), or because the income of the widow was treble that of the wife, the former lady was considered as so much the principal person in the establishment, that all visits were presumed to be made to her in the first instance. But now Mrs. Roberts hastened to assure the elegant Lady Forton, who was always by far the most elaborately dressed person of the two, that she hoped Lady Moreton would not hurry herself on their account, for that the pleasure of seeing Lady Forton made them all much too happy to permit their wishing for any other. And then the weather having, as a matter of course, received its daily offering of observation, Mrs. Roberts, assuming a tone of easy intimacy, said, "Who was that charming young person, Lady Forton, whom we found here when we came in? I do not think we ever saw her before, did we? And, if I mistake not, she called Lady Moreton her aunt."

"No, Mrs. Roberts, I do not believe you

ever saw her before; she has only been with us about a week," replied Lady Forton.

"A niece of Lady Moreton's, is she?" returned the curious visiter.

"Yes, she is a niece of my cousin's," was the reply. "Her sister's daughter."

"Do you not reckon her very handsome, Lady Forton? May I ask her name?" resumed the persevering Mrs. Roberts.

"Her name is Bertha Harrington," replied Lady Forton, coldly, and without deeming it necessary, as it seemed, to enter upon any discussion concerning her beauty. Mrs. Roberts had discernment enough to perceive that whether handsome or ugly, the young lady had not the good fortune to be a favorite with her aunt's cousin, in consequence of which she proceeded to observe (as Lady Forton was rather plump), "that to be sure it was a pity the young lady should be so lamentably thin, a defect which, in her opinion, was quite enough to destroy the effect of any beauty in the world, for that there could be no softness, no roundness of con——"

But ere she could finish her speech, Lady Moreton entered, followed by the thin young niece herself. Lady Moreton was not only the nobler and richer lady, but she was also by much the most chatty and conversable, being, in fact, one of the greatest gossips that ever lived, and caring but little, at this period of her career, who was the listener, provided always that it was some one who thought it worth while to listen patiently. Mrs. and the two Miss Robertses were great favorites with her; for the gossip of a peeress was, in their estimation, so greatly superior in interest to any *commoner* gossip, that they all three hung upon her accents, as if they flowed from the lips of a Siren. It was not, indeed, uncommon for her ladyship to find among the travelling English a good many who evinced the same species of partiality; but "use lessens marvel," and it not unfrequently occurred that the halo which her dowager coronet threw round her conversation, evaporated after a few months' acquaintance with her, so that in general, it was her last made friends and intimates that she liked the best. And this flattering pre-eminence the Roberts family had not yet lost. It was therefore with very fascinating cordiality that their visit was welcomed by her.

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Roberts? How

d'ye do, my dears. Pretty bonnets, upon my word. Here, you see, I have got a young niece come to visit me—Miss Bertha Harrington is her name. I don't know whether your young ladies will like her. She is rather dull by way of a companion just now, that's the truth. She has just lost her mother," she added in a half whisper to Mrs. Roberts. But if it was intended to be unheard by poor Bertha the purpose failed, which was made evident by the rush of tears which filled her eyes, and by the suddenness with which she rose from the chair in which she had placed herself, and left the room. "There she goes again, Sophy," continued Lady Moreton, now addressing herself to her cousin. "Upon my honor I shall be worn to death if she goes on so! Her mother was my own sister, the only sister I ever had, and therefore, of course her sudden death has, naturally, almost broken my heart; and then just think, my dear Mrs. Roberts, what it has been for me, in addition to my sufferings as a sister, to have to bear with this poor weak-spirited girl, who positively never passes an hour of the day without shedding tears, more or less; does she, Sophy?"

"Most assuredly she does not," replied Lady Forton with a sneer, which spoke plainly enough the sort of sympathy which she was in the habit of bestowing on the motherless girl.

"How long we shall be able to endure it Heaven knows," resumed Lady Moreton. "Poor Sophy bears it better than I do, for her temper is perfectly angelic; and every one knows, I can't charge myself with being particularly ill-tempered neither. I can assure you, Mrs. Roberts, that I have suffered enough in my time. Poor Lord Moreton, who was old enough to be my father, would certainly have been the death of any woman who had *not* had a good temper. But from my earliest childhood I have always loved nothing in the world so well as being gay and happy; and, Heaven knows, I managed to have my little private theatre, and my public breakfasts at Richmond, and my pretty balls, kept up constantly through it all. I couldn't have had a bad temper with such a husband as mine, to have managed in this way for years before he died, and never to have disappointed any of my friends of a single fête; not one, I give you my honor. I could not have had a bad temper, could I?"

"Why, no, no!" exclaimed both the

Miss Robertses in a breath, while Mrs. Roberts, after a moment's meditation, which must have greatly increased the value of her opinion, gravely replied, "I really do think, Lady Moreton, that you too, as well as your cousin, Lady Forton, *must* have had the temper of an angel, I do indeed."

"Well, to say the truth, that is exactly what I have been very often told; and I leave you to judge, Mrs. Roberts, what a person with my gay, happy temper must suffer from having this poor dismal girl for ever and for ever before my eyes! I do assure you that I believe it is killing me by inches."

"But, my dearest Lady Moreton, this must not be!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts warmly, and delighted beyond measure at the confidential tone in which the dowager countess addressed her.

"All Paris ought to make a remonstrance!" cried the equally touched Agatha.

"O dear me, it is quite shocking," moaned the sentimental Maria.

"It is very bad, isn't it?" resumed her ladyship, looking from one to the other, and seeming greatly inclined to laugh, as if to prove how totally unfit her happy temper was for such dismal companionship. Lady Forton sighed deeply, and pressed her forehead with her delicate hand.

"Ah! there it is, you see. Poor Sophy has not the strength of mind to bear it as I do. It will kill her, my good friends, it will positively kill her. And then just think of the utter impossibility of finding what to do with her when we go out! Though the child is sent here already, my sister has not been dead above a fortnight, so that for the present moment you see I lose nothing, because I have no full dress mourning made; but the dress-maker tells me that every thing will be ready by to-morrow night; and then I should like to know what is to be done with Miss Bertha! It is enough to drive one wild!"

"Indeed, indeed, my dearest Lady Moreton, I must blame you for inviting her!" said Mrs. Roberts, encouraged by this confidential communication to assume the tone of reproving friendship. "Knowing your own charming character and constitution, how *could* you think of undertaking such a charge?"

"God bless you, my good woman, I never did think of it," replied the dowager countess, warming in her turn into a forgetfulness of etiquette.

The Miss Robertses were a good deal shocked at hearing their mamma called a "good woman;" this feeling, however, was soon conquered, not by the feigned interest which had hitherto been their usual offering at the dowager's footstool, but, from genuine curiosity, which was thoroughly awakened as she proceeded.

"Heaven knows," said she, "I might have lived a hundred years before I had ever dreamed of such a thing. But by all I can learn from this poor blubbing girl, my sister died very suddenly—very unexpectedly indeed, and Sir Christopher Harrington, that's her husband, you know, was so horribly shocked and frightened at it, that, as well as I can understand, he gave orders to have mourning made for the child (Bertha is his only child) without an hour's delay, and as soon as she was fairly covered with bombazine and crape, he sent her off with his lawyer, and an elderly female servant, who has always waited on her, with orders to bring her to me! I am sure his grief must have made him mad, poor man, or he never would have thought of doing any thing so distracted."

"Distracted and distracting!" murmured Lady Forton, again applying her hand to her forehead, as if ready to sink.

"There it is, you see," resumed Lady Moreton, "my poor dear cousin Sophy, who has devoted herself to me, and who is the greatest comfort to me, and who sets off all my parties delightfully, looking so divinely handsome as she does when she is dressed—just think what it must be to such a temper as mine to see her overcome in that way! I *must* give a fancy ball the week after next. Every body expects it, and I am sure I hope that your daughters will come, Mrs. Roberts, and your son also; he is really a fine-looking young man. Well, as I was saying, just imagine what my cousin Sophy will be fit for, if she is to live with this unlucky girl before her eyes from this time to that. The whole thing will be as flat as ditch-water, I know it will!"

"Would that I knew how to help you, my dear lady," said Mrs. Roberts, mournfully.

"Well, you see, that would be bad enough, wouldn't it?" resumed Lady Moreton; "but what's that, I should like to know, compared to what we have got to look forward to afterwards? It is perfectly clear, from what the lawyer said, that Sir Christopher expects we should keep her here, for he coolly mentioned, just as if it

could be any object to me, you know, that her father had settled five hundred a year on her, four of which was to be paid for her board; as if I should care three straws whether she paid or not. If she were a fine, handsome, lively girl, that could help us on with our parties, she might spend the whole five hundred upon her dress, and welcome, for we should both of us, I am sure, be glad to have her. But such a girl as that! I really do feel that she is killing me by inches."

"My poor dear lady! I am sure my heart aches for you!" said Mrs. Roberts, wringing her hands together, and looking as dolorous as if all her own family were condemned to death by inches also.

"You are a very kind-hearted woman, Mrs. Roberts," resumed her ladyship, "and it really is a comfort to open one's heart to you; but I can't help laughing either, at the thoughtful slyness of Sir Christopher. What do you think of his ordering his lawyer to tell me that *in case* he did not marry again (and he is just forty years old, observe), but in case he does not marry again, this girl will have the whole of his unentailed property, amounting, the man said, to at least three thousand a year. Now I know perfectly well that this message was sent in order to tempt me to keep her for the pleasure of having an heiress to take about with me, which every body in this country knows is exactly the same thing as having a fine piece of preferment in one's gift. But I am too well off, and stand too well in Paris to care a farthing about it. It was cleverly thought of, too, for most people would give a great deal for it, though I would not give a button."

Hitherto, Mrs. Roberts had continued to listen to her illustrious friend with a well-sustained air of affectionate, yet respectful interest, which really did her great credit, being precisely the aspect most likely to obtain what she wished, namely, the continuation of her ladyship's condescending familiarity, which not only gratified her feelings at the moment, but gave her a treasure of noble anecdotes, which she determined carefully to hoard up for future use. But as Lady Moreton drew near to the conclusion of the speech above quoted, the eyes of Mrs. Roberts began to wander. First, they ceased to meet those of the noble speaker, and then they appeared to avoid her face altogether, till at length they finally settled themselves on the carpet, and she

remained unconsciously a perfect model of meditation, and as silent as a statue.

For some time after this alteration took place, the dowager countess continued to harangue, but at length she paused to take breath, a variation which seemed to rouse Mrs. Roberts from her reverie, for she instantly rose, and in rather a hurried manner began to take her leave.

Both Agatha and Maria, meanwhile, had been endeavoring in a very praiseworthy manner, to keep on something of a conversation with the elegant Lady Forton, but this, though it was very hard work, had not so completely occupied their attention, as to prevent their keeping their ears on the alert, to learn in what manner their mamma would introduce the subject of Madame de Soissonac's delinquency, and what degree of information she would obtain in return. But when she rose thus suddenly without having alluded to the subject at all, they exchanged glances, knit their brows, and looked exceedingly angry; but perceiving that their negligent parent was actually backing towards the door, they exchanged another glance, and then Agatha said, in rather a louder voice than she usually deemed proper in the presence of a countess,

"Stop one moment, mamma! I should so like to ask their ladyships if they are going to Madame de Soissonac's on Tuesday next, because we want so particularly to know."

"On Tuesday next?" returned Lady Moreton. "Yes, to be sure we are, child; we always go there every Tuesday. She gives some of the best parties in Paris, and I don't care a straw for the looms. What made you ask the question, mademoiselle?"

Agatha felt that she had got herself into a scrape. She did not at all like having to say that Madame de Soissonac had warned them off, but she could not now avoid it, and therefore replied with a little scornful laugh,

"That Madame de Soissonac appeared to have taken offence at something they had said or done, for that she had distinctly told them the evening before, that she was going to make some alterations in her parties, which would prevent her being able to receive them on Tuesday, and yet it was plain that she had not said the same to other people."

"Really!" said Lady Moreton and Lady Forton in chorus. And the eyebrows of both ladies gradually raised themselves con-

siderably higher than usual on their foreheads. Their look and manner altogether, were indeed exceedingly disagreeable to the Robertses. Their two ladyships evidently received it as a fact which admitted of no contradiction, that Madame de Soissonac intended to affront them.

"Is it not very strange?" said Agatha, her cheeks glowing with indignation.

"I don't know, I'm sure, my dear," replied Lady Moreton. "Perhaps she did not like the look of your dresses last night? That would be quite enough, I promise you. She never can bear shabby dresses."

"Not like the look of our dresses!" were the words which most assuredly would have risen to the lips of each of the Robertses, had they not all been too well-behaved to repeat the words of a countess in her presence. For a moment they were all silent, and then Mrs. Roberts articulated, but with a great deal of gentleness, "I don't think it could have been that."

And the poor lady remembered, not without a disagreeable twinge, that all their dresses were both new and costly, and, alas! that none of them had been paid for. The two young ladies, also, were a good deal disgusted, and very naturally so, at the suggestion, but they only smiled, upon which Lady Moreton rejoined,

"Well, I don't know—I am sure I can't tell—it is impossible to say," concluding these satisfactory remarks with a condescending nod to each of them, adding, "Good by—good by—don't let us keep you standing," which of course meant, "Don't keep me standing." A hint sufficiently well understood to induce Mrs. Roberts and her daughters to retreat without further ceremony.

The two young ladies re-entered their carriage with feelings a good deal irritated; but Agatha's first words, which were, "Horrid old woman;" and Maria's first words, which were, "How I do detest that sort of pride and condescension mixed up together, so that it is impossible to tell which one is going to have!" did not receive so sympathetic a return from their mamma, as they might naturally have expected; but the fact was, that at that moment Mrs. Roberts's faculties were so completely absorbed upon a speculation that concerned the future, that she had little

or no attention left to bestow upon the present.

In a general way Mrs. Roberts was far from being reserved towards her daughters, and since their arrival in Paris, this unreserve had decidedly increased, rather than diminished. The phrase by which in England she was wont to express her intention of taking or rather of hearing an opinion, had almost invariably been, "Of course the father of a family ought to be consulted whenever it is possible to do so;" it was now generally changed for, "Young people have eyes in their heads as well as their elders," a difference which displayed a very judicious power of distinction on the part of Mrs. Roberts; for whereas Mr. Roberts was very likely to agree with her, in days of yore, upon most subjects of economy and expenditure, the young ladies were morally certain to do so now; which must already have become obvious to the reader, from sundry little traits which have been cited, relative both to mother and daughters. But now, this delightful unreserve seemed to have vanished, for all that the poor girls could get in return for repeated bursts of the most confidential openness on their part, was this,

"I beg your pardon, my dears, but I really was thinking of something else, and I don't quite know what you are talking about."

"What is it, mamma?" said Agatha.

"What is it, mamma?" said Maria.

But this question, direct as it was, did not help them a bit, for though Mrs. Roberts did not look the least angry, the smile which she gave first to one, and then to the other in return, was of so vacant and unmeaning a character, as more to increase their uncertainty, than to remove it. However, they behaved with great good sense on the occasion, merely giving each other a little kick, which was made perfectly intelligible by the words, "It's no use;" which they uttered without restraint, and, in fact, without the least wish that Mrs. Roberts would notice, or even hear them.

But whatever the young ladies might think of it, their mamma did not deserve to be accused of caprice. She really had a great deal to think of, and that too of an extremely important kind.

The situation of Mrs. Roberts at this time was certainly one of some difficulty and embarrassment. Though the ready wit of her daughters, acting upon her own sagacious judgment, had relieved her from

the sudden difficulty produced by the demand of Mademoiselle Amabel, Mrs. Roberts had received and paid too many bills in the course of her life, not to feel, in the very midst of her triumph at getting rid of the dun, that the relief was but temporary. Moreover, though she did not think it necessary to tease the poor girls by talking about it, Mademoiselle Amabel's account was not the only one which lay concealed in the recesses of her writing-desk. The elegant Edward had not reached the pinnacle on which he stood, as one of the best-dressed Englishmen who walked the Boulevards, without having been obliged to ask his proud mother for a little assistance, which assistance had been given, not only in the shape of all the ready money she could spare, but also by her telling him that if he would leave *one* of his tailor's bills with her, she would take care somehow or other, to get it paid before very long. Moreover, though such trifles were not of sufficient consequence, seriously to torment any person with so respectable an income as she had the command of, she could not help recollecting sometimes, with rather an uncomfortable consciousness, that the butter and cream bill had been suffered to run on a good while; and also that Mr. Roberts had given her money expressly to pay a wine-bill, which she had quite forgotten, and suffered the money to melt away out of her fingers, she really did not know for what.

But there was something a great deal worse than all this, which weighed upon the mind of Mrs. Roberts. She had been for above twenty years in the habit of assuring her husband, children, and as many people as would listen to her, that she was one of the best managers that ever lived; and the consequence was that a great many people consulted her in a very flattering manner upon points of economy, and that her husband trusted all domestic affairs to her without reserve. Could she quietly have gone into prison for these troublesome little debts, without any body's knowing any thing about it, she would have suffered absolutely nothing, in comparison to what she sometimes endured now, when she thought what little chance there was that she should ever get clear of them, without confessing their existence to Mr. Roberts. This idea tormented her perpetually, and the more so, of course, because she would not indulge herself with the relief of confiding it to her daughters. Why was it then, that

although nothing in the world had occurred to alter this position of things, and although she had all the vexation of Madame de Soissonac's offensive conduct, and the unceremonious commentary of the Ladies Moreton and Forton upon it, to add to her annoyances—why was it that her countenance expressed so very benign a degree of satisfaction?

It was not for nothing, gentle reader. Mrs. Roberts had that morning heard enough to occupy her mind by night and by day for some time to come, without leaving her any leisure to recur to her trumpery little debts; excepting just to remember, perhaps, what a great pleasure it would be to get rid of them.

"Why," thought Mrs. Roberts, "why should not I step forward at this critical moment, and offer to relieve my excellent and most flattering confidential friend Lady Moreton of the troublesome guardianship of her niece? As to her mourning and her moaning, it could not possibly produce the slightest inconvenience to me. I should not be called an unfeeling sister because I did not mourn and moan with her. Four hundred a year! More than half as much again as we have got now! It would be perfectly impossible that we could go wrong with that—perfectly! And then the contingency! Let any woman look at Edward—any woman in the world, rich or poor, old or young, and see if she can do it without feeling at her heart that he is the handsomest man she ever saw. Living with him, too, actually living under the same roof with him! I will defy her to help herself, poor girl; there can be no doubts or fears about that part of the business. And even if her father, Sir Christopher, *should* marry, and it *should* turn out that she would never have any thing beyond her present five hundred a year, I should still be delighted with the match. The connection, with our high spirit and superior sort of feeling on those subjects, would perfectly reconcile us all to the marriage, even though her father were to have half-a-dozen sons. Our calling on that proud old woman to-day, was perfectly providential!"

Now then who will wonder at Mrs. Roberts looking pleased despite all the troubles which beset her? Or who can blame her if, with such occupation for her thoughts, she did not pay any great attention to what her daughters were talking about?

Few women, in any station of life, had

ever attained a more thoroughly independent situation in their domestic circle than Mrs. Roberts. Nobody, not even Edward, unless he pretended to be half in joke, ever ventured to contradict her. Mr. Roberts, as far as he was concerned, knew that he had a great deal better not. His life, as he managed it, was by no means a very uncomfortable one, though he hated being scolded as much as most men; for, without absolutely yielding up the power of seeing, hearing, and guessing from day to day, what was going on around him, he managed so cleverly to bow and to bend, to twist and to turn, in order to avoid falling under the displeasure of his wife, that, notwithstanding her strictly sustained authority, they very rarely appeared to disagree. Neither were her daughters at all more restive under the yoke which her principles of domestic discipline led her to put upon them, than she was at all times ready to forgive upon due submission on their parts. It may, indeed, always be remarked, that where the conjugal part of an establishment is carried on upon a system resembling that of Mrs. Roberts, the children of the family are found to restrain all symptoms of natural and hereditary vivacity of temper to their intercourse with their papa; feeling, from a sort of intuitive logic, that he who has been brought to declare, without a murmur, that black was white, every time his lady and mistress required the concession, was not likely to make any great difficulty about allowing that pale pink was dark crimson, when his offspring particularly wished that he should do so. Yet, notwithstanding the admirable simplicity of the machinery which regulated all the more important movements of the Roberts family, by which one main spring did every thing, without any perplexing complication of action from minor ones—notwithstanding this admirable arrangement, there were now and then circumstances which, like the present, required the acquiescence of the titular master of the family to be publicly expressed in order to bring the business to perfection.

But not for this was the heartfelt contentment of Mrs. Roberts the less perfect. She knew her power, and if there was something of almost nervous hurry in the manner in which, on returning home, she sought her husband, it was not from any agitating doubt as to how her proposal might be taken, but solely from eagerness to be *doing* in a business, from the accomplishment o

which she anticipated such delightful results.

Mr. Roberts had an old English newspaper before him when she entered the room where he was sitting, but he was more than half asleep over it, and started when roused to consciousness by his wife, who laid her hand upon his shoulder as she approached him, giving him a gentle shake.

"Oh! is it you, my dear?" he exclaimed. "I do believe I was dreaming, for I fancied I heard old Smithson, our head clerk, complaining that the balance sheet did'nt show off so so well as it ought to do. Only think of my dreaming that, my dear!"

"But you must be wide awake now, Mr. Roberts, to listen to what I have got to say to you," said his wife, in an accent which showed plainly enough that the promised communication was to be received as extremely agreeable. "And most thankful you ought to be, Mr. Roberts," she added, solemnly, "that neither your prosperity, nor that of your family depends longer upon Mr. Smithson and his balance sheet. I think I have something to tell you that will convince you at last, my dear, that the wisest thing you ever did in your life, was letting me have my own way about giving up that terribly slow coach, the banking concern, and coming to a country where my knowledge of the world, and my unceasing anxiety to improve the position of my family, can be turned to account."

"Have either of the girls had an offer?" cried Mr. Roberts, eagerly. "Nonsense, Mr. Roberts! You really need not trouble yourself to be in any fuss about their marrying. Such girls as mine, with a mother to take care of them, who tolerably well knows what she is about, are not very likely to encumber their father's house too long. No, sir, I have something better than that for you," said Mrs. Roberts, seating herself in an arm-chair opposite to him, resting her elbows on its arms, and looking at him with a countenance perfectly radiant with satisfaction.

Had not Mr. Roberts several times, since his arrival in Paris, heard his lady announce an invitation, or even a call from some titled absentee, with an appearance of triumphant delight as remarkable as what she displayed now, he might have been more moved by her exulting manner; but although no secret accumulation of debts had as yet been disclosed to him, the worthy gentleman had begun to have a

painful sort of misgiving about their expenditure. The carriage, the gay dresses of the whole family, particularly in the case of his son, of which naturally he was in some degree a better judge, altogether made him feel doubtful whether the economy of this continental scheme was quite as much to be depended on as its gaiety. And now he only expected to hear the name of some French, German, Polish, or British grandée, whose visiting card had produced the exhilarating effect on his lady's spirits, which he witnessed.

"Well, sir," began Mrs. Roberts, as soon as she had finished her jocose examination of her husband's grave face, "though you do look so very solemn, I suppose you do not intend to deny that we are living with a great deal more enjoyment, and amongst a very much better set of acquaintance, than we ever did before?"

"Oh, yes, my dear," replied the husband, "it is quite certain that we none of us ever went out into company so much before; and as to titles, and all that sort of finery, of course there is no comparison. I am only afraid sometimes, my dear, that there may be a little too much of it—not for pleasure I don't mean, for I am sure it is quite delightful to see you all enjoying yourselves so—talking French all of you, like natives, which must be such an improvement. So of course I am not afraid of all that. But I can't help thinking sometimes that it must be impossible for you, my dear Sarah, to save quite so much money as you intended. The table is certainly very economical, I can't deny that, and it does you great credit, I am sure, very great credit; but it is the carriage, which you know is always going on, and the beautiful dresses, all of which it is quite a pleasure to see, if it was not that I do sometimes feel half afraid, my dear, that you must be putting your good management to some inconvenience about it. But though this does sometimes come into my head, I soon satisfy myself again, by recollecting how quite impossible it is that, with your management, you ever should get into any real trouble about money."

Mrs. Roberts did certainly feel uncomfortable for about half-a-minute as she listened to this very civil speech, but she rallied again directly, and replied,

"Keep yourself easy, sir, I beg, about money matters; as long as you choose to confide them to me, they can never go very far wrong, you may depend upon it; and

what I am going to say now is a proof of it. You are not altogether out, Mr. Roberts, in fancying that a handsome carriage, like ours, is not kept for nothing. Neither can I dress my girls, as I do, in a style that gives them such a decided superiority over almost every body they meet, without paying for it. Edward, too, dear fellow, can't go naked; and you must know as well as I do, that it is not his little morsel of an allowance that can enable him to keep himself decent; and heaven knows that it is not the scrimping mite of an income which was all that you could contrive to squeeze out of your stupid business, that can do to keep up things as they are now—it is impossible to form intimate friendships with peeresses and that sort of people, and yet go on dressing like a kitchen-maid. You may put the question yourself to any body you like."

"Then what can we do, my dear Sarah?" cried the worthy man, exceedingly alarmed. "If the income won't do, what is to become of us?"

"Why, really, sir, I believe you would find it rather difficult to get out of the difficulty if you had not a wife to help you. But if you will have the condescension to give me leave, I will tell you what you must do. My friend, Lady Moreton, has been opening her heart to me respecting her charming niece, the daughter of Sir Christopher Harrington, his only daughter and heiress, you know. Dear Lady Moreton has been all but asking me if we will take her with an allowance of four-hundred-a-year for her board and other expenses. Now this, you see, my dear, would not only make every thing perfectly easy on the score of money—for four hundred a-year makes an immense difference—but it will be such a monstrous advantage to the girls in point of connexion. And who knows, Roberts, what may be the end of it? Who knows whether Edward and Miss Bertha Harrington may not like one another? She is quite young, in fact quite a child almost, and therefore it must be, in a great measure, in our power to make her understand by degrees that Edward is not only the handsomest, but by far the most amiable and excellent young man she can ever hope to meet with. And just think, my dear—only fix your mind for a few minutes upon the real facts of the case, Roberts. Five hundred a-year, certain, and she the daughter of a baronet. If this were all, it seems to me that we might

really be pretty tolerably contented. What do you think about it, Mr. Roberts?"

"Think about it Sarah? Why I think that if I could live to see him make such a marriage as that, I should be contented to die the day after."

"Then what should you say, I wonder, if I was to tell you that this five hundred a-year, certain, is no more than the sixth part of what this young lady will have, in all human probability? What would you say to that, my good man?"

"What would I say to it? Oh! my dear Sarah, I am afraid that I should say it was too much—too much for us to hope that we could have any thing to do with it. But, nevertheless, my dear, I should like, if you please, to hear every thing about it. That, you know, can do no harm to any one."

"No, Mr. Roberts, I should think not. I never found that knowing and understanding every thing, which is my general way of going on, ever did me, or any body connected with me, harm; but rather the contrary, as I flatter myself you will allow. I have taken care, sir, to know and to understand every thing in the least degree important, about this young lady and her fortune. She has five hundred per annum, at present, Mr. Roberts, four of which her father has arranged for her, poor, young, motherless thing! shall be paid for her accommodation in any family where she may happen to reside. The fifth hundred will be left in her own hands for dress, washing, travelling, doctors' bills and other incidental expenses."

"Bless my soul, Sarah! What a wonderful woman you are, to be sure!" exclaimed Mr. Roberts, in a burst of genuine admiration. "Not one single thing, as you truly say, but what you have contrived to find out—that is, I mean, not any single thing that signifies. Now all that about the washing and the doctors' bills is so really important, and puts every thing on such a clear footing, that it is worth almost any money in a business of this kind."

"Of course it is, Mr. Roberts, or I should never have given myself the trouble of remembering it," replied the lady.

"But I think, my dear, you were going to be kind enough to explain all about that six times five hundred. Five sixes are thirty; three thousand a year that is. What were you going to say about that, Mrs. Roberts?"

"I was merely going to mention the fact

that Bertha Harrington will have three thousand a-year at the death of her father, for she is his only child; and that if his death should take place without his happening to marry again, she might certainly be considered, in point of fortune as well as birth, as an excellent match for Edward."

"An excellent match for Edward!" repeated Mr. Roberts, raising his spread hands towards the ceiling, "how cool and quiet you do talk of it, to be sure! Why, my dear, just think what it would be, returning to England after such a match as that! Think how the Pearsons would look, and the Rigtens! Oh, the Rigtens, Sarah, would be better than all, because they did use to come over us so, about their cousin, Lady Thomas! Should you not enjoy going back to England in such an event as that, Mrs. Roberts?"

"Certainly, Mr. Roberts, it would be highly creditable to us, there is no doubt of it; nor much doubt either, in my opinion, that if she does come to live with us, the thing will take place. I know what Edward is, and that if he is but allowed to make the best and the most of himself, by our contriving to let him have money enough to dress decently, and now and then to show off his beautiful figure on horseback, the girl will be no more able to resist him than you were able to resist me, Mr. Roberts. I know Edward, and, indeed, for that matter, I know myself too, and that what I may have lost in youthful looks since I was the beauty of Fulham, I have gained in knowledge of the world. Between you and I, Mr. Roberts, it would be rather a remarkable thing if a young girl like Bertha Harrington could live in the house with Edward, and his mother into the bargain, and leave it in any other way than as his wife. But of course, my dear, you must not say a word about the marriage, just at present; not even to Edward himself, remember. The first object must be our getting her to become a member of our family. That is all we have to think about now."

Mr. Roberts, his eyes fixed upon his lady's face, and opening wider and wider at every word she spoke, paused for several seconds after she had ceased to speak, as if fearful of losing a syllable, and then exclaimed, "Mrs. Roberts, if you do really manage to get this high young lady to lodge and board in our family, I shall truly think, and truly say, to the very last hour of my life, that you ARE one of the cleverest wo-

men, if not the very cleverest, that ever lived. For now, my dear, without cockering ourselves up too much with your sort of certain hope and expectation that our Edward will marry her,—even without this beautiful conclusion, I can't but say that I should consider the securing of such a boarder just now as about the very best thing that could happen to us. It would, I do think—indeed I am quite sure it would be the saving of us. Such a boarder as that, Mrs. Roberts, would be the saving of us."

"Such a boarder! For goodness sake, sir, leave off that horrid vulgar phrase. A boarder indeed! I do really believe that if all preliminaries were actually settled, and the day fixed on which this dear young creature was to enter our house as a member of our family, Lady Moreton and Lady Forton would both feel so dreadfully disgusted at the word *boarder*, that the whole negotiation would be broken off."

"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" cried Mr. Roberts, closing his fists, and raising them on each side to the level of his head, as if they were two hammers with which he was going to execute justice upon his offending brains, "oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! You must gag me, Mrs. Roberts, you must indeed."

"Mr. Roberts," replied his lady, with a degree of dignity that to do her offended husband justice he really felt from head to foot—"Mr. Roberts, it will not do for any body in the situation in society which my husband ought to fill, and, indeed must fill, it will not do for him, sir, to live with a gag upon his mouth. But if you really wish not to undo every thing that I have done, you will be pleased to speak of this young lady as a beloved guest. Her name is Bertha, Mr. Roberts, and we may, and indeed we must, all call her Bertha, for unless we immediately assume this sort of style with her, our position in society will be altogether lost, and I would not give a single farthing for Edward's chance of marrying her, or for our two poor girls' chance of marrying any body. Every thing depends upon this, sir, and I should think that even you might have wit enough to see it. What becomes of the advantage of our intimacy with all her titled relations, if every body that sees her with us is to be told that she is our boarder? Answer me only that one question, Mr. Roberts, if you please."

"My dear I can't answer you," replied Mr. Roberts. "No man, I will venture to say, could answer such a woman as you are,

in any words having the appearance of sense in them, unless they agreed with every word you said. There is one thing, however, that I will say, because in that nobody can contradict me—I will say that though I often talk like a fool, there was once in my life that I acted like a wise man, and that was when I married you, my dear. I hope nobody will put a gag on me when I want to say that."

Mrs. Roberts acknowledged this civility by a bow, and a smile, and then went on to explain her intentions for the future. "As soon as this matter is settled, Roberts, I shall be for leaving Paris and going to Baden-Baden. The season here, you know, must be very soon drawing to a close, and no people of real fashion ever stay any where after invitations begin to grow slack. Besides, as I could easily make you understand, if I had time, there are many other reasons which would make our leaving Paris desirable, when we have got dear Bertha Harrington with us. In the first place there would be something extremely disagreeable in having Lady Moreton and Lady Forton for ever spying to find out whether Edward was beginning to be attentive to her, and all sorts of curious peeping besides; and, in the next place, Roberts, it will be quite as well after we leave Paris that you should call her your ward. This sounds respectable in every way, and when there are no people near who are likely to know much about her, or to ask any troublesome questions, there cannot possibly be any objection to it. But, let us be where we will, Mr. Roberts, don't, for mercy's sake, go about talking of our having engaged a young lady to come and board with us."

"No, my dear, I will not," replied Mr. Roberts, with the unmistakeable air of being very much in earnest. "You may quite and entirely depend that I will not; for I give you my word that now you have pointed it out to me, I see perfectly well what you mean, and I am altogether of your opinion about it. I see as plain as possible that it does not sound as it ought to, and I ought to be thankful for always having one near me who can so well set me right when I am wrong. But do tell me one thing more, my dear, will you? Did her ladyship, downright and *bonâ fide*, as we say, did she *bonâ fide* propose that this rich young lady, her niece, should come and live with us?"

Although Mrs. Roberts was at that mo-

ment in a very particularly good humor, she could not prevent a slight degree of scorn from showing itself both in her look and manner, as she prepared to reply to this question. She had, however, not the least inclination to quarrel with Mr. Roberts, quite the contrary, and she therefore conquered her feelings sufficiently to answer without any appearance of rudeness.

"No, sir, she did not; and to tell you the truth, my poor dear Mr. Roberts," she added, after pausing a moment, "to tell you the truth, my dear, I certainly think that if she had, I must in justice to myself have refused her flatly, however well I might like the arrangement if brought about in a proper, ladylike manner. But for Lady Moreton to have addressed such a proposal to me, would have been taking a most unwarrantable liberty—a liberty which I truly believe she would not have ventured to take with me for any consideration that could be offered her."

"Now, then, my dear love, I must beg you to have the kindness to explain all this to me," replied Mr. Roberts, looking, as he felt, poor man, most completely out of his depth. "I cannot comprehend why her ladyship should be afraid of paying you such a very flattering compliment."

"A compliment, indeed! But it is no good to be vexed at such nonsense. Now don't fancy I am angry, Mr. Roberts; I do assure you I am not; only it is impossible to help being surprised at such very odd notions. The truth I suspect is, my dear, that you do not yet quite appreciate the place I hold in society. It is not merely the being this man's wife, or another man's wife, which settles this point for one. It may do so indeed when the woman is a mere ordinary sort of character, with no particular abilities to distinguish her from the rest of the world; but I should have thought, Roberts, that you had known me well enough by this time to be aware that I lay claim to other sorts of distinction besides that of being your wife, my dear."

"To be sure, Mrs. Roberts, I do know it, and I don't see very well how I could help knowing it," he replied, with the very least little twinkle of a smile in his eyes; "but spite of that, I don't quite catch the reason why your dear friend, Lady Moreton, should be so terribly afraid to speak to you, especially when what she had got to say was so very agreeable."

"It is quite in vain, my dear friend,"

returned Mrs. Roberts with a sigh, "totally and entirely in vain, to attempt making you comprehend all the little niceties of high-bred manners and of high-bred people. Lady Moreton's *proposing* to me that her niece should come and make part of my family, would be something absolutely insulting. No, sir, if we do make up our minds to think such a thing desirable, the only possible way in which it can be brought about will be by my offering to do them this great and most important service as a friend; confessing however, frankly, at the same time, that one great reason for my doing so, independent of my affection for them, arises from my wish of securing for my own dear girls so eligible a companion. This is the way, sir, in which these sort of things are always done among real ladies and gentlemen."

"Yes, to be sure, my dear, I see it all now," replied Mr. Roberts, laughing. "There's a proverb, you know, that goes to it exactly, 'the truth is not at all times to be spoken.' Do it exactly in your own way, and then, of course, I know it will be well done. Upon my word and honor I would not interfere with your management of the business for any thing that you could give me. Do it your own way, my dear, from first to last."

"That is all that I ever wish or desire, my dear Mr. Roberts," said she, with a pleasant, good-humored smile, "and depend upon it I will set about the negotiation with all convenient speed, and, if nobody interferes with me, I don't feel the least doubt but that I shall bring it to a favorable termination. Meanwhile, my dear, I must trouble you to give me another check for a hundred pounds. There are a good many little things that dear Edward and the girls cannot do any longer without, besides several small housekeeping bills that the people neglected to send in last week. Here's your check-book, dear, and here's the pen and ink."

"Why, my dear Mrs. Roberts, this is the seventh. It is, upon my word and honor, Mrs. Roberts, this is the seventh hundred I have drawn for since we left London," replied the frightened husband. "It is a great comfort, to be sure, the knowing that you pay ready money for every thing, but yet, my dear, you must see that it will be impossible for us to go on in this way. I can't bear to refuse you, as long as I know there is any money left. But, upon my word and honor, we must not go on so."

"And pray, sir, what have I been saying to you for the last hour? Have I not been showing you as plain as that the sun is in the heaven, that I do *not* mean to go on in this way; or, in other words, that what I do mean is to make your poor little income half as much again as it is at present? Have you understood me, Mr. Roberts, or have you not?" said his wife, with some appearance of displeasure.

Mr. Roberts sighed; but he took up the pen, did with it as he had been desired to do, and only said as he presented the check to his lady, "I hope, my dear, that it won't be inconvenient to my lady to let the young heiress come to us immediately."

LOWELL OFFERING.

From the Athenæum.

Knight's Weekly Volume—No. 1. *William Caxton: a Biography.* By Charles Knight. —No. 2. *Mind among the Spindles: a Selection from the Lowell Offering.*—No. 3. *The Englishman in Egypt.* By Miss Lane. —Nos. 4 & 7. *Tales from Shakspeare.* By Mr. and Miss Lamb.—No. 5. *The Textile Manufactures of Great Britain.* By G. Dodd.—No. 6. *The Chinese.* By J. F. Davis. Vol. I.

WE shall hereafter treat separately of the third volume of this rapidly-growing library. The first treats of a subject too familiar to our readers to call for critical examination. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 again, are old friends, and need no more than a word of welcome. There remains, then, but the selection from 'The Lowell Offering;' and this, as we had already dealt with its matter (*Athen.* No. 722), must have been passed over, but for a letter from Miss Martineau, which, as a cordial recommendation, and a pleasant piece of writing, must be advantageous to the publication, and not without interest to the reader:—

"Your interest in this Lowell book can scarcely equal mine; for I have seen the factory girls in their Lyceum, and have gone over the cotton-mills at Waltham, and made myself familiar on the spot with factory life in New England; so that in reading the 'Offering,' I saw again in my memory the street of houses built by the earnings of the girls, the church which is their property, and the girls themselves trooping to the mill, with their healthy countenances, and their neat dress and quiet manners, resembling those of the tradesman class of our country. My visit to Lowell was merely for one day, in company with Mr. Emerson's party,—he (the pride and boast of New England as an author and philosopher)

being engaged by the Lowell factory people to lecture to them, in a winter course of historical biography. Of course the lectures were delivered in the evening, after the mills were closed. The girls were then working seventy hours a-week, yet, as I looked at the large audience (and I attended more to them than the lecture) I saw no sign of weariness among any of them. There they sat, row behind row, in their own Lyceum—a large hall, wainscoted with mahogany, the platform carpeted, well lighted and provided with a handsome table, desk, and seat, and adorned with portraits of a few worthies; and as they thus sat listening to their lecturer, all wakeful and interested, all well-dressed and lady-like, I could not but feel my heart swell at the thought of what such a sight would be with us. The difference is not in rank, for these young people were all daughters of parents who earn their bread with their own hands. It is not in the amount of wages, however usual that supposition is, for they were then earning from one to three dollars a week, besides their food; the children one dollar (4s. 3d.), the second-rate workers two dollars, and the best three; the cost of their dress and necessary comforts being much above what the same class expend in this country. It is not in the amount of toil; for, as I have said, they worked seventy clear hours per week. The difference was in their superior culture. Their minds are kept fresh, and strong, and free, by knowledge and power of thought; and this is the reason why they are not worn and depressed under their labors. They begin with a poorer chance for health than our people; for the health of the New England women generally is not good, owing to circumstances of climate and other influences; but among the 3800 women and girls in the Lowell mills when I was there, the average of health was not lower than elsewhere; and the disease which was most mischievous was the same that proves most fatal over the whole country—consumption; while there were no complaints peculiar to mill life. At Waltham, where I saw the mills, and conversed with the people, I had an opportunity of observing the invigorating effects of MIND in a life of labor. Twice the wages and half the toil would not have made the girls I saw happy and healthy, without that cultivation of mind which afforded them perpetual support, entertainment, and motive for activity. They were not highly educated, but they had pleasure in books and lectures, in correspondence with home; and had their minds so open to fresh ideas, as to be drawn off from thoughts of themselves and their own concerns. When at work they were amused with thinking over the last book they had read, or with planning the account they should write home of the last Sunday's sermon, or with singing over to themselves the song they meant to practise in the evening; and when evening came, nothing was heard of tired limbs and eagerness for bed; but, if it was summer, they sallied out the mo-

ment tea was over, for a walk, and, if it was winter, to the lecture-room, or to the ball-room for a dance, or they got an hour's practice at the piano, or wrote home, or shut themselves up with a new book. It was during the hours of work in the mill that the papers in the 'Offering' were meditated, and it was after work in the evenings that they were penned. There is, however, in the case of these girls, a stronger support, a more elastic spring of vigor and cheerfulness, than even an active and cultivated understanding. The institution of factory labor has brought ease of heart to many; and to many occasion for noble and generous deeds. The ease of heart is given to those who were before suffering in silent poverty, from the deficiency of profitable employment for women, which is even greater in America than with us. It used to be understood there, that all women were maintained by the men of their families; but the young men of New England are apt to troop off into the West, to settle in new lands, leaving sisters at home. Some few return to fetch a wife, but the greater number do not, and thus a vast over-proportion of young women remains; and to a multitude of these the opening of factories was a most welcome event, affording means of honorable maintenance, in exchange for pining poverty at home. As for the noble deeds, it makes one's heart glow to stand in these mills, and hear of the domestic history of some who are working before one's eyes unconscious of being observed or of being the object of any admiration. If one of the sons of a New England farmer shows a love for books and thought, the ambition of an affectionate sister is roused, and she thinks of the glory and honor to the whole family, and the blessing to him, if he could have a college education. She ponders this till she tells her parents, some day, of her wish to go to Lowell, and earn the means of sending her brother to college. The desire is yet more urgent if the brother has a pious mind, and a wish to enter the ministry. Many a clergyman in America has been prepared for his function by the devoted industry of sisters; and many a scholar and professional man dates his elevation in social rank and usefulness from his sister's, or even some affectionate aunt's entrance upon mill life, for his sake. Many girls, perceiving anxiety in their fathers' faces, on account of the farm being incumbered, and age coming on without release from the debt, have gone to Lowell, and worked till the mortgage was paid off, and the little family property free. Such motives may well lighten and sweeten labor; and to such girls labor is light and sweet. Some, who have no such calls, unite the surplus of their earnings to build dwellings for their own residence, six, eight, or twelve living together with the widowed mother, or elderly aunt of one of them to keep house for, and give countenance to the party. I saw a whole street of houses so built and owned at Waltham; pretty frame houses, with the broad piazza, and the green Venetian

blinds, that give such an air of coolness and pleasantness to American village and country abodes. There is the large airy eating-room, with a few prints hung up, the piano at one end, and the united libraries of the girls, forming a good-looking array of books, the rocking chairs universal in America, the stove adorned in summer with flowers, and the long dining-table in the middle. The chambers do not answer our English ideas of comfort. There is there a strange absence of the wish for privacy; and more girls are accommodated in one room than we should see any reason for in such comfortable and pretty houses. In the mills the girls have quite the appearance of ladies. They sally forth in the morning with their umbrellas in threatening weather, their calashes to keep their hair neat, gowns of print or gingham, with a perfect fit, worked collars or pelerines, and waistbands of ribbon. For Sundays and social evenings they have their silk gowns, and neat gloves and shoes. Yet through proper economy,—the economy of educated and thoughtful people,—they are able to lay by for such purposes as I have mentioned above. The deposits in the Lowell Savings' Bank were, in 1834, upwards of 114,000 dollars, the number of operatives being 5000, of whom 3800 were women and girls. I thank you for calling my attention back to this subject. It is one I have pleasure in recurring to. There is nothing in America which necessitates the prosperity of manufactures as of agriculture, and there is nothing of good in their factory system which may not be emulated elsewhere—equalled elsewhere, when the people employed are so educated as to have the command of themselves and of their lot in life, which is always and everywhere controlled by mind, far more than by outward circumstances. I am, &c. H. MARTINEAU.

Could more be said without weakening the cheering impression of the above?

MEHEMET ALI—Since the Emperor Charles V. retired to the monastery of St. Just, the world has scarcely witnessed so singular and unexpected an act of voluntary abdication as that of Mehemet Ali, which has just been announced by the French telegraph. Although the retirement of the Pasha of Egypt from public affairs to the precincts of the Holy Cities, cannot be compared, in political importance, to the seclusion of the august head of the House of Austria in the 16th century, yet as an instance of individual force of character, it is not less remarkable; and it would seem as if the most signal renunciations of political greatness were to crown the lives of those men who had been most eager in the pursuit of it.—Mehemet Ali will occupy a conspicuous position in the history of oriental nations, as one of the

greatest, and probably the last, of those men who rose by the sole energy of their natures and the capricious influences of Asiatic manners, from the lowest orders of society to all but the supreme dignity of the Mussulman empire. Like Hyder Ali, or the low-born heroes who, in past ages and in various countries, disputed the ascendancy of the cross over the crescent, Mehemet Ali found within himself resources equal to the pressure of the most eventful times, and superior to the declining tendencies of his race and of his creed. But, unlike any of the other heroes of Mahomedan history, he was resolute without fanaticism; and he combined to a remarkable degree the habitual exercise of arbitrary and absolute power with a true respect for more civilized countries and a practical tolerance of other forms of religion. If we attempted to sum up his character in one word, it would be in that of "self-possession." The most cruel and violent acts of his life, such as the destruction of the Mamelukes, were performed with a coolness and design quite distinct from the ordinary excesses of oriental vengeance. The administration of Egypt was conducted with the same stern indifference to all but the steady growth of that power which the Pasha was laboring to establish. During the events of 1840, when a less prudent or a more timorous man might have compromised his existence by an act either of defiance or of submission, he kept his temper, and therefore he kept his pashalik. To his immortal honor, he forwarded the British mails to India whilst our fleet was attacking Syria and menacing Alexandria; and on no subsequent occasion has he betrayed the smallest resentment for conduct which, on the part of certain high servants of the Crown of England, was harsh, impolitic, and unjust. Indeed, we may here allude with peculiar satisfaction to the very marked reception given by the Pasha to the present Governor-General of India, when he passed through Egypt a few weeks ago; and we trust that the treaty which was rapidly negotiated at that interview, will afford a permanent and effectual protection to our overland communications with India. Lastly, as if even death itself was not to find him unprepared, or as one who is anxious to witness at least the commencement of his own posterity, the old man retires from the shores of the Nile, which he has once more opened to life and to a second greatness, and betakes himself in meditation, if not in devotion, to the consecrated City of the Prophet. It is, however, premature to assume that his career is already closed. His life is probably even now better than that of Ibrahim; and in the vicissitudes which are now crowded on the surviving members of the Ottoman empire, it is impossible to foresee any secure repose but in the grave. Some uncertainty, indeed, still hangs about the actual fulfilment of this great and sudden determination. Within a few weeks, and by the last accounts from Egypt, the Pasha was in all his usual vigor of body and mind—full of projects and active designs which seem calculated rather to prolong the duration of his life and power, than to forestall the close of them; and at no time was the abrupt cessation of his interest in public affairs more unforeseen.—*Times*.

THE SUNIASSIE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ONE of the most extensive provinces in the Deccan—as that portion of India is termed which is situated between the rivers Nerbudda and Kistna—is the Goandwana, a wild, mountainous, and unhealthy district, though the care and culture of the few Mahratta families from Nagpore, that are found in certain parts, have rendered them fertile and productive. The general aspect of the country, however, is unfavorable; and where occupied by the native Goands, almost an entire sheet of jungle. This wretched tribe, perhaps the very lowest in the scale of all the natives of India, though Hindoos of the Brahminical cast, profess peculiarities that are at variance with the tenets of Brahma, permitting themselves the indulgence of animal food, and abstaining only from that of the cow. For many years the tradition popular among the natives of Lower India, that among the Goands there were certain sects that offered annual human sacrifices to the destroyer, was ridiculed by the European community; but later investigations, and the testimony of an intelligent and inquiring officer, Captain Crawford, of Bengal, whose intimate knowledge of the habits and customs of the east has seldom been equalled, have proved, beyond all doubt, the prevalence of this revolting and terrible practice. It was in the year 1819 that a singular chance, or rather a series of rare events, confirmed my own belief in the existence of a crime, which was then darkly hinted at, but which was only credited by the sepoy and natives of Madras.

The regiment to which I was at that period attached, was *en route* from Bengalore, in Mysore, to Chanda, in Berar, a distance of no less than six hundred miles; when one morning, after reaching our encampment for the day, I sallied out into the jungle, with a brother officer, whose fowling-piece made frequent and welcome additions to our common-place marching fare. Calvert Montford was a gay-hearted, handsome, generous fellow, and the favorite of the whole corps, from the bluff old commandant to Meer Ali, the flugelman; though, in truth, he was apt, in the exuberant hilarity of youth, to commit vexatious solecisms in the serious matter of military etiquette. Our kind, but stern commanding officer, Major Beckett, was frequently obliged to check, with a severity that was sometimes

half assumed, the heedless gamesomeness which too often led Montford into dilemmas that, by compromising the credit of the corps, might have provoked graver punishment if subjected to the pitiless analysis of higher authorities. Not that a single grain of vicious or dishonorable feeling could be sifted by even malevolence from the volatile matter which formed the faults of my friend; but he was ever and anon offending the gravity of official ceremony—insulting, out of mere schoolboy fun, the prejudices of the native population—and erring against the common discipline of the service. Complaints were constantly being brought against him by the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which we passed; now the house of a surly Mahomedan had been forcibly entered, now a sacred pigeon had been shot at while roosting on the very pinnacle of a pagoda; yesterday half-a-dozen palmyra-trees had been pilfered of their tari-pots;* and to-day some nameless offence had been offered to the idol of Vishnoo itself; while once upon a time he was likely to have fared still worse for having dared to pursue one of the dancing girls belonging to the temple into the very precincts of that prohibited edifice. But to proceed. We had traversed a considerable quantity of the ground with various success; a few hares and green pigeons had been bagged and confined to the care of Calvert's *kootay-walla* (dog-keeper), and the day beginning to heaten into true Oriental fervor, we were on our return when we came unexpectedly upon an old grey pagoda in ruins, and so completely hugged in by trees, that we saw it not until we were close upon it. A sharp bark from Calvert's dog attracted our attention towards it, and running round the corner of the building, we beheld a huge brown monkey, squatted on an arch of the temple, and indulging in a series of facial contortions. Montford raised his gun.

"*Mut mârô, sahib !*" (do not fire, sir!) cried the dogboy, in evident alarm, "it is a sacred monkey, and the Brahmins will be displeased."

But scarcely had the warning passed his lips ere Calvert fired, and down at his feet fell the poor animal quite dead.

At the same moment forth from the dismantled pagoda there rushed a being of so appalling, so spectral an appearance, that

* The pot, suspended from the cocoa-nut, date, and palm-trees, to receive their sap, or viny juice, for which at certain seasons, they are pierced.

had it not been familiar to us, we might have questioned its claims to humanity. But for the ten days before, the Suniassie, who now leaped forwards uttering the most frightful yells and imprecations, had followed our camp. I have since then frequently lamented that the art of the painter was not mine, for the whole scene would have made a striking picture. The Suniassie was a gaunt, muscular man, in the decline of life; wrapped in a scanty, but close-fitted tunic, of many-colored patchwork, which extended scarcely to his knees, leaving his nether limbs entirely naked;—his long grizzled hair, matted in greasy folds, fell down his shoulders to the waist, from which, tied by a girdle of rope, hung a gourd to hold his arms, while in his hand he carried a bunch of peacock feathers. His face was smeared with white ashes, and his natural ugliness was increased by the deformity of a nose which had been slit—whether in penance, or as a punishment for some former offence, is unknown.

Pointing to the still quivering body of the monkey, he poured forth the grossest revilings of which the Hindostani language is capable, against the English in general, and my friend in particular. Flinging his arms up to the sky, he called down curses upon the destroyer of the monkey, which made the dogboy cower in very terror; and while we stood gazing in silence, as we might have done at a play, he sprang suddenly towards the shrine, lifted a huge stone, dipped it in the blood of the animal, and ere we could fathom his intent, flung it with all his force at the head of Calvert. It struck him on the temple, and he fell, stupified for the moment, but not materially injured. In my rage I darted towards the Suniassie, but ere I could reach him he plunged amid the ruins of the pagoda, and in another moment was seen high up on the crumbling parapet, whence, shouting the words, "*Dawa! Dawa!*"* he disappeared.

The revengeful nature of the Hindoo religious mendicant is well known; but though frequently displayed in the upper provinces of India, is seldom outwardly expressed nearer to the seat of government. Of these hypocritical and bigoted beggars there are four sects; consisting of the Gosains, or Suniassies, who are followers of Siva; the Byragees, disciples of Vishnu; Udassies, attached to the Seik creed; and

Jogies, who are distinguished from the others by the burial instead of the burning of their dead. The Suniassie, who is the unworthy hero of my present sketch, had appeared suddenly in our camp; where he was an object of fear to the generality of our sepoys, who were neither allied to him by country nor connexion, for he was a native of Bengal. More than once he had interfered in disputes with which he had nothing in common, and had been ordered from the camp in consequence of his insolent and malignantly-expressed detestation of the English.

Meanwhile Calvert Montford recovered to feel little ill effects from a blow which had been too slight to cause other results than a headache and a bruise; but as he had so often incurred the reprimands of his commanding officers for offending the superstitions of the natives, the death of the monkey, and its attendant punishment, were concealed from Major Beckett until after many days, when, having seen nothing more of the Suniassie, the whole matter was freely talked over at the mess-table. A general laugh was raised at the expense of Calvert Montford by the juniors, but there were others who expressed astonishment that no complaint had been made about the destruction of the sacred monkey, while the disappearance of the mendicant served equally to puzzle all.

"I am glad he is no longer with us," observed the major; "but, young man, should you meet him again, excite not his ire, he is a dangerous playfellow, and it is seldom that such creatures forego their purposes of vengeance."

* * * * *

We had been about nine months at Chanda—a dreary old city, some eighty miles south of Nagpore, surrounded by woods which were infested by tigers, and in the unwholesome fastnesses of which, bidding defiance to malaria and fever-mist, Montford found frequent relief from the *ennui* which is almost sure to assail the tedious hours of an inert military life. Chanda, with its ruinous ramparts, six miles in circumference, its heterogeneous population of Mahomedans, Mahrattas, and Brahmans, of all denominations, contained no Europeans but the officers of our own regiment, and at that period we had not a married man amongst us; so that the charms of female society being denied us, alack for him who found not in his gun or his book, his pen or his pencil, that relaxation which, in sta-

* Revenge! Revenge!

tions less lonely, he looks for in the social circles and the crowded company. Several of the officers, too, were detached, and I was ordered to Wurra, a village some twelve miles from Chanda, where my duties were to protect it and the adjoining hamlets from the aggressions of bands of marauders, then ravaging the whole country on the banks of the river Wurda, close to which my little party were pleasantly encamped. Montford, at the same time, obtained a month's leave to roam the jungles, and spent two days with me; after which, crossing the Wurda, and attended by his three servants and a favorite sepoy, in plain clothes, he commenced his knight-errantry. The month had nearly slipped by, when one morning, as my solitary drum and fife were blending their *reveille* sounds with the lowing of a newly-roused kine, the crowing of cocks, and the tinkling bells of a flock of sheep, I was surprised by the appearance of a doly, or litter, such as is used by the better class of natives up country, which, attended by a horseman, was fording the stream in front of my tent.

"*Dekho, jee!*" cried a sepoy near me; "*Montford sahib ata hie;*" (look, sir, Mr. Montford is coming;) and so it was. In another moment we were shaking hands, and my eyes were asking a hundred questions about the *doly* before my tongue had uttered one. But I will skip the unlading of the sweet freight which that vehicle bore, the arrangements made for its comfortable accommodation, and proceed to give my friend's narrative in, as nearly as may be, his own words.

"After I left you, I had a glorious week's sport before I reached Dewelmurry, where in my perambulations, I learned that farther on, at Bustar, the Goands were at such hot feud with each other, that it would be folly to visit the place. I liked the neighborhood of Dewelmurry, but fate would have it that, in spite of all my resolutions, I should be enticed some twenty miles nearer Bustar than I intended. Ali Homed (the sepoy before alluded to) is a fine intelligent fellow, and by him I was informed that he had 'made *dowstee*' (formed friendship) with an old Puthan in the town, whose only child, a young and lovely girl, had lately been dragged from their cottage during his temporary absence, the only person who was with her at the time being a decrepid old woman, their servant. That plunder was not the object of her abductors was evident, for nothing was touched

in the house or garden, and the old woman, who had fainted in her terror, could only recollect that, amongst the party who tore the poor girl from her arms, there was one in the garb of a common Hindoo mendicant. Interested by Ali's recital, at my desire he introduced me to his new acquaintance. He was a fine, venerable old man, on the verge of eighty; and, in answer to my queries, declared that he was convinced his daughter—his sweet Azeeza—had been carried off by the Bustar Goands for their annual human sacrifice.

"I dare not utter such words aloud, Maharajah," said he, 'for there is neither law nor learning, faith nor fidelity, in this idolatrous country of Satan; but this atrocious custom prevails here as surely as Mahomed is the prophet of Alla! Every one knows, though none dare say, that the Goains and Jogies of Bustar offer a human being in annual sacrifice to the goddess Kali; and of all others they prefer one who does not belong to their own accursed creed.'

"Horrorstruck, I asked him if he had no friends in authority,—no kindred from whom to demand counsel in such a strait.

"None, sahib," he answered; 'nor is there any course to pursue but to sit silently on the musnud of submission, and weep over the invisible ashes of my lost child. I have no relative here, and had gone to make arrangements at Chanda for a removal thither, when the rose of my life was taken from me by those infidel dogs. May their graves be defiled!'

"But can nothing be done to save her?" cried I, indignant at his passive submission to what he called destiny.

"Alla Kereem! God is merciful, but what can I do?" was the reply. 'The sacrifice always takes place at the new moon—in three days I shall be childless.'

"Nay," returned I, 'lead me to the suspected spot, provide me and my attendant with such disguises as you may deem most likely to favor such an enterprise, and let me try what can be done.'

"The old Mussulman clutched at the unexpected hope which my words conveyed, with a desperate joy; but Ali, knowing my rashness, and alarmed for the consequences of such an undertaking, endeavored to reason us out of it. But the strong desire I had to fathom the whole affair, to satisfy my doubts regarding the mystery of human sacrifice, and to restore a child to her father's arms, stimulated me to higher

thoughts; and, for once in my life, I resolved on adopting as my coadjutors Caution and Prudence, two assistants in the pursuit of adventure which the boldest man may wisely enlist. Suffice it to say that the venerable Puthan, Meer Khan, myself, and Ali, reached a public *choultry*, or caravanserai, in the dense woods that surround Bustar, on the very day before the new moon. We were disguised as soldiers of the Nizam, and it was not long ere we discovered the principal pagoda of the place, which was situated in a thick grove of banyan, peepul, and date-trees. Meer Khan felt assured that the interior of this temple was the place allotted for the sacrifice; nor was it with any difficulty we learned, by mingling with the crowds that attended a *haut* (fair) in the town, that a great festival was to be solemnized at midnight in the pagoda.

"Constructed with a power of resistance that would have repelled an army, the temple was to us a destruction of almost all hope. What, then, could we do? nothing. But fortune, chance, *Providence* did all. I had left the old Puthan sitting in despair beneath a tamarind tree, near which Ali was cooking an extempore currie, and as the twilight began to creep greyly over the earth, sauntered around the pagoda. As I stooped to pick up a wild flower that sprung from a heap of stones, a large snake, alarmed at my approach, issued from behind the tuft of datura that covered the rubbish, and directing its progress towards the wall of the temple, entered a fissure where it disappeared. What induced me to pursue it I know not, for I have an unconquerable terror of serpents, but I did so; and with my stick strove to gauge the depths of the aperture, which was larger than I at first apprehended. The stick struck against some substance which emitted a metallic sound, and on approaching closer to examine it, I found that there was a small wicket, deeply buried in the stonework of the wall. I could perceive that, with slight toil, the mortar and rubbish which now almost curtained it from sight, might be cleared away, and, this effected, I had not a doubt but that an entrance to some part of the pagoda could be obtained. I flew rather than ran to the tamarind-tree, and related my discovery; nor lost we a moment before we acted upon it with the expedition and resolution that are sometimes engendered by despair.

"There was not a creature in sight, as,

with our swords hidden below our robes, and a torch in case of need, we reached the pagoda. We soon got rid of the lime and clay that jammed up the wicket, which, when wrenched open, admitted us to a small vaulted cell. A glimmering light, shining through a crevice in one corner, warned us of more habitable places in our vicinity; and as Meer Khan, who had advanced toward it, stooped down and looked through it, he saw that which proved too great a trial for his shattered nerves, for, with a groan that terrified us for the results, he fainted. I whispered Ali to remove him into the open air, and there to detain him till I gave a certain signal. No sooner had they left me than I applied my eye to the aperture, and beheld the most lovely creature I ever looked upon. A young and graceful girl, whose beauty shone in the glare of many torches, stuck in the walls of an immense saloon, lay bound hand and foot on a mat.

"In one corner was a huge image of Vishnu, at least seven feet high, with a pyramidal cap, closed eyes, and canopy overhead of seven-hooded snakes, peculiar to that deity; in another, with its sepulchral garland of skulls round the neck, was the hideous idol of Kali; and in the centre of this large, and, no doubt, interior chamber of the temple, a group of Brahmins, almost naked, with shaven heads and sacerdotal cords flung across their shoulders, Jogies, Suniassies, and grotesquely-attired Udasies, were busily engaged in chanting a lugubrious chorus around a blazing fire. I could not hear a word that was uttered, though I could plainly distinguish the most remote nook; but I cared not, even at that moment, to keep my eyes from that sweet and beautiful creature, who lay, panting in her pallid fear, almost within reach of me. A heavy smell of frankincense, aloes, and benzoin, penetrated to where I knelt, and I felt that the moment was at hand when *she* was to be saved or *I* was to perish.

"Suddenly an overwhelming noise of gongs, kulera horns, tom-toms, and bells struck up outside the chamber, and the whole mass of bigots withdrew. At that moment I could have willingly cut off my hand for admittance to that hall of sacrifice, but I saw no means of entering it. I ran round the little stifling vault that held me—I heard the hiss of the startled snake, yet paused not—I felt every crevice and cranny with my fingers—and, at length, when in utter despair, I was mad enough

to dash my fist against the opposing wall, a bolt, or a bar, or a secret spring, had given way, and down I fell on my face within three paces of the victim. For the first time I heard her voice—she uttered a faint shriek—but the continued din without prevented its being heard. In five minutes she was free from cord and chain—in five more she was in her father's arms—and ere half as many hours had passed we were on our way to Dewelmurry.

"But we did not leave Dewelmurry next morning unnoted. Meer Khan and Ali were in advance of me as we left the town, and as the old man had resolved on preceding us to Chanda, he was bidding his dear restored treasure farewell, when out from the jungle started an odious-looking creature, who, giving one keen glance at the terrified Azeeza, and a vengeful look at me, retreated to the woods, while the word 'Dawa!' yelled out, recalled a hated voice. It was no other than the Suniassie! And Azeeza remembered him well, as being one of the foremost among her tormentors."

Do we not sometimes, in our wanderings, fall upon certain spots which, without possessing any striking beauties of scenery, have yet a power of arresting the attention,—a fascination constrains us to linger there, nor seek for brighter vistas beyond? Do we not pause there, where the grass is of dearest Leigh Hunt's sort,—*'lie-down-able:'* where 'the buttercups smear the land with splendor;' where there is a bird's song on a green bough, but no human voice; a flower's breath, but nothing less sweet: do we not pause, and fear to go on, lest by losing these we lose all that is lovely? So it is with me in my tale. I care not to proceed. I care not to leave the short year of quiet, dreamy loveliness which rewarded Calvert Montford for his preservation of Azeeza's life by that most sweet creature's clinging affection! I care not to overstep that tranquil space to recount, as I must now do, her worthy old father's death, our subsequent march to Nagpore; and at Nagpore the sudden illness and, must I say, death of Montford? So unexpectedly fell this stroke upon his gentle companion, that for several hours she could not credit that life was extinct; and so quietly, after a short fit of heavy agony, had the "life-want" crept over him, even in her very arms, that the medical man at first supposed he had only fainted. But a day passed, and the preparations for burial—

always, and necessarily, a matter of haste in India—were completed. Azeeza was led to her own range of apartments, whilst I saw him dressed for the grave, and helped to carry his corpse, extended on the couch on which he had ceased to breathe, to a small bungalow which stood unoccupied at the bottom of the garden, whence the funeral procession might pass, on the morrow, unnoted by the mourning Mussulmans. Early in the morning the coffin was brought; so, leaving the body in that lonely room, after lighting the lamps which hung round it, fastening the window, and locking the door, we withdrew. I returned to the house, placed a guard of sepoy over the store-rooms; and, determining to pass part of the night in sealing up the letters and papers of my friend which had been consigned to me for that purpose, I called for lights, dismissed the servants, and seated myself in his room.

The casements were all thrown open to admit the cool air of evening, which, sweetened by the rich odors it had collected from a clump of henna* close by, breathed refreshingly upon me. I was sorrowfully examining a sketch, the work of my friend, when a soft, stealthy footstep aroused me. I turned round and beheld Azeeza standing between me and the window; the moonlight which fell in silvery showers upon her person, giving her almost a spectral appearance; her veil was flung back, and her hair, usually cared for with that classic taste which is evinced by most Mahomedan women of a certain rank, in the arrangement of their tresses, was unbraided, falling in rich, wild masses, over her finely formed neck and shoulders.

"Friend of the dead one!" said she, in a low, calm voice, that yet sounded as if it were full of tears, "I must see *him* once more ere he is wedded to the worm!"

"Azeeza," I cried, "you cannot mean it! You could not bear it."

"Hush, hush, sahib! you were his friend—you are mine; I am not a woman to quail at the sight of him, lifeless, whom I loved living! Lead me to the dead, and leave me with it for one brief hour."

I saw that there was a fixedness of purpose in her that would admit of no denial, nor, indeed, did I deem it kind to oppose her wishes; so, making her wrap a veil around her, I led her unobserved to the

* Henna, the *Lawsonia inermis*, whose leaves contain the pink dye with which the Indian women tinge their nails.

bungalo, and, unlocking the door, left her with the dead, promising to return in an hour. The lights which burned in the death-chamber shone through the venetians as I passed; and I would have looked within, but a feeling that told me it would be a species of profanation, withheld me. As I sauntered round to that side of the building which was the most remote from the entrance, I came upon a little door which led to a bath-room attached to the bungalo, and which we had entirely forgotten. This bath-room opened into the corpse-chamber, and I now remembered that we had neglected to look into it, or fasten the door. Afraid of alarming the mourner by the noise it might occasion, I refrained from examining the place until she had departed, and was moving away, when a sound of feet and the whispering of voices near me, on the other side of a thick and almost impassable hedge of aloes and cactus which divided Montford's compound* from a tope or grove of wild date-trees, arrested my attention. I listened, and presently heard two voices, whilst I could understand that the owners of them were debating on the feasibility of overcoming the fence.

"By Nanuck Sha!" said one, whose exclamation proved him to be a Seik, "if you lead me into any accursed Feringhy (European) trouble I'll slay you with my *chukkur*."

Now I was aware that the *chukkur* was a sort of quoit sharpened to the keenness of a razor, and employed in warfare by the Seiks.

"Idiot!" answered the other, "they have abandoned their dead to the care of four walls and four lamps. If you now retract, the curse of Kali will blench your flesh with leprosy till you become as white as the *moorda* (corpse) of the sahib. The holy unguent must be ready by the new moon, and within our reach is the only ingredient that is now wanting to make it fit for the purposes of the pagoda. My knife is keen, and you have but to remain silent whilst I repeat the *muntrum* (incantation), and to hold the body firmly while I cut the heart from its side."

"And the entrance?"

"Is through a bath-room, which must be close to us. Wrap the leather well about your legs and thighs, and mind not a few thorns."

"But," rejoined the first speaker, "the

proverb says, '*Juhan khâr wuhan mâr*'" (Where there is a brake there may be a snake).

"*Be-wukoof!* (fool!) whilst you utter such loads of filth I pant for the Feringhy's flesh. Twice he has foiled me living; he shall not foil me dead. *Dawa! Dawa!*"

And the last two muttered words betrayed the speaker. It was the Suniassie! But ere they had managed to penetrate one fourth of a high and thick barrier, spiky with frightful thorns, I had planned and acted on my plans. I rushed to the door of the bungalow, gave a warning knock, and entered. Azeeza was rising from her knees; I interrupted her as she was about to remonstrate against my quick return, and in a brief whisper explained the matter to her. With that mute masterdom over her feelings which only the strong-minded woman can command, she acted according to my wishes without a word. I conducted her out, and in less space than it takes to tell it, I had placed six sepoy behind the bungalow, ready at a moment to fall upon the intruders when my signal—a pistol fired off—should terrify them into flight from the death-chamber.

All was silent around the couch of the dead, as I entered the large empty room, in which, with the exception of an old palanquin and a chair or two, there was not an article of furniture. Behind the palanquin, which stood near the door and opposite to the bath-room, I contrived to crouch down, and had barely done so, before, stealthily and softly, from the expected quarter, crept the squalid figures of the Suniassie and his accomplice. The eyes of my forbidding acquaintance glared like a tiger-cat's, as, with fiendish delight, they rested upon the lonely corpse of my friend; and giving a quick, sharp glance round the apartment, he muttered,—

"Udassie-jee, speak not; but when I have recited the *muntrum*, seize the hound's body, and hold it firmly." Drawing a large knife, two-edged and bright of polish, from his vest, he knelt down, sprinkled some ashes, taken from his gourd, upon the floor, and commenced a sort of low chant, in a dialect to which I was a stranger.

Narrowly I watched his movements, in readiness to discharge over his head the signal pistol, when, as he motioned his comrade to advance towards the body, and arose himself, knife in hand, to commence the horrible deed, my arm, raised in act to fire, was

* The space inclosing a mansion.

suspended by a spectacle that, for the moment, made me doubt the evidence of my senses. Slowly—slowly—slowly, as one might do who arises unwillingly from a bed of rest, the corpse began to raise itself on the couch, and, while the Suniassie, awed into motionlessness, stood before it, slowly, still slowly, but steadily, it attained a sitting posture, its eyes wide open, and staring with glazed eyeballs!

At that moment, overcome by wonder, perhaps by terror, I lost command of myself and discharged the pistol. There was a yell—a rush towards the bath-room—the clash of arms—the sounds of conflict and seizure, and in my ears a soft, sweet voice, a woman's, and I became insensible. That soft, sweet voice, no longer full of tears, was in my ears when I awoke to consciousness; and when it said, in gentle, happy accents, "*Ai! bhaebund mera!*" (Oh! my brother friend) "*jeeta hie!*" (he is alive), the whole truth flashed upon me. The whole truth? Yes! Calvert Montfort lived, he was restored from a death-like syncope to the arms of Azeeza; and for the nature of the punishment that awaited the Suniassies, I refer the inquisitive reader to the orderly books of the 1st of May, 1821, at Nagpore, in which he will find that they were provided for in a manner effectually to prevent them from assisting at any future human sacrifice, or from procuring unlawful ingredients for the composition of unguents dedicated to the goddess Kali.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.—[The following most important intelligence comes to us in a private letter from Paris. We have every reason to rely upon the authority of the writer, whose position justifies us in accepting and publishing any information reaching us under such a sanction. It is scarcely necessary to say, that this news is too important, in the influence it is likely to exercise, not merely over France, but over the whole present policy of Europe, not to require from us an explicit assurance that we should not give it a place in our Journal if we did not confidently believe it to be true.—ED. C. J.]

Paris.

"The King of the French is coming;" such is the hope which is causing amongst you in England, those vast preparations, which, though they will not have the advantage of accomplishing their object, have at least that of leading captive public attention, and of forming a stimulus to industry. Your populace, always ready to be led away by a spectacle, are doubtless delighted at

the idea of this Royal visit, and one would be sorry to undeceive them; but you, my friend, must be made aware of the real and insurmountable obstacle to the proposed meeting between the Majesties of France and England.

In the first place, be assured that there are no political feelings interposed to render less cordial the relations of the two countries, or to cause the abandonment of the expected visit. No; but there is a consideration before which all hopes must vanish—a consideration which it is endeavored to shroud in the most profound secrecy—but one which, nevertheless, forces itself vividly upon the attention of all in "high places"—*the health of the King*. This terrible secret, which is still sought to be imprisoned within the walls of the palace, may be expounded to you, and it is indeed no longer a secret for those who, like myself, have opportunities of seeing and judging the danger. *His Majesty has already suffered under several fits, similar to those which* * * * * *, and secrecy in vain attempts to conceal the events which terrified the palace of the *Tuileries* and *Whitehall*; indeed, secret transactions in *St. James's Palace* are revealed by enchantment to the master of the *Tuileries*, and in return you have information of the fatality which has fallen upon us—upon us, do I say? upon the whole of Europe.

The King is ill; his courage, his intellect, his powerful will, struggle in vain; he is not yet stricken down, but he is wounded; a physician leaves him neither by day nor night, but watches incessantly over his invaluable life. The King struggles; but will his faithful counsellors permit him to risk himself in the voyage which now occupies the minds of your populace? *Non, cent fois non!*—*Court Journal*.

POLAND.—Nature would seem to be in conspiracy with man, for the chastisement of unhappy Poland. The accounts from that country are filled with the most distressing narratives of the devastations occasioned by the rising of the *Vistula*, and her other rivers. At *Schwetitz*, situate at the junction of the *Schwarzwasser* with the *Vistula*, it seemed as if the rivers had been turned through the streets for their destruction. One-third of the town lay in ruins among the waters; and of the houses still standing, the roofs only were visible above them,—from whence the inmates were calling for that help which human power could not give. A furious storm had arisen to aid the work of destruction, which dashed the waters of this deluge in mighty waves against the remaining buildings, shaking them to their foundations. From *Kulm*, the accounts are of the same fearful character. At *Kirlin*, the *Vistula* had risen higher than at any time during the last hundred years. "It is impossible to say," one account expresses itself, "how many thousand villages may be inundated by the mighty river, in its long course from *Cracow* to *Dantsic*. Above and below *Calon*, a hundred towns and villages are as in a sea." The last accounts from *Warsaw*, to the third of this month, just received, mention that the waters are subsiding.—*Athenaeum*

HISTORIC FANCIES, BY THE HON. SYDNEY SMYTHE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

TALK of an M. P.'s maiden speech! far more interesting is the virginity of his volume. Delightful task, to mark the roseate hue tinging its bashful pages; to watch the delicate bud blushfully unfolding its leaves in mild and modest developement—sweet symbol, just washed by a shower, which already methinks we see

“Mary to Anna convey”

through the medium of the circulating libraries; a thing fragrant, fresh, nor yet fruitless, but rather bursting like a pomegranate in the garden-courts of Al Hambra; a thing of soothing gentleness, like the mystic dulcimer in the hands of an Arab maid “sitting on Mount Abora;” a gushing thing, to quote Leigh Hunt—and glad are we, parenthetically, that *he* has of late got some bread and butter to his jar of honey from Mount Hybla. 'Tis welcome to our worldly wearied sense as the spring-dove's earliest cooing; or, to speak more seasonably, welcome as the first fleet of oysters at thy gates, O Billing!

Confined per force to our last metaphor, such is the book before us; a bushel of the freshest Fevershams sent to us, with his compliments, by the young member for Canterbury. Bland must be our reception of these tender, unsophisticated natives, which now, as we ope them with ivory knife, seem, dumb things though they be, to court at our hands the accustomed alternation from the pepper-castor of praise and the cruet of criticism.

But, ere we broach the gift, a word anent the donor. The Hon. Sydney Smythe, who in parliament represents the above-said old cathedral-town, and in literature a young constituency of later growth, is no mere casual child of the muse. He is the eldest son of a coronetted poet, who appeared as a somewhat free translator of Camoens* about the beginning of the Peninsular war, and who on that occasion broke through the Portuguese lines with a freedom not given to the French in their attempts on those of Torres Vedras. Hence the gallant Irish peer got somehow mixed up in Byron's promiscuous mob of “English

Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” where he is apostrophised as

“Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue!” κ. τ. λ.

He is now, we believe, a retired diplomatist. We know not whether he has cast his eyes (γλαυκοπίς) over this production of his boy; but if, and even so, we see no reason to fancy the venerable viscount looking a shade less blue than usual.

Shakspeare somewhere expresses a wish to know—

“Where was fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;”

and we are thus particular as to the genealogical origin and idiosyncrasy of *these Fancies*, lest the ignorant public, and more particularly the drab-colored population of Pennsylvania, should confound our author with an elderly writer whose name is nearly similar, but whose phantasies, generally of a droll, are lately of a querulous and arithmetical description. It is a coincidence, that both these fanciers, the honorable as well as the reverend, should enjoy the melodramatic prefix of Sydney—an ornamental appendage shared by Lady Morgan, also by a seaport in Botany Bay—nevertheless, the house of Smythe has “no connexion” with that of Smith whatever. As a matter of mere spelling, the distinction may seem trifling, yet is there more in it than strikes the *i*. Folks have sneered at the homouousian controversy, and at its victims (how erroneously we need not demonstrate), as *les martyrs d'une dipthongue*. A single vowel may be reconditely significant, nay, make all the difference imaginable.

The letters I and Y are *not* æquipollent, nor *ad libitum* convertible. In an æsthetic sense they are, in truth, with reference to each other, quite at variance. Even to English ears the I conveys a notion of intense selfishness and egotism; but among the Latins it was suggestive of much worse, for it had an actual patibulary import; at the aspect of its lank configuration, a gallows rose in the imaginary landscape, and LITERAM LONGAM EACERE was an undoubted slang term for the ceremony performed *sive intra sive extra pomerium*, whenever a Roman

“Larry was stretched.”

Far otherwise in point of symbolism is the vowel Y,—y *Græc*, as the French call it. It is styled the Pythagorean letter by the

* “The things given to the public as the poems of Camoens, are no more to be found in the original than in the Song of Solomon.”—BYRON (*Notes*).

grammartye writers of the middle ages ; its structure was curiously considered as figurative of a high moral teaching—no other lesson than that conveyed in the choice of Hercules. Its lower part, or stem, depicted to the initiated the common highway of life ; that broad and easy road turning off to the left, leading, as do all sinister paths, to perdition ; while yon slender, narrow path, branching off to the right and trod by the chosen few, typified and illustrated a whole parable to the simple understanding of mediæval mankind.

Next to an author's proper identification, follows, in every well-ordered review, a scrutiny into his previous associations, or, as the French tribunals have it, *ses antécédens*. Much of this trouble has been taken off our hands. For who has not read Mr. D'Israeli's *Coningsby ; or, the New Generation* ? Are not the incidents of his non-age chronicled therein under that transparent pseudonyme for our guidance ? We and the public have gratefully received that wisdom-breathing narrative. Of old, for a similar work on the youth and education of Cyrus, all Greece shouted applause, and crowned with laurel the thoughtful brows of Xenophon. Three editions have testified our sense and appreciation of Mr. D'Israeli's Smythopædia.

In that wonderful performance the most instructive details are afforded of the preparatory pursuits and exertations which have eventuated in the production of the volume before us. Mental discipline at Eton is, we apprehend, somewhat altered from what it was in Gray's elegiac times, when school-boy aspirations soared no higher than to "enthral the captive linnet," "snatch a fearful joy beyond the bounds of silvery Thames," or "chase the rolling circle." The quadrature of the latter is now sought to be achieved, and vigorous attempts are made to ignite the former. To accomplish this purpose, as is wisely observed by one of the juvenile interlocutors of the novel, "It takes a deuced deal of history, and *all that sort of thing*," being a palpable allusion to this work, then *in embryo*. Yet of Eton, and its antique towers and time-honored observances, we hope no one will suspect us of speaking in disparagement. Our sentiments cannot be misunderstood. Last spring we went with the crowd to the *Montem* celebration at Salt Hill, so interesting did we deem Mr. D'Israeli's enthusiastic description of that academic mystérie. We paid our due portion of muriate of soda like

the rest, and at our return were loud as the oldest wiseacres at our club* in praising both the unprecedented concourse and splendid aggregate of the plunder—

"Et numeros, et
Laudavere sales, nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulté."

The youth of England must be encouraged, and a fine-spirited set of lads are growing up at Eton, even though they do manifest a precocious determination to "push us (old fellows) from our stools" a little prematurely. Something of this kind was apprehended in the time of Burns, when

"Reverend greybeards raved and stormed,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were informed
Than their auld daddies."

Yet in those days it came to nothing. We confess we find nothing particularly alarming in the doctrines of the "new generation," whether as they are adumbrated in the mystic incidents of the brilliant youthhood of Coningsby, or ultimately revealed in these *Fancies*. By some, indeed, whose memory supplies them with the narrative of "Sir Balaam," in Pope's epistle, and who possess the inward consciousness of having pursued a similar political career, an approaching catastrophe may be apprehended—the name is ominous ; the hour is come—and the man

"Coningsby harangues,
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs."

"Old Toryism" is clearly demolished ; but how many other humbugs and worn-out "conventionalities" of our social system are to follow, we still look to learn on a more diligent perusal of the novel, when at its fourth edition. We only wish Mr. D'Israeli would, in that edition, make himself a little more explicit, and also, perhaps, give us details, not merely of the youth, but also of the infancy of our hero. We like to trace things from their *primordia*. No doubt, the nursery-maid, if interrogated, will state his refusal, when a child, to use the ordinary go-cart, in which toddled the previous generation ; perhaps, also, that while other urchins, admitted to the basin of St. James, fed the ducks, he pelted those aquatic fowls as typical of *quackery*.

Alas ! alack ! heu, *φευ* ! this latter element of social life is, we fear, not to be put

* The Senior University.

down. The old birds may hide their heads for a moment before the pelting storm of eloquent raillery from these writers of a new generation; they dive but to rise again, and even under water keep up a cacophonous outcry against their young assailants.

"Quaquam sub AQUA, sub AQUA maledicere tentant,"

as fully related in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

After these preliminaries we may proceed:—a graceful and ingenuous preface ushers in the table of contents, from which we are at once made aware that the volume is not homogeneous, but made up of prose and poetry in alternate strata. This is no new arrangement, being observable in the oldest work extant, the Book of Job. The reader should, nevertheless, proceed cautiously, as the quiet amble often breaks into a full trot without marginal notice, and he may often find himself on the back of a winged "*onager*," careering into the wilderness, when he thinks he is prosaically bestriding a more domestic animal.

It opens with an able essay on "The Aristocracy of France." The putting forth of such a topic in the van, and the fervor with which hereditary rank in the abstract is extolled, is most satisfactory. Tired and nauseated with the Radical slang of Mechanics' Institutes, we find ourselves sitting once more round the good old fire-side of the vicar of Wakefield, proud and happy to talk about "Lords and ladies, and knights of the garter." This is quite natural; a periodical fit of reverence for nobility is sure to occur whenever the opposite feeling has been prevalent too extensively or too long; and this particular organ of veneration has been so long depressed, that 'tis time it should shew itself intumescent into *alto relievo*. "Down with the lords!" was a popular cry ten years ago; and an Irish gentleman, now "in trouble," was then traversing England denouncing them as a nuisance, and advocating, to not unwilling ears, their total abolition. We have some indistinct recollection of his calling them "soaped pigs." Reaction set in very soon. Their "house" stood the blast of Billingsgate, and even Cobbett was heard to thank God for it, much in the style he would beg a blessing over his Hampshire bacon. If we look among the Greek democracies, we may observe similar fits. At one time Pindar, soaring into raptures on the topic of pedigrees and reviving the Homeric feeling about ancestry, at another the tragic moral-

ist repudiating it as a worn-out prejudice:

Εἰς τ' ευγενεῖαν ὀλίγ' ἐγὼ φημὶ καλά
Ὁ μὲν γὰρ εὐθλὸς ευγενὴς ἐμοὶ γ' ἀνὴρ
Ὁ δ' οὐ δίκαιος, καὶ ἀμείνων πατὴρ
Ζῆνος πέφυκε, δυσγενὴς εἶναι δοκεῖ.
EURIP. in *Dyct*.

Such alternate phases of opinion occur not only in the national but even the individual mind, as in the case of the late laureate, whose tragedy of *Wat Tyler* (1795) we all know preceded his *Vision of Judgment* (1811). If its literature be a safe index, the last century seems to have closed in a very peevish ill-humor against all aristocracy. A Scotch exciseman (1791) got plenty of people to chorus in full tune—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gow'd for a' that;"

while much more forcible language was in vogue among our French neighbors, who, in a Pindaric composition of theirs called *Ca Ira*, made very free with the upper classes, adding, as a climax, something about a

"Lantern,

On which they often made a wicked man turn."

So Byron, with his accustomed levity, reprehensibly remarks. How abhorrent from such practices, and how antagonistic in his theories, is our author, 'twere superfluous to point out. Has he not dedicated this work to his friend, Lord John Manners? "in whom gentleness of blood but illustrates and guarantees still gentler conduct," and whose late aspiration in a published volume of poems,—

"Give us back our old nobility!"

so much laughed at by Corn-Law-Leaguers, rick-burners, and universal-suffrage-men, if "pondered fillingly," highly became the "descendant of Sir Philip Sydney." He, too, is one of the brotherhood; and may exclaim, ET EGO IN ARCADIA.

"The aristocracy of France is the most illustrious the world ever saw. There may be more ancient titles in Scotland or in Germany, more arrogance of descent in Italy or in Spain, more gentle blood in our own old manor-houses of Northumberland or Lancashire; but no aristocracy can compete with hers in sustained and European illustration. The very vice of the system was the cause and continuation of its brilliancy. The nobleman of the ancient régime was born to the high places of the army and the state, as with us he is born to his hereditary possessions. The baton of a marshal,

the seals of a minister, the government of a province, devolved almost as surely as the heraldic quarterings upon a shield or the seigniorial rights of an estate. The doctrine of the aristocratic succession, was upheld with a religious pomp and a more than religious intolerance. It was not so much an order as a hierarchy."

Such is the appropriate exordium of a truly magnificent dissertation which follows. Such is the bugle-key note of the strain in which our author discourses music most eloquent, no doubt, in the ears of the noble Faubourg St. Germain, where we are permitted to gather, from subsequent passages of his work, he has been, in *salon* as well as *boudoir*, deservedly well received. Now we do not blame him for reciprocating their politeness in the dulcet sounds of blandishment. He may be sure of finding his auditory over the water, fully alive to the harmonious accents of such high-toned flattery; nor will the French *noblesse* in their present decay treat him as they did an unlucky composer in the days when they formed a court:—

"La cour negligé tes talens,
Le peuple applaudit tes merveilles;
Gretry! les oreilles des grands
Sont souvent de grandes oreilles."

But we are simply apprehensive of a storm of jealousy from other quarters of the Continent, and, being sober men, have an eye to the peace of Europe. We happen to know pretty accurately, what will be thought of Mr. Smythe's proclaimed preference for French escutcheons throughout the whole length and breadth of the Holy Roman Empire, in many a frowning Schloss of *hochgeborn* Rhineland, in many a noble chapter of canonesses on the Danube, many a castellated *berg* in Bohemia, many a Hungarian keep, unpronounceable, but ending in *stein*, and bearing over its portcullis the cognisance of Swartzenberg or Esterhazy. Knowing all this, we fain would have suggested more moderation in the setting forth of this Gallic claim to superiority in blood, and we suspect the Herald's College would be of our opinion. In mere wanton compliment to our vain and volatile rivals, we would not willingly let slight or slur be thrown on the elder branches of European nobility; and there be names, beyond Alp and Pyrene, quite as familiar to Fame's trumpet,—households as prolific of chivalry as any within the circuit of France, be they Montmorencys, Noailles, Tremoilles, or

Grammonts.* Italy, we submit, produced greater and more illustrious races in every department of historic distinction; and we can well imagine the shrug of surprise with which her sons would list to any muster-roll of transalpine nomenclature, announced as to supersede in "sustained illustration" the names of DORIA, COLONNA, PICCOLOMINI, VISCONTI, SFORZA, GONZAGA, FARNESE, BORGHESI, STROZZI, MEDICI, SPINOLA, &c. Mr. Smythe will at once perceive that we have not brought forward a single patronymic from the golden book of St. Mark, not summoned one of those merchant princes, those planters of the lion, who were in their day fully what England is now, viz. the arbiters of Europe. They were, in sooth, to use his own happy phraseology, the seigneurs of the seas—*dove signoreggiavano davvero*,—and,

"Oh! for an hour of blind old Dandolo,"

to read (or have read to him) the pretensions of any gasconading French *casata* to take precedence of those whose names glittered for 800 years on the *libro d'oro* of Venice.

As for Spain, God help her, her nobles, and her bygone glories! We are in the mood of melancholy Jaques thereanent at this present writing, and not even the championship of Peter Borthwick can fling a dash of merriment into that subject. But more grievous, even than Peter's advocacy, is the blow just dealt by D'Israeli on the pride of her grandees. He has declared, in the face of that sun which once could never set on their empire, that they were all so many muffled Jews; he has detected, an occult synagogue in the old cortes of Castile and Arragon,—in the Golden Fleece itself, a remnant of the passover. Can such things be? Back, then, to your *ghetto*, noble line of MEDINA SIDONIA! Ay, if there be any truth in a book called the *Bible in Spain*, from which, we fear, this untoward discovery was borrowed, let her haughtiest *hidalgos* hide their heads, let Spain quickly devour the remainder of her own children, reckless even of infant-a-cide.

Mr. Smythe may think it a mere matter of taste to announce his partiality for the French aristocracy, treating it as a mere article of *vertù*. He may deem nobility to

* The *very old* French houses might be known by an odd practice of spelling their names without capital letter,—de rohan, de noailles, de montmorency. The late Bishop of Autun always signed, maurice de talleyrand.

be a kind of porcelain among the varieties of human clay, and suppose himself at liberty to suit his fancy in selection. Hence the *fabrique de Sèvres*, with its pretty shepherds and shepherdesses, may please him most, more than the *fayence* of Dresden; while some prefer an Etruscan jar, or rejoice in older specimens of *terra cotta*. To this we demur; and though our own earthenware were but homely Wedgewood, we would still feel bound to give it a decided preference before all foreign crockery. What! is Young England to tell us that the nobles of our land must yield in "sustained illustration" to the French, whom we have been thrashing for the last 700 years? This won't do. Our fathers were so far wise in not suffering any fallacy like this to be broached, or, if broached, to go unrebuked. To do them justice, such hardihood of assertion was unheard of on this side of the Channel. For them Hogarth painted his "Gate of Calais." Smollett for them drew "Strap," the barber, in the strut and ruffles of Comte d'Estrappade. Frogs and frippery, sabots, *soupe maigre*, with accompaniment of garlic and pill-boxes, were sedulously associated with a traditional *Marquis of Carabas*. For them Shakspeare asserted that on one pair of English legs there walked the substance of I know not how many Frenchmen. Every schoolboy knew how high was the precedence of an English Prince of Wales over a French dauphin.

"Quantum delphinis *balæna* Britannica major!"

And these were wholesome inculcations.

We have, in truth, among the annals of England, domestic memories of undying lustre; there are hearth-stones in our land on which the hallowed embers have glowed with that sustained and steady fire, which may have flashed elsewhere, but never so as to eclipse ours. We can count name for name. Let France exalt her horn, we, too, have our illustrations; of lineages of renown, PERCYS, NEVILLES, HOWARDS, TALBOTS, CECILS, CLIFFORDS, STANLEYS, SPENSERS, we hold a well-stocked Cornucopia. France has no Doomsday Book to lay alongside ours, nor, for genuine worth, can her best men match ours at all. Where is her Raleigh, the shepherd of the ocean? True, he shone singly, and was soon extinct. Yet not so with our Digbys, Cavendishes, Stanhopes, Sydneys, Russells, Napiers, Ashleys, Comptons, Cowpers, and innumerable more

in all the walks of fame in every human pursuit. "Certain French families became," says our author, "proverbial for hereditary qualities; *ex. gr. l'esprit de Mortemar*." Were we not told by Shiel in the Commons t'other night, that "humanity had become a Shaftesbury characteristic?" If they had their *familles de robe*, how many of our own peerages may not boast of origin forensic? To their grave De Thou our Clarendon may equiponderate. If one of their nobles planned the canal of Languedoc, one of ours dug a much longer water-course during his life, to be followed by treatises almost as lengthy, when no more. If their Count Buffon shone in natural science, have we not the great Boyle, who, besides being uncle to the Earl of Cork, was the father of chemistry?

Of the narrative entitled *Venus and Adonis*, suggested by a painting in our National Gallery, we must needs admire the pleasant ingenuity, while for once we take exception to the teaching it conveys. If Young England is to be our ethical *cicerone* in our walks through halls of art and pinathothecks we expect higher inculcations. It was after a very different fashion that the old philosopher, Cebes, illustrated a fresco on the walls of the temple of Saturn, though his *πρωτὸς τις* was probably as deficient in point of perspective as it was replete with morality. The whole sisterhood of *ἐραῖραι*, so leniently treated by Mr. D'Israeli in his novel, and by our author both here and in a subsequent passage ("New Athens," p. 354), are rather roughly dealt with by that stubborn sage. The picture illustrated by Mr. Smythe is certainly remarkable in its way, and the features of Philip II. attitudinising on canvass as a youthful hunter, are undeniable. It is, nevertheless, true, that the grim widower of Mary Tudor was, in 1570, when he first met Anna, princess of Eboli, just forty-three years old, and, therefore, not particularly qualified *pour s'adoniser* in this allegorical way. That, however, the court painter, even Titian, could scarce have ventured on suggesting to his patron in the country of Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Grenada. Furthermore, on attentively considering the masterpiece, we may glean a bit of circumstantial evidence as to the fair original's identity. By an adroit arrangement of the lady's profile in the group, her right eye alone is visible: left eye, in fact, she had none; hence the well-known lines about her and her son which went the rounds at the time, and are,

we suppose, a fair sample of contemporary witticism:—

"Lumine Acon dextro capta est Ebolina sinistro,
Et potis est formâ vincere uterque Deos,
Blande puer! lumen quod habes concede parenti,
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus."

The gist of which, as being interesting to the sex, we must fain communicate, viz.—

"Fair EBOLI hath one (b) right eye, but then it hath no fellow;
Her boy bereft is of the left, yet a model for Murrillo:
Sweet child, resign that eye of thine! give mother all thy share in't;
Be thou to men blind CUPID then, be VENUS she, thy parent."

There follows a "Dialogue between a Protestant Missionary and a Hindoo Priest," which, we presume, must be read in connexion with two subsequent articles, the "Catholic Cavalier," and "Toleration," to make out a clear view of what our author and his friends think on topics of theology. Vague and incoherent their notions have been pronounced by grave authorities, and it is not our province to decide how far the "liberty of prophesying" has been over-indulged in on their side, or infringed on by their censors.* At any rate, it is the first time for many a century that a sect has appeared divested of presumptuous arrogance, without a curse in its mouth, or uncharitableness in its heart. This *neo-Anglican* belief has a blessing for all. "Ever think good of others, ever wish good for others, ever do good to others." So much for its practical enactments; its creed will be found equally comprehensive, and certainly not in the least dogmatical. "QUID EST VERITAS?" was the great question once put in the judgment-hall; and we read that Pilate did not wait for the reply.* Whether the proconsul propounded his query in the sneering tone of the Pyrronist, or with the accent of a sincere inquirer, is still a matter of conjecture; the former seems more probable, but for ages the same interrogatory has at times arisen in the human breast. Are we, then, at last, to take from the mouth of this young author a tardy, but final solution of so vast a problem?—

"TRUTH IS MULTIFORM, and BENEVOLENCE is the DISCIPLINE of TRUTH."—P. 379.

Such is the significant epitome of his views, ushered in with the oracular admonition,

* EST VIR QUI ADEST is the *anagrammatical* answer suggested by some commentator on the Vulgate.

"Doubt not!" and delivered *ex cathedra* for self and fellows. Such their BELIEF, condensed to the capacity of a nutshell.

Whether the kernel of this theological filbert be sound or otherwise, we shall not stop to investigate. Mallebranche, Bayle, or Descartes, would quickly come at the core of the mystery, and make short work of it as a metaphysical proposition; shallow Arouet would crack it as a joke, but his sneer would disgust all thinking men, and we would look on shocked, as at a fancied emblem of his profanity, "a monkey *mingens* in a cathedral." We are loth to undeceive our author in his, we presume, honest conviction. Why obtrude polemics on an ingenuous mind, if the result most probably would be to shut him up in "Doubting Castle, the owner whereof is DESPAIR," or set him loose to wander over the great Zahara of unbelief? Rather let us hope with Mr. Smythe for a "new generation" of true-hearted religionists, who, adopting as much as they can of his theories, may practically abjure all asperity, and avoid mutual incrimination. What are, in this respect, his aspirations may be gathered from page 65:—

"I have in the foregoing ballad purposely made no distinction between the Churches of Rome and England, because if I had done so I think I would have been untrue to the character and feeling of the Roman Catholics of the time. The limits which separated the Churches could not have been thought by such men as Sir Kenelm Digby very broad, or the obstacles to union very strong."

And again, page 95:—

"The design of James II. (to any one who will consult his autobiography this will, I think, be clear) was not so much to establish Roman Catholicism as to reconcile the churches. Vain dream! in our time it might serve to stimulate the hopes and sympathies of some enthusiasts; in his it excited universal alienation."

"Vain dream!" Said you, so? *An qui amant ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?* Yet did the mighty minds of GROTIUS and BOSSUET dream it unblamed. So dreamt also Archbishop Laud in olden days; so dreamt Bishop Doyle, whose titular crosier swayed

"Kildare's holy shrine;"

and not a few sincerely pious men of our elder university are dreamers in the same sense, indulging in a soft nympholepsy of the brain for which we ourselves have been

compelled to rebuke them. For, alas, it is now, as it was even in more simple and patriarchal times, the fashion for worldly-minded and sordid men to cry down the gentle enthusiast who has benevolent visions, and who cannot refrain from communicating them. Even so

"Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren, and they hated him; and they said to one another, 'Behold this dreamer cometh; come, therefore, let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we shall see what will become of his dreams.'—*Gen. xxxvii. 5-20.*

We trust nothing similar will occur to the author of these gentle *Fancies*, whose resemblance to Joseph is indeed so far remarkable, that his "multiformity of truth" may be typified in the many-colored garment of the Hebrew boy. Instead of "Tractarian" pamphlets by clergymen, the impropriety of which needs no indication from us, we may, perhaps, concede to such juvenile writers as Mr. Smythe, an indulgence in speculative divinity always refused to the professed theologian, whatever be his church.

"For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In 's mouth, lest Truth should stammer through
his strain."

The kindly sympathies of "Young England" are not alone for the wide-spread flock that obeys the crook of that old shepherd on the Vatican, but also for the 180,000,000 of our fellow-men who turn to Mecca in the hour of prayer. This is a very distinct feature of neo-Anglicanism. It is not confined to Mr. D'Israeli, whose partiality might be traceable to some ethnological crotchet about Mount Caucasus and the Mosaic Arabs, but is recognisable in young writers of undeniable Saxon or Norman blood, such as Lord John Manners, Baillie Cochran, and Monckton Milnes. In truth, it is nowhere more perceptible than in the strange out-speakings of that deep-mouthed Caledonian Carlyle,† who is a whole sect in himself,—

"Apart upon a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate,"

and who might embody a "Young Scotland" in his single capacity, if the idea

* Prophecy of Dante.

† See his glowing apotheosis of Mahomet, in that wondrous rhapsody, "Hero-worship."

Scotch could attach itself to any sort of juvenility.

These philo-Ottoman feelings are manifested in a vision of Mr. Smythe's, page 379:—

"And as I drew nearer to the throne, methought it was the Great Prophet himself who sat thereon; the maiden bowed down her head with folded arms and humble attitude. But lest I should be thought to kneel and worship, I crossed myself in sign of my own western faith, and stood upright before the Prophet; and he came down the steps and looked earnestly into my face and smiled kindly; and he said, 'Thy heart has been stirred within thee at the glories of Islam.'"

In these sentiments he is ardently supported by a co-opinionist of no ordinary intellect, Richard Monckton Milnes, poet, M. P., whose book is entitled *Palm-Leaves*, and whose borough is a town in Yorkshire, which, had it risen from a Saxon hamlet, men would call Cracktbridge, but being a Roman station, writes itself Pontefract; it elected John Gully in 1832 by an overwhelming shew of fists, and was, we believe, subsequently about choosing Charley Waterton. Like this latter gentleman, Mr. Milnes has been an early traveller, his wanderings being chiefly in the Levant; like him he has an expansive soul, and battles stoutly for œcumenical humanity. Hear his Turk:—

"Let us return across the fatal strait:

Our fathers' shadows welcome us once more,
Back to the glories of the Khaleefate,
Back to the faith we loved, the dress we wore,
When in one age the world could well contain
HARROON ER RASHED and your CHARLEMAGNE.
Palm-Leaves, p. 13.

Listen to him again, doing but simple justice to the prayerful spirit of Eastern monotheism:—

"Most honor to the men of prayer,
Whose mosque is in them every where,
Who amid revel's wildest din,
In war's severest discipline,
On rolling deck, in throng'd bazaar,
In stranger lands however far,
Will quietly their carpet spread,
To Mekkeh turn their humble head,
In ritual language God adore,
In spirit to his presence soar,—
And in the pauses of the prayer,
Rest as if rapt in glory there!"

Palm-Leaves, 22.

Read his calm, dispassionate poem, the *Harem*, and also the *Tent*, for a defence, each good in its way, of these two Oriental institutions. The latter, indeed, should be

reprinted by Mr. Edgington, the marquee-maker in Piccadilly, as a strong provocation to picknicking under canvass. Eastern patriarchs, who

"In tents thus often entertained
The angels unawares,"
Palm-Leaves, 131.

might be held out as an example to West-end bachelors; be it "Richmond" or "Norwood," *déjeuner* or dance, noon or the cool of the evening.

Reverting to our author, his "Cabinet Dinner," and "Opposition Scene," both of the last century, if they do not intimate deep insight into the intrigues of the Walpolean era, are certainly made the vehicle of some splendid sentiments on general policy. In a fragment entitled the "Question," in allusion, we suppose, to Hamlet's soliloquy, much blame is flung on the poor maniac, Rousseau, not for committing suicide, but for not antedating its perpetration, and not doing the deed "while yet fresh with the sunny feelings of his youth," whereas he held back till seventy, "when he had reached a cold, mean, false, old age." Really we can't afford to lose Mr. Smythe so soon, and we trust, if bent on something dreadful, he will defer it to his grand climacteric, like that same melancholy Jean Jacques. But by far the largest portion of the volume is devoted to biographical and critical essays on the leading characters of 1793 in France,—personages most suggestive to an ardent mind; and we must admit that much shrewdness, much eloquence, and high-toned feeling have been exhibited by our author in his successive appreciation of each individual celebrity. He has selected twelve of the leading republicans, as if to shew that in that form of society a dozen men might be found to match in every excess the *duodecim Cæsares* of Suetonius. But has not the subject been overdone? From the contemporary author of *Les Actes des Apôtres* to Thiers and our own Carlyle, have not writers innumerable accumulated on the leaders of that revolution a sufficient heap of eulogy and denunciation? After life's fitful fever, might not they be allowed at last to sleep? No! blessed babes in the wood! here comes Mr. Smythe, tardy red-breast, to cover ye over with additional leaves.

We have scarcely room to notice the poetry of the volume. No praise of ours can be so flattering to the writer as the instant popularity his ballads have obtained,—quo-

ted in provincial newspapers, and ventilated far and wide. It is unfair to say, as some have said, that he is a copyist of Macaulay; he is fully his equal, and cannot be impugned if, out of the same glowing materials of impassioned history, he builds the lofty rhyme on one common principle. Durham Cathedral is no copy of York Minster. Byron made the same charge against our author's father, whom he accused of imitating Moore,

"Cease to deceive! thy pilfered harp restore," &c.,

but with equal injustice. Lord Strangford's amatory poems must necessarily, from the subject, have something in common with those of his little contemporary; yet there is to the connoisseur a very perceptible difference between

"High-born Hoel's harp and soft Llewellyn's lay."

The truth is, that ballad poetry is no longer the domain of untaught, untutored minds, but has fallen into the hands of skilled and disciplined manipulators. A few years back, at Cambridge, Macaulay, Praed, and Fitzgerald, after much intercommunion at various intellectual *symposia*, having duly commingled their several notions, then and there founded a systematised school for this branch of versification. Adopting as rule of faith the old authorised *ποιητικὴς* of the Stagyræ, and not rejecting the vulgate epistle of Flaccus to the Pises, they admitted the Codices of Bishop Percy as deuterocanonical, recognising thus a combined theory of classico-Gothic inspiration. The learned lyre of the south was brought to harmonise in their services with the wild bagpipe of northern Europe, both obtaining most felicitous results from the interchange. It was a similar bright notion that first suggested the application of Moorish algebra to the geometry of Greece. The "*lays* of ancient Rome" were but a final manifestation of this hidden doctrine, by which the minstrelsie of our septemtrionic tribes was made applicable to classic themes in return for the importation of taste and pure principles of composition derived from southern exemplars. Our own LL.D. Maginn acknowledged the Cambridge discovery by his "*Homeric Ballads*," which in his latter days he put forth in our columns; nor could he be laughed out of his experiment by the simultaneous apparition of the "*Songs*" of Horace, or the "*Pindarics*" of Blarney. As to Praed,

we lost him in the very noon of his fame; but the fragments he has left, sufficiently evince his persuasion that a certain Horatian subtlety was an improving element when skillfully mixed up in the structure of ballad poetry. Of Fitzgerald, the pococurante humor has been to fling to the public some of the most admired things of the day; and he is only distinguishable from the other fathers of this ritual, by the more versatile and jovial character of his unpremeditated song. We have often begged of him, in vain, to assert his claim of an originator in this goodly improvement, by printing his "Conquest of Norman William," an effusion synchronous in point of conception, and perhaps more tersely executed, than Macaulay's *King Henry of Navarre*; so might he add a most glittering link to the *catena aurea* of ballad patrology at Cambridge. As for Oxford poetry, that has long since gone to the dogs, the loudest being Montgomery the deep-tongued.

To the school so founded by the men of Cam, Mr. Smythe undeniably belongs. He has, moreover, this advantage over Macaulay, that he can enter with intense spirit into the feelings of men most opposite in their views, and do full justice to both: witness his "LOYALIST OF LA VENDEE," *versus* his "JACOBIN OF PARIS." Now, Macaulay is essentially a Whig, puritanical even in his poetry, and cannot for the life of him feel a warm impulse or a glowing sentiment that is not traceable to Clapham Common, and the haunts of Huguenots or Roundheads. To fright him from his propriety, you have but to strike up

"High for Cavaliers! ho for Cavaliers!
Rabadub, rabadub, have at old Belzebub;
Oliver quakes in his bier!"

No fibre of his can thrill to such antagonistic strains. Such is *not* the neo-Anglican spirit, as we have shown; an universal comprehensiveness, a sympathy with true-hearted men of every war-cry, a generous recognition of chivalry in the foe. Who would expect such fervid lines as these from the champion of French aristocracy?

THE JACOBIN OF PARIS.

"Ho! ST. ANTOINE—ho! ST. ANTOINE, thou
quarter of the poor,
Arise with all thy households, and pour them
from their door;
Rouse thy attics and thy garrets, rouse cellar, cell,
and cave,—
Rouse over-work'd and over-tax'd, the starving
and the slave!"

'Canaille!' ay, we remember it, that word of
dainty scorn,
They flung us from their chariots, the high and
haughty born;
Canaille—canaille! ay, here we throng, and we
will shew to-night,
How ungloved hand, with pike and brand, can
help itself to right.

It was a July evening, and the summer moon
shone fair,
When first THE PEOPLE rose in the grandeur of
despair;
But not for greed, or gain, or gold, to plunder, or
to steal,
We spared the gorgeous TUILERIES, we levelled
the BASTILE.

A little year, we met once more,—yea, 'Canaille'
met that day,
In the very heart of his VERSAILLES to beard the
man CAPET;
And we brought him back to PARIS, in a measured
strain and slow,
And we shouted to his face, for BARNAVE and
MIRABEAU!

Ho! CONDE, wert thou coming with thy truant
chevaliers?
Did they swear they would avenge the Austrian
wanton's tears?
Ho! ARTOIS, art thou arming for ENGLAND's
ceaseless pay,
Thy BRUNSWICKERS, and HESSIANS, and brigands
of VENDEE?

Come, then, with every hireling, SLAVE, CROAT,
and COSSACK,
We dare your war, beware of ours!—we fling you
freedom back;
What, tyrants! did ye menace us? now tremble
for your own,
You have heard the glorious tidings of VALMY
and ARGONNE!

How like the Greek of olden time, who in the
selfsame hour
At PLATEA and at MYCALE twice crush'd the in-
vader's power;
So we had each victory, and each our double
fray,
DUMOURIEZ with the stranger, and we at the AB-
BAYE.

Oh, but it was a glorious hour that vengeance that
we wreak'd,
When the mighty knelt for pardon, and the great
for anguish shriek'd;
But we jeer'd them for their little hearts, and
mock'd their selfish fears,
For we thought the while of all their crimes of
twice five hundred years.

Ho! ST. ANTOINE, arouse thee now—ho! brave
SEPTEMBERISTS all,
The tocsin rings as then it rang: arise unto its
call;
For the true friend of the PEOPLE, ay, and our own
PERE DUCHENE,
Have told us they have need of that same PEOP-
LE's arm again.

For the GIRONDE hath turn'd traitor, and the
Moderates have sold
The hard-earn'd rights of HOCHÉ's fights for
promise of PITT's gold,
And the Pedant and the Upstart, as Upstart only
can,
Have dared deride in lettered pride the plain and
working man.

What, we! who burst the bondage our fathers
bore so long,
That OPPRESSION had seem'd sacred in its vener-
able wrong,—

What, we! who have outspoken, and the whole
world obeyed,
With its Princes and its Monarchs on their high
thrones, afraid?—

What, we! who broke that mighty yoke, shall
we quail before BRISSOT?
Shall we bow to him as lowly as he would have
us low?

And shall we learn the courtier's lisp, and shall
we cringe and sue,
To the lily hand of fair ROLAND, like love-sick
BARBAROUX?

No, by GREAT HEAVEN! we have not riven the
mighty chains of old
Of STATACT and of PRIESTCRAFT, the Gran-
deur and the Gold,
To be ground down by Doctrines—to be crushed
by Forms and Schools—
To starve upon their Corn-laws, but to live upon
their rules.

No, if we must have leaders, they like ourselves
shall be,
Who have struggled, and have conquered, with
single hearts and free,
Who do not ape the NOBLE, or affect the NOBLE's
air,
With TALLIEN for a RICHELIEU, or LOUVET for
VOLTAIRE.

No, we will have such leaders as the ROMAN
TRIBUNES were,
COUTHON, and young ST. JUST, and simple ROBES-
PIERRE.
Now, glory to their garrets! it is nobler far to
own,
Than the fair half-hundred palaces, and the CAR-
LOVINGIAN throne.

And glory to the thousand proofs that day by day
they give,
Of some great END to which they tend, those sol-
emn lives they live;
When the MONARCH and the ANARCH alike shall
pass away,
And MORN shall break and MAN awake in the light
of a fairer day!"

To understand the difference between the
ballad school of poetry and the mere com-
monplace rant it is born to supersede, pe-
ruse the *Marseillaise Hymn* (divested of its
music), and compare its pompous generalities
with the plain, outspoken, individual
allusions here. Proper names in times of

excitement are the true trumpet-tones to
stir men's souls. Hence Macaulay's ballad
of the *Armada* is almost a bare nomencla-
ture, yet how suggestive! Nor was this
secret unknown to PINDAR, or him who
sang—

"Quid debeas o Roma Neronibus
Testis Metaurum flumen et Asdrubal," &c.,

mere abstract propositions being to true
poetry most antipathetical. But we must
leave to professor Keble the task of becom-
ing prosy on the precepts of the divine art,
and would rather rejoice our readers by an-
other specimen of our author's handicraft.
Where can we find more graceful or more
touching lines than these,—capable of
drawing ferruginous tears down the cast-
iron cheeks of old Knox himself?

"MARY STUART'S LAST PRAYER.

"A lonely mourner kneels in prayer before the
Virgin's fane,
With white hands crossed for Jesu's sake, so her
prayer may not be vain.
Wan is her cheek, and very pale, her voice is low
and faint,
And tears are in her eyes the while she makes
her humble plaint.
Oh! little could you deem, from her sad and
lowly mien,
That she was once the bride of France—that she
was Scotland's queen.

Oh, Mary Mother! Mary Mother! be my help
and stay!
Be with me still, as thou hast been, and strength-
en me to-day!
For many a time, with heavy heart, all weary of
its grief,
I solace sought in thy best thought, and ever
found relief;
For thou, too, wert a queen on earth, and men
were harsh to thee!
And cruel things and rude would say, as they
have said of me!

Oh, gentlemen of Scotland! oh, cavaliers of
France!
How each and all had grasped his sword, and
seized his trusty lance,
If ladye-love, or sister dear, or nearer, dearest
bride,
Had been, like me, your friendless liege, insulted
and belied!
But these are sinful thoughts and sad, I should
not mind me now,
Of faith forsworn, or broken pledge, or false or
fruitless vow!

But rather pray, sweet Mary, my sins may be for-
given,
And less severe than on the earth, my judges prove
in heaven:
For stern and solemn men have said, 'God's ven-
geance will be shown,'
And fearful will the penance be, on the sins
which I have done!

And yet, albeit my sins be great, oh, Mary, Mary
 dear!
 Not to cruel Knox, nor false Moray, the Judge
 will then give ear.

But it was wrong and thoughtless, when first I
 came from France,
 To lead courante, or minuet, or lighter, gayer
 dance;
 Yes, it was wrong and thoughtless, to while whole
 hours away
 In dark and gloomy Holyrood, with some Italian
 lay.
 Dark men did scowl their hate at me, and I have
 heard them tell
 How the just Lord God of Israel had stricken
 Jezebel.

But thou, blest Mary, Mary mine! hast ever
 looked the same,
 With pleasant mien, and smile serene, on her
 who bore thy name;
 Grant that whenever I must go to death, I may
 not see
 Nor axe, nor block, nor headsman, but Thee and
 only Thee!
 Then 'twill be told, in other times, how Mary
 gave her grace
 To die as Stuart, Guise, should die, of Charle-
 magne's high race!"

In dismissing this volume, we need not repeat the gratification its perusal has given. Its general scope, its tone, its topics, have our warmest approval. We delight to find our well-born youth applying their leisure to such blameless performances, and rejoice that in our time so many instances can be pointed out of similar devotion to the humanizing pursuits of literature. The question put by old Milton, in whose days the "Muse" was "thankless," viz.,

"Were it not better done as others use
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neera's hair?"

is now satisfactorily answered. As old men, we rejoice at the spirit which has gone forth among these youngsters, of praiseworthy emulation in such walks of honorable distinction; as housekeepers, we are glad while they burn the midnight oil, that our hall-doors will be no further despoiled of their appendages. If Young England had accomplished nothing more, we think it entitled to the thanks of the parish. But it has renovated the whole surface of things, both in politics and literature, when both appeared blank, sterile, and unprofitable. This new guano has refreshed the field. For this we have chosen to devote so much of our space to these *Historic Fancies*, and also partly because we think justice has not been done them by a surly hebdomadal, the Whig *Athenæum*, where a vain attempt has

been made to demolish this work altogether, and to knock, *quod absit*, the Hon. Mr. Smythe to smithereens.

TRADE EXHIBITION AT PARIS.—There is, just now, in Paris, a congress of delegates, from different European states, to the number of twenty-two, severally commissioned to examine into the proceedings of the great Trade Exhibition there going on, and the various productions exhibited, and meeting and consulting with one another at the house of one of their colleagues, the Belgian commissioner. It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of such an assembling for such a purpose, the awakened and spreading intelligence which it indicates, or the spirit of justified pride and generous emulation in which the whole affair of this exhibition has been planned and conducted. The entire proceedings are well worthy of notice, as significant of a new era. If there has been in them something of that display so dear to the French heart, it has, at least, been for an object so sound, as to bear almost any amount of decoration without losing its character of solidity; and if the nation be a lover of shows, it is well they should be provided for it in connexion with such substances. The people have been made the heroes of a long festival in their own metropolis, the grand materials of whose pageantry was furnished by their own various skill and honest toil; and honors and rewards have been freely given, by the hand that distributes military crosses and political ribbons, in acknowledgement of past mechanic merit, and incitement to future. The trades' festival given by the King at Versailles, too, well deserves another word of notice. The ambassadors of foreign powers were invited to be present; and *this* mode of presenting to Europe the spectacle of a nation's vast resources, true wealth, and substantial power is so new, as to look almost like a *discovery* of this clever king. It is the discovery of a grand truth, however; and we know not if the substantive greatness of a kingdom was ever so successfully brought under the eyes of foreigners before. In what other aspect could the nation's power—which is its knowledge, and its skill, and its strength—so visibly present itself as in this assembled representation of all its producing classes? This the first time in history, that the people were ever the guest of kings, in virtue of their own inherent, positive, and recognized greatness; and we scarcely remember any expression of the change which has passed over the world since the days of Louis XV. and his scented courtiers and courtesans, which has struck us so strangely, as this picture of humble mechanics wandering as the honored *convives* of a crowned Bourbon through the gilded saloons of Versailles, and artisans in fustian jostling the nobles of France on the benches of *its famous theatre*. Why, the very *ghosts* of the past must be dead—or some *petit marquis* would have surely risen up to avenge this last incredible desecration! But the age of the *petits marquis* is gone, to join the age of Chivalry; and the *petits marquis* themselves would be more of shadows in this living and stirring world, than they are even in the dim vaults to which they have all crept—and only just in time. —*Athenæum*.

THE MODERN BABYLON.

ORIGIN—PROGRESS—PRESENT CONDITION—CONTINUED RAPID EXTENSION—AND FUTURE PROSPECTS OF LONDON.

From the Metropolitan.

In proposing a series of papers under this title, illustrative of the wonders and mysteries of the greatest city in the world, it may be proper to devote an introductory chapter to the origin, progress, and present condition of London.

The origin of London, like that of most of our European cities of note, is lost in the mists of antiquity. Nor is it within the pale of probability, that the mystery in which the foundation of our mighty metropolis is enshrouded, will ever be cleared up. Geoffrey of Monmouth dates the origin of London so far back as the year 1108 before the Christian era. He tells us, with a gravity and confidence of manner which show that he entertained no doubt on the point, that it was founded in that year by Bruto, a lineal descendant of Æneas. He adds, that its first name was New Troy; being so called in memory of the wondrous exploits performed at the siege of Troy. This would give London an antiquity of nearly three thousand years. The idea of its having been founded upwards of a thousand years before the birth of Christ, and under the circumstances which Geoffrey of Monmouth mentions, is so exceedingly improbable, that no subsequent writer has referred to it, except for the purpose of exposing it to ridicule. Other authors speak of London as having been founded so far back as seven hundred years before the Christian era; but they have not been able to adduce any feasible reason for their belief. The only thing certain is, that it did exist before the birth of Christ, and that it was then the capital of the Trinobantes—a people generally supposed to have recently come from Belgium, and constituting one of the numerous small nations which then inhabited Britain. Some surprise has been expressed that Julius Cæsar should not have noticed London in his "Commentaries." The conclusion has been come to by several writers, that the reason of his silence is, that London was not in existence at the time of his mention of this country; which, as the reader is aware, was in the middle of the century immediately preceding the Christian era. The inference is not warranted by the

facts of the case. The presumption rather is, that the Roman conqueror, though he must have passed it, did not visit London in the course of his hasty invasion of Britain. Several intelligent writers even doubt whether he ever crossed the Thames at all within many miles of London, there being then no bridges over the river, as indeed there could not be; for its waters, instead of being confined by embankments as at present, spread over the greater portion of the extensive tract of flat ground lying between Wandsworth and Greenwich. But though there can be no question that London existed for a considerable time before the invasion of Cæsar, it could only then have been a place of very inconsiderable importance: had it been otherwise, Cæsar would not have failed to visit and mention it. Besides, it is agreed on all hands, that the abodes of its inhabitants consisted of miserable huts constructed of wood and mud.

The site of the original London was the elevated ground on Ludgate Hill, and eastward of St. Paul's. The station which the Romans first occupied, was in the well-known locality called St. George's in the Fields. At what time they passed over the river, and took possession of London, which they called Londinium, has not been satisfactorily ascertained. It must, however, have risen rapidly into importance, after having fallen into their hands; for Tacitus, the first accredited writer who takes notice of it, describes it in his "Annals" as having been, in the year 62, in the reign of Nero, a "place of the first distinction for the number of its resident merchants, and its traffic with other places." It is supposed to have been taken possession of by the Romans under the emperor Claudius, about a century after the invasion of Julius Cæsar. The commercial eminence to which it so soon attained under the Romans, was in a great measure to be ascribed to the circumstance of its conquerors not converting it into a military colony, but giving it the advantage of many of the most valuable of their own institutions, and encouraging the pursuits of trade and commerce in every possible way. The Romans treated the Britons with the greatest generosity; never doing any thing which could have a tendency to perpetuate the remembrance of their being a subjugated people, but doing all in their power to obliterate from their minds the recollection of so mortifying a circumstance. They met

the Britons on a footing of perfect equality, studiously taught them the arts of civilization, and sought to raise them to a level with themselves.

London was thus rapidly improving in civilization and rising in commercial importance, when, in the year 64, Boadicea, queen of the Britons, with a boldness and spirit unparalleled in the history of female heroism, attacked and captured the city. It would have been well had her clemency been equal to her courage; unhappily her cruelty was as great as her bravery. She massacred the whole of the inhabitants who did not succeed in escaping by flight, showing no mercy either to innocent children or to those whose heads were gray with years, and were already tottering into their graves. And to aggravate the horrors of the scene, the most ingenious modes of inflicting torture which could be devised were resorted to—those of her own sex seeming to be the objects of her special cruelties. The number of individuals, inhabitants of London, who were thus put to death by Boadicea, has never been satisfactorily ascertained; but it is supposed to have been not less than from fifty thousand to sixty thousand. If this be so, the fact shows what an important place London must have been even at that remote period, especially as many thousands who were in the prime of life, must have effected their escape. Nor did this cruel though courageous woman content herself with the massacre of the inhabitants; she followed up her slaughter of the citizens by setting fire to, and destroying, the last vestige of the city. And here it may be remarked, that at this time London could not have been a fortified place; had it been environed by walls, it would not have fallen so easy a prey to the fury of Boadicea.

The Romans speedily recovered possession of London, though at what precise period has not been ascertained. It was not, indeed, likely that such a people as the Romans—at that time, and for centuries before, the military masters of the world—would allow any long period to elapse before they wiped away the reproach of being dispossessed of one of their favorite locations by a few thousand barbarians, under the command of a woman. Still less probable was it that they should rest satisfied until they had been revenged on those who had slaughtered so many thousands of their people, and their attached allies. They accordingly returned with a numerous and

formidable army, and marched at once into the heart of London. They scarcely met with any thing worthy the name of resistance, in consequence of the dismay and consternation which the imposing appearance of their soldiers struck into the minds of Boadicea and the Britons. Of the latter it is computed that not fewer than from seventy thousand to eighty thousand perished in one day and on one spot. The loss of the Romans was trifling as compared with the numbers that had fallen under their sword. Only about four hundred of their soldiery were killed, and about a similar number wounded. Boadicea escaped from the scene of slaughter; but, finding her cause to be wholly hopeless, and anxious that the Romans might not be able to make her their prisoner, she took a quantity of poison, and very soon afterwards expired.

History is silent for a considerable period after this, respecting the condition or extent of London. That it speedily recovered its civil importance and commercial prosperity, under the same institutions which had so rapidly raised it to greatness before, there is no reason to doubt. The first mention made of it after this time, occurs in the life of the emperor Severus, by Herodian. That writer, speaking of it in the beginning of the third century, represents it as being "a great and wealthy city."

Considerable diversity of opinion exists among antiquarians as to the time at which London was first surrounded by a wall. A very general impression prevails that it was first enclosed in the time of Constantine the Great, in the end of the third or beginning of the fourth century. This is undoubtedly the traditionary account of the time at which the wall of London was constructed. It is supposed to have been built at the request of Helena, his mother; an impression strengthened by the fact that coins of that celebrated woman have been found under the wall. Be this as it may, it is not questioned that before the close of the fourth century, London was surrounded by a wall. The extent of the city at this time may be inferred from the locality of the seven great or double gates by which it was entered. These are understood to have been Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, Aldgate, and the Posterngate near the tower. The wall was one of remarkable strength. Its foundation was eight feet deep, the height was ten feet, and its thickness about nine feet. It was composed alternately of layers of broad flat

bricks and of rag-stone. At a subsequent period an addition was made to the height of the wall, making its altitude about twenty feet. The circuit of the wall was about two miles and a furlong. It had two grand forts and thirteen smaller towers, conjectured to have been each about forty feet in height. The principal street of Roman London is supposed to have been the Watling street of the present day. Cheapside is also supposed to have been then, as now, another of its leading thoroughfares.

From the time of Constantine the Great until the departure of the Romans from Britain, which event is supposed to have taken place in the second quarter of the fifth century, our information respecting London is exceedingly scanty. One fact, however, of considerable importance, as indicating the commercial prosperity of London in the middle of the fourth century, has been ascertained. It is, that in the year 359, the very large number—large for that remote period—of eight hundred vessels, were employed in the exportation from London of corn alone.

For a considerable period after the Romans had abandoned our shores, London continued rapidly to decline, both in grandeur and in commercial importance. The Saxons, whom the Londoners had sent for to protect them from the incursions of the Scots and Picts, began, soon after they had acquired a footing in the country, to attempt bringing the Britons under subjection to themselves. The Britons resented as long as they were able, these efforts to subjugate them to the Saxon yoke. At last they were compelled to relinquish the unequal contest. The decline of the trade and commerce of London, which had been gradually going on for nearly a hundred and fifty years, was now followed by its almost entire annihilation. Ethelbert, king of Kent, whose sovereignty was acknowledged by all the Saxon nations south of the Humber, transferred the seat of government from London to Canterbury. From this period down till the year 827—being a period of nearly two centuries and a half—scarcely any thing is heard of London, excepting the fearful visitations which befel it in the form of fire and pestilence. In the year last named, Egbert, who had just established the Heptarchy, chose London as the seat of his sovereignty. Fortune again, therefore, began to smile on it. In six years thereafter, namely, in 833, a Parliament was held in it. Scarcely, however,

had the prospect of recovering at least some portion of its former grandeur and commercial greatness, begun to break upon it, than it was overclouded by the results which followed the invasion of the Danes. One of the first of these results was the expulsion of Egbert from his adopted capital. This was followed by the massacre of the great majority of the inhabitants, and the destruction of nearly the whole city by fire.

The name of London was, for about half a century after this, scarcely heard of, excepting in connexion with its past history. At the end of that time, namely, in the year 884, the celebrated Alfred, having previously vanquished the Danes, and expelled them from Britain, ordered the city of London to be rebuilt. He was the first to introduce houses of stone and brick. The circumstances of the people, however, were not such as enabled them to construct many of their houses of these materials; though, as London again advanced in the path of prosperity, the number continued to increase. He encouraged trade and commerce in every possible way, and instituted a municipal system for the local government of the place, which proves him to have been as great a statesman and philosopher, as his brilliant victories had before proved him to be a distinguished warrior. London continued to make steady progress in trade and commerce, and civil and political importance, for more than a century, when it was again doomed to meet with disasters, owing to the pusillanimity of Ethelred the Second, the reigning monarch. He ingloriously fled from London, leaving the citizens to defend their walls as they best could, when exposed to the assaults of the united armies of Denmark and Norway, headed by the monarchs of these two countries. The citizens made a brave defence, repeatedly repulsing the invaders with great loss, and compelled them, at last, to raise the siege. The Danes, assisted by the Norwegians, continued, however, to harass other parts of the country, until the cowardly and feeble-minded Ethelred was induced to abdicate his throne, and retire into the province of Normandy. This was in the year 1013. Unable to hold out any longer, the citizens of London were obliged to open their gates to the army of Sweyn, the Danish king, and to submit, with the rest of the inhabitants of England, to his sceptre. That monarch's reign, however, was not of long duration; he died in three

years afterwards, and was succeeded by his son, the celebrated Canute—a name made familiar to every school-boy, by means of the anecdote respecting his vain attempt to arrest the progress of the waves by commanding them, with kingly authority, not to approach the place where he had seated himself on the shore. The citizens of London promptly and bravely rallied around the standard of Edmund Ironside, the son of Ethelred, in the effort which the Saxons, under his command, then made to release themselves from the Danish bondage, in which the latter were held. Prospects of a successful rising looked remarkably bright for a time. Canute was compelled to flee from the capital, and Ironside, his rival, was crowned king of England. Three several times in the course of the year 1016 did Canute return to London and lay siege to it, but as frequently was he repulsed with a very heavy loss. Both princes, finding their army so alarmingly reduced, and their forces so equally balanced, that it was impossible to say which of them should ultimately triumph, entered into a compromise. The condition on which they agreed to lay down arms was, that there should be an equal division of territory between them. The agreement was carried into effect; the division of territory was made, and peaceful relations seemed to be established between the rival princes, when Ironside was assassinated by his treacherous relative, Edrick Streon. The Saxons, thus deprived of their leader, were obliged to resign themselves to the sole sovereignty of Canute.

At this period of the history of London, it is only from incidental hints in the writings of those who refer to that era, that we can form any idea of its wealth and commercial greatness. That it must, at this period, have been a place of great opulence and commercial importance, is evident from the fact, that on Canute succeeding to the entire and uncontested sovereignty of England, he called on the citizens of London to pay more than a seventh part of a tax of £82,000, which he imposed on the whole country. Canute died in 1036. His death was followed by serious disputes as to which of three claimants to the throne should be his successor. Edward, son of Ethelred, had a large and influential body of partizans; who, failing him, resolved to declare in favor of Hardicanute, son of Canute, by queen Emma. Harold Harefoot, another son of Canute, by queen El-

giva, of Northampton, had also a formidable body of adherents. Among his friends were the citizens of London; a host in themselves. It was eventually agreed, for the sake of peace, that the two brothers should equally divide the kingdom between them. It was while these disputes were going on that the citizens of London, for the first time, sent representatives to Parliament. On the death of Hardicanute, the Danish line of succession ended, and Edward the Confessor, a prince lineally descended from Alfred the Great, was chosen to the throne of England. His reign is remarkable on many accounts: a new era in the history of London is to be dated from his accession to the throne. The privileges which that city had enjoyed for so long a period, but which seem to have rested on no better foundation than that of mere usage, were now, for the first time, recognized by special act of Parliament. What those privileges were, is a point on which we are left in doubt; but there can be no question that they were very important ones: that, indeed, may be fairly inferred from the frequent incidental allusions made to them by the chroniclers of that period. One important fact which is clearly ascertained is, that London had from time immemorial enjoyed the right—a right confined to itself—of conferring liberty on those slaves or vassals who had fled to it, and had remained within its walls for a year and a day without being claimed by their lords. This was one of the privileges which received a statutory recognition and confirmation on the accession of Edward to the crown. It is supposed, and with reason, that in this privilege of the city of London is to be found the origin of that great constitutional doctrine—a doctrine which is the boast and glory of Englishmen—that the moment a slave sets his foot on the soil of England, that moment his fetters burst asunder, and he stands erect in all the conscious dignity of a freeman.

The only circumstance to which it is necessary to allude, connected with the accession of William the Conqueror—the next important epoch in the annals of London—is, that the citizens only consented to submit to his sway, on the condition that he would, by special charter, ratify certain privileges they had before enjoyed, and confer upon them new ones. The most important of the privileges before possessed, but now guaranteed to them in all time coming, by express charter, was, that they

should be "law worthy;" meaning, that in all matters affecting their persons or property, they should be entitled to a legal trial. This privilege was first conferred on them in the time of Edward, and is supposed by some to have been the origin of trial by jury, though in a much ruder state than that in which the institution is developed in modern times.

From this period until the reign of John, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, nothing definite is known respecting the military resources or commercial greatness of London. That the citizens must have been a courageous race of men, and deeply imbued with the military spirit in the reign of John, is evident from the fact, that though exempted by special charter from being liable to be called to serve in war, they were, as William of Malmesbury assures us, always ready to assert their rights at the point of the sword, and that for warlike purposes they constantly maintained twenty thousand armed horsemen, and forty thousand footmen. As, however, the population of London could not at this period have furnished so great a number of fighting men, it has been supposed that a considerable proportion of the above sixty thousand must have consisted of the vassals or followers of the barons residing in different parts of the country, but who were, in some way or other, connected with the city. The extraordinary military resources of the city of London at this time, satisfactorily accounts for its being able to defend itself against the assaults of king John, though all other parts of the kingdom had been reduced by him.

The naval power also of the city of London must have been very considerable at this period, considering the rude condition in which shipping matters must then have been placed. The citizens sent out a fleet against the numerous pirate vessels which then infested the mouth of the Thames, and which had well nigh totally destroyed the commerce of London, and nearly ruined its merchants. What the strength of this fleet was, is not mentioned by any of the historians of the time; but that it must have been very great, is matter of fair inference from the fact, that, after an engagement with the combined forces of the pirates, it captured and destroyed no fewer than sixty-five of their ships.

Of the commercial greatness of London at this period, the writer, whose name has been already mentioned, thus speaks:—

"London is a noble city, renowned for the opulence of her citizens, and crowded with merchants who resort thither with their various commodities."

In the commencement of the reign of Henry the Second, John's successor, a striking proof of the opulence of the city of London was exhibited. On the occasion of his queen, Eleanor, being crowned, she rode in state from the city to Westminster, at that time, and for a long period afterwards, quite detached from London. The most distinguished citizens, three hundred and sixty in number, anxious to show their loyalty to their queen, went out, preceded by an imposing band of trumpeters, to meet her majesty. They were all attired in garments of the finest silk, richly embroidered with gold, and severally mounted on horses caparisoned in a style of dazzling splendor. Every citizen in this imposing procession bore a gold or silver cup in his hand; and having joined the train of her majesty, they served the wine out of their golden and silver cups at the banquet which followed the coronation. In a few years afterwards, the necessities of Eleanor's husband became so great, through his reckless extravagances, that he was compelled to pawn the crown jewels in order to raise money. None but the citizens of London could advance the needed sum. Chagrined that they should have accepted these jewels as security for the repayment of money, Henry exclaimed in a rage: "Were the treasures of Augustus Cæsar exposed to sale, the city would buy them. These fellows, who call themselves barons, are wallowing in wealth and every species of luxury, while we (the king and royal family) labor under the want of common necessities."

About this time the office of lord mayor begins to occupy a prominent place in the history of London. Until now the chief magistrate had been called the "portgreve," or "bailiff" of London. It seems to have been then, as now, an office of great importance, and one which was filled only by very opulent citizens. The first great display of civic profusion in the way of feasting, was made by Henry Picard, who was lord mayor in 1363. He gave a magnificent entertainment in his mansion in Cheapside, to four sovereigns, Edward the Third, of England; John, of France; David, of Scotland; and the monarch of Cyprus. The example thus set of civic feasting by

the lord mayor, was speedily followed by the aldermen, who vied with each other in the sumptuousness of their entertainments. Turtle soup being at the time unknown, the favorite aldermanic dish was one of eels, served up in a peculiar way, and so expensively, that each dish cost about eighty pounds of our money. Nor were the sheriffs behind the aldermen in the article of feasting. It has been ascertained, that towards the close of the fourteenth century, the annual consumption of wine at one of their feasts, was not less than from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand bottles. City feasting, indeed, at length became an enormous evil, which it was found necessary to attempt to put down. For this purpose, the corporation—after stating that owing to the immense expenditure at these entertainments given by the mayoralty and shrievalty, it was with great difficulty that citizens could be induced to accept either office—proceeded to pass a by-law, limiting the mayor, sheriff, alderman, and commoner to one course at dinner or supper, and the course to six dishes. This by-law of the corporation was passed in 1554, but seems to have been made only to be broken; for we find, in 1573, that excessive and sumptuous feasting had again reached such a height, that the corporation felt themselves called on a second time to interfere, and to attempt to put it down. The attempt proved ineffectual: the city never forfeited its festive character. It still retains it, and probably will continue to do so for centuries to come. What, indeed, would the office of lord mayor be, without the association of Mansion House entertainments! Turtle soup is as necessary an element as ever in the constitution of the aldermanic character.

Of the extent of the population of London at the different intervening periods from the time of the Norman invasion down till the great fire of 1666, we have no certain knowledge. Now and then, it is true, we are enabled, from some incidental references in writings of those who have treated of particular periods, to form a conjecture on the subject, but it is only conjecture. So late as four centuries ago, the general impression of those who have paid attention to the matter is, that the population of London did not exceed fifty-five thousand. In the middle of the sixteenth century its population is understood to have been about two hundred and fifty thousand. It is a well-ascertained fact, that in the year 1666,

the year of the great fire, the number of houses was sixty-six thousand; which, giving eight individuals to each house, would have made the population five hundred and twenty-eight thousand. That the population of London did not increase more rapidly previous to the thirteenth century, is a circumstance which may be partly accounted for from the frequency with which it was visited by the plague and pestilence in the previous centuries. In 664, a plague broke out, which carried off nearly all its inhabitants. In 1348, a dreadful plague, which originated in India, and, marching westward, devastated every country through which it passed, reached London, and committed fearful havoc among its population. The ordinary burying grounds were not sufficient to contain the dead bodies. It was found necessary to open a new place of interment in the neighborhood of the Charterhouse; and there alone upwards of fifty thousand persons were buried. This terrible plague lasted eight years, though it raged with less violence after the first few months. In 1497, London was again visited with the plague. It broke out in September, and lasted for six or seven weeks. Immense numbers fell victims to it, but the details are not known. In six years after this period, a disease, called the sweating-sickness, attacked the citizens, and carried off many thousands during the nine months it lasted. It appeared in a most virulent form, seldom taking more than twenty-four hours to destroy its victim. In 1528, the same dreadful disease reappeared, under still more alarming circumstances than before; for it now did its work in five or six hours. In less than forty years, and while the memory of the visitation just alluded to was yet fresh in the minds of many of the inhabitants, London was again doomed to endure the devastating effects of another plague. This was in 1563, when no fewer than seventeen thousand five hundred individuals fell victims to it—a very large number, considering the limited population of London at that period. In 1592, it was yet once more the fate of the metropolis to be visited by a fearful plague—one which swept away from ten thousand to twelve thousand of its citizens. Another plague, which visited London in 1602, carried off upwards of thirty thousand of its inhabitants. But the most terrible visitation in this shape which London ever had to encounter, was the great plague of 1665. It broke out in Long Acre, in December. It was partly

checked by the excessively cold weather of January, February, and March; but broke out with renewed violence in April and May. In June it had reached its climax, and did not abate till October. About seventy thousand persons fell victims to it; and had not all who were in circumstances to do so, quitted the place, there can be no question that myriads more would have perished on the occasion. Such frequent and destructive visitations satisfactorily account for the fact of the population of London not increasing with that rapidity during the periods referred to, which might otherwise have been expected. How striking the contrast between London with its present population of upwards of two millions, and its seventy-five thousand, four hundred years ago!

The frequency with which fires occurred in London between the eighth and seventeenth centuries, and their generally destructive character, must also have contributed, in no small degree, to arrest its extension during the intervening period. The first great fire in London of which we have any authentic accounts, took place in 764. What the extent of its destruction was, we have no means of ascertaining. In thirty-four years afterwards, namely, in 798, London was visited by another and still more frightful conflagration; more than one-half of it was destroyed on that occasion. In 893, it was subjected to a repetition of the calamity, which was nearly as extensive as the conflagration of 798. The historians of the period do not express themselves in sufficiently definite terms to enable us to say what the extent of the devastation was; but there can be little doubt that, as in the previous case, a full half of the city was burnt to the ground. The next great conflagration occurred in the year 1077, when the greater part of the city was again consumed. This destructive visitation was followed by another of a similar kind, in the short space of nine years, when, according to the chroniclers of the period, "the greater and best part of the city was consumed," including the cathedral of St. Paul's. That cathedral, however, was immediately afterwards rebuilt, on a much more extensive scale, and in a far more magnificent style, than before. In 1093, another dreadful fire broke out in London, but no clue is given us as to the extent of its devastations. The next great metropolitan fire—great as well for the destruction of life which ensued, as for the destruction

of property—occurred in the year 1212. The conflagration began on the south side of Southwark bridge; but in some mysterious manner or other, another fire broke out simultaneously on the city side of the bridge. The immense concourse of persons who had assembled on the bridge to witness the progress of the devouring element, and, if possible, to aid in extinguishing it, were hemmed in. The bridge, being built of wood, was soon itself enveloped in flames. The only chance, therefore, of escape, was in throwing themselves over the bridge into boats on the river. Many thousands were in this way saved, but it was computed that, in the hurry, and confusion, and crowding into the boats, not less than three thousand persons fell into the river and perished. How affecting the thought, that in thus escaping from the destructive fury of one element—fire, it was only to meet immediate death by its opposite element—water. The amount of property, too, destroyed by this conflagration, was very great: it burnt down a number of houses on either side of the river.

In the space which intervened between 1212 and the great fire of 1666, London was visited by many conflagrations, but none of them were of sufficient magnitude to require a particular reference. The frequency of fires down to the close of the seventeenth century, is easily accounted for. It is to be ascribed to the fact of the houses being, until the commencement of the seventeenth century, nearly all built of wood. The frequency of fires had induced the mayor and aldermen of the city to pass a resolution that all houses should, with the view of preventing the recurrence of fires, be built of stone. The resolution, however, was not acted upon to any great extent. The much greater expensiveness of the materials was, probably, the principal reason why the resolution was not more generally adopted. Be this as it may, there were comparatively few houses of stone until the commencement of the seventeenth century.

In that century, in the year 1666, occurred the most terrific and most destructive fire, not only which had ever been known in London, but which had ever taken place in any part of the world. It broke out in a baker's house in Pudding-Lane, at the back of the Monument, and destroyed, during the three days it lasted, eighty-nine churches, St. Paul's, the city gates, the

Royal Exchange, the Custom House, Guildhall, Zion College, and a great many other public buildings. The number of streets it laid in ruins exceeded four hundred, and the number of houses consumed was upwards of thirteen thousand. The ruins of this colossal conflagration covered nearly four hundred and fifty acres. It extended from the Tower to the vicinity of the Temple Church, and from the north-east gate, in Bishopsgate Street, to Holborn Bridge. Even then its further progress was only arrested by the blowing up of a number of houses. Estimates have been made of the value of the property destroyed on that memorable occasion, and in round numbers it has been supposed to be about £12,000,000, which, according to our standard of value, would be equal to £50,000,000 or £69,000,000. All the fires to which reference has been made, were attended by the destruction, to a greater or less amount, of human life. The narrowness of the streets, conjoined with the circumstance of the houses being mostly, except at the time of the great fire of 1666, built of wood, enabled the flames to spread with a fearful rapidity. The consequence of this destruction both of property and life, was, that the progress of London in commercial greatness, and the extension of its size, was frequently arrested. Between the frequent fires and plagues with which London was visited during the periods which have been referred to, it is indeed a matter of surprise that it should have continued to retain its importance as the first city in Europe.

Those who are conversant with the history of London in the dark ages, must feel the contrast between what it then was and what it now is, to be curious and striking. At that time the city, extending from Ludgate Hill eastward to the Minories, was surrounded by forests and water. A few miles north of the Thames there was an immense forest: it extended for many miles from west to east. The district now known by the name of Finsbury, was a large lake, whose waters washed the north-east wall of the city. Westminster was wholly separated from London by an immense tract of water, the communication between the two cities being carried on by boats. A river of considerable size ran, so late as two centuries ago, along Farringdon street, and emptied itself into the Thames. At a still later period, there were large and beautiful gardens attached to many of the houses in the Strand. In

the time of Elizabeth, Holborn, which was then only built as far westward as Gray's Inn Lane, was called a village, and was not connected with London. In the now gigantic borough of Marylebone, there was not then a single house. St. Pancras, Pentonville, Islington, the City Road, Hoxton, &c., were all open fields, through which it was dangerous to pass, in consequence of the number of robbers by which they were infested.

To those who are fond of comparing the past with the present, it would be a very interesting exercise to compare the external aspect of London four or five hundred years ago, with its external aspect at present. Then, the houses, with very few exceptions, were built of wood, their roofs being covered over with thatch similar to what is still to be seen in many farmsteadings in different parts of the country. The streets were narrow and irregular, and the city generally had a very heavy, repulsive appearance. The streets were not paved; they first began to be so in the year 1533. The inhabitants, in wet weather, were generally, when walking along the leading thoroughfares, ankle deep in mud; and, to aggravate the evil, vehicles for the conveyance of the public from one part of the town to another, were then unknown. Indeed, at so late a period as the year 1625, there were only twenty hackney-coaches in London. Even those who, before the streets of London were paved, could afford to keep their carriages, could not, in very rainy weather, pass from one part of the town to the other without great difficulty and danger. The carriages often stuck fast in the mud, and in the endeavor to extricate them, the horses became restive, and often upset the vehicles. A curious illustration of the soft nature of the leading thoroughfares in London before the idea of paving them occurred to the citizens, was given in the year 1091. In that year occurred the most terrible tempest with which London was ever visited. No fewer than six hundred houses—probably a tenth of the whole—were blown down. The Tower suffered greatly from the effects of the storm, and many of the most strongly-built churches were entirely destroyed. Among others, the church of St. Mary-le-bow (our present Bow Church), fell a partial victim to the fury of the tempest. Four of the rafters on the roof, each of them thirty feet in length, were blown off, and, falling into Cheapside, so great was the softness of the soil and

such the force of the storm, that twenty-six feet out of the thirty were buried in the earth. Only four feet of the rafters were visible above ground. Handsome squares and ornamental parks were then wholly unknown; there were no places of public promenade. Such a thing as walking for pleasure was altogether unknown. Fine shops or fine houses of any kind, were also unknown. The streets were not lighted at night; the little light that guided the feet of the pedestrian, was emitted from the shops and the windows of the houses. It was dangerous, owing to the numerous robberies then committed after dark, to go out at night; no one, indeed, left his own abode who was not obliged to do so. How altered the aspect and state of London now! But I dwell not on its present condition; I leave that to the reader himself. Suffice it to say, that it is now one of the most healthy and comfortable towns in the kingdom.

It were improper to close this introductory chapter without some reference to the recent rapid extension of London, and what it is likely to attain to ere the lapse of many years. Astounding as is the magnitude which it has already attained, it is increasing in extent with a rapidity to which there is no parallel either in its own annals, or in the history of any other city in the world. In little more than twelve years, no fewer than twelve hundred streets have been added to the number previously existing—being at the rate of a hundred new streets every year. The statement will surprize our country readers; many of them will, doubtless, regard it as an experiment on their credulity. It is, nevertheless, strictly true. It is given on the authority of a return recently made, not to the legislature, but to the government. These twelve hundred new streets consist of forty-eight thousand houses, most of them built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superior comfort. It is a fact which is worthy of being recorded, that of late years the new houses which have been built, are, in the majority of cases, of a superior class as compared with the houses previously erected. The resident in the metropolis is less liable to be struck with amazement at the rapid rate with which it is, in all directions, extending its boundaries, because almost daily additions to its magnitude come gradually on him; but it requires no great effort of the imagination to form some idea of what must be the measure of that man's surprise,

who now surveys its suburbs after an absence of ten or twelve years.

The question has often been asked, "Is London likely to continue for any length of time to increase its dimensions in the same ratio as it has done for the last fourteen or fifteen years?" Absolute certainty on such a point is necessarily out of the question. No man can speak oracularly on the subject. The presumption, however, undoubtedly, is in favor of an affirmative answer. The probability, indeed, is, that not only will it go on extending its proportions at the same extraordinary rate, but that it will do so at an accelerated pace. The disposition to build is every where prevalent. A few months only have elapsed since a great effort was made to obtain the sanction of the legislature to erect houses on Hampstead Heath. Had this sanction been given to the parties applying for it, there cannot be a question, that before twelve months had elapsed, that extensive common would have presented the aspect of a moderately sized country town.

In confirmation of the opinion that this mighty metropolis will go on, for many years to come, enlarging its dimensions, in as great if not a greater ratio than during the last fourteen or fifteen years, it may be right to refer to the fact, that the demand for houses, instead of diminishing, continues to increase. From all parts of the country we hear, at short intervals, of the number of unoccupied houses in particular towns. No such complaint ever greets the ear in reference to the metropolis. Not only are there few untenanted houses in the more central parts of the town, but the most careless observer who passes through any of the suburban districts, must have been often struck with the fact, that scarcely is a new street finished, than almost every house in it is fully occupied.

This very extensive and rapidly increasing demand for houses, is susceptible of easy explanation. The extraordinary facilities for travelling afforded by the numerous railways now intersecting the country, induce myriads to visit the metropolis, who, but for these facilities of transit, would have remained contented in the provinces: many thousands of these settle permanently among us. It need hardly be remarked, that increased facilities of intercourse between London and the country towns, necessarily increase the trade and commerce of the former, and that as trade and commerce increase, the demand for houses must con-

tinue to grow, and the metropolis, consequently, continue to extend. As an illustration of the influence which the railways have in bringing persons from the provinces to the metropolis, who otherwise would not have visited the latter place, the fact deserves to be mentioned, that the daily influx of individuals to London is five times as great now as it was only fifteen years ago. Let any one only visit the termini of the great trunk railways—the London and Birmingham, the Great Western, the London and Southwestern, the Eastern Counties', the Dover, the Brighton, &c.; let any one only visit the termini of these great lines of railway and he will be overwhelmed with amazement at the thousands of persons which the provinces daily pour into the metropolis. As railways are multiplied and extended throughout the country, London, already so overgrown, must needs continue to swell its dimensions. When or where the enlargement of its boundaries is to stop, no one can tell; not even a confident conjecture can be formed on the subject. There is not, assuredly, anything improbable in the supposition that ere many years have elapsed, Blackwell, Stratford, Greenwich, Hampstead, Highgate, Hornsey, Hammersmith, Fulham, Brixton, and other places around London, will, by the filling up of the intervening open space with houses, be all brought within the comprehensive embraces of the metropolis. In the supposed case, instead of being, as at present, about forty miles in circumference, its circumference would be little less than a hundred miles; while the population would be from three millions five hundred thousand to four millions. The mind feels appalled at the contemplation of so colossal a place; it is overpowered as it reflects on the probability that so vast a number of human beings will ere long, be permanently congregated together, as if all belonged to one great family. London is already regarded as a little world of itself. The author who, half a century hence, shall write on so fruitful a theme, may with a special propriety, choose for his book the title of "The Modern Babylon." E. H. E.

THE MANCHESTER PARK.—Public Parks have been called the lungs of towns. In the animal economy the lungs are among the earliest developments, and are at first disproportionately large, the other parts of the system expanding in bulk at a later period. In old-fashioned towns—towns which have been founded or have come to their full growth before the æra of manufactures—the

progress of development has been analogous. Except where a close and jobbing corporation has been at work, such towns generally enjoy large and healthy lungs.

In the towns begotten of manufactures it is different. The old towns were built to be towns, and at a time when land was plentiful in proportion to the population; so a competent quantity was allotted to them. But the manufacturing-towns have grown by accident. Mills and factories were planted in convenient situations; houses were built for the persons employed in them; nobody thought of a town, until it was found that the people and houses had increased in numbers and closed in upon each other so they had actually made one. Every man was too busy thinking of himself and his own concerns, to spare a thought for his neighbors, until the crowd became so great that they were unintentionally treading on each other's toes, driving their elbows in each other's sides, making each other uncomfortable in all manner of ways.

At a period characterized by increasing consideration for the public, and more especially for that which must under all circumstances be the most numerous portion of the public—the poor, and those who, if not exactly poor, are most certainly not rich—such an anomaly could not escape observation. A good deal of talk there has been of late about establishing public parks in the large manufacturing-towns; and, fortunately, the business has now got beyond the talking stage—in Manchester it has been fairly begun.

As might have been expected from the popular sympathies and appreciation of the innocent amenities of life, not only of himself but of his whole kith and kin, Mr. MARK PHILIPS, Member for Manchester, was among the first to open his purse liberally to promote so important an object; and Sir BENJAMIN HEYWOOD of course kept pace with him. Sir ROBERT PEEL was applied to; and his contribution was munificent, and gracefully offered: "Considering Manchester to be the metropolis of a district to the industry of which I and my family are under very deep obligations," is the Premier's proem, and the conclusion is "set me down for a thousand pounds." Lord FRANCIS EGERTON, on subscribing the same amount, observed that he "was in arrears to the inhabitants of the town, and was only paying an instalment." This manner of giving doubles the value of the gift. Lord FRANCIS EGERTON and Sir ROBERT PEEL, in recognizing what they owe to the industry of Manchester, have spoken the simple truth: but to remember it and utter it at the right moment shows the wise, liberal spirit, the high mind, that gratifies those they are assisting even more by recognizing their claims, than by the assistance actually given. The admission that the Park to be purchased and laid out for the use of Manchester by those and other subscriptions is their just right, no eleemosynary grant, will immeasurably increase the gratification of the people in using it, and correspondingly their kindly feelings towards the subscribers. It is by words and deeds like these that society is cemented. Words and deeds like these are in a Christian society the substitute for the religious rites with which the classical nations would have inaugurated such a field. The work in Manchester is begun in a right spirit—*quod felix faustumque sit.*—*Spectator.*

OSWALD HERBST'S LETTERS FROM
ENGLAND.

From Tait's Magazine.

LETTER I.—TO CARL FRÜHLING.

Penrith.

I AM in England. After an easy voyage, I arrived in the town of Newcastle a fortnight ago. The entrance of the Tyne is noble, and crowded with vessels of merchandise. Shall I confess that the first sensation I had upon landing in this town, was something of Heimweh? (they have no name for it here.) When I walked out into the crowded streets of this commercial place, I felt my own insignificance to a painful degree. In that quiet little town of Franconia, where I spent last summer, the very air seems favorable to philosophic contemplation. One feels there as if one's thoughts were of some importance to the world, which seems to lie passive and recipient around one; but here, how different is my feeling! What can gentle thoughts do here! Can you make these money-seeking crowds of men stand still long enough, or hold in the breath of eager desire, while you instil into them lessons of unworldly wisdom? How the clergymen feel in these great commercial towns, I can hardly imagine. Perhaps they are pleased if they get new churches erected and well-attended on Sundays; but I should be very discontented in their situation. But then I am a dreamer. Well: I already feel that if I came hither for mere immediate pleasure, for objects exactly accordant with all my predilections, I have made a wrong choice of ground for travel; but if I wish to try my patience with a stout opposition to my ruling fancy, or to enlarge my mind by the contemplation of a wide diversity, here I am right; for I already feel that England is the antipodes of our fatherland. And, after all, the disagreeable is, perhaps, as essential to the improvement of the mind as the agreeable. We must have the hard as well as the soft, the ungenial as well as the congenial, or we fall into a weak and sickly self-sameness, instead of a large and healthy unity of mind.

We cannot always live upon the food which we have already well digested and assimilated; but must take fresh nutriment from the outward world, though the process of digestion may cloud the head a while. I am sure I shall find plenty to try my digestive economy in this great, busy England. But I will leave this subjective mode of speaking. I cannot say that I would see the diversity which I find existing between England and our well-loved Deutschland destroyed. I would not have England assimilated to Germany; and I am sure I would not have Germany conformed to the present condition of England: no, not for all the advantages (so far as I understand them) of a free press and representative government. But of politics I shall write when I get to London.

For want of a companion, I suppose, I soon exhausted the objects of interest in this town. Here is a good literary institution styled the Athenæum; but I have heard no lectures there. The town has been greatly improved of late years, by the building of several streets of splendid shops and respectable houses; but the work seems to have proceeded (as such matters often do in England) too rapidly; as many of the houses remain unlet, and give the town a rather depressed appearance.

Soon after I arrived I devoted a very rainy day to the study of the counties of Northumberland and Durham. The result of this study was a determination to cross the Tyne, and see the old city of Durham, with its cathedral, and other spots of interest in its neighborhood. Accordingly, one rainy morning, I set out by railway, and in the course of a little time, arrived in the city. The speed of travelling, and the level line, allowed me only hasty glimpses of the country, which seemed rather bare. Its most striking features were the chimneys of steam-engines, and the long line of coal-wagons travelling rapidly upon the colliery railways. We passed over a very noble stone-bridge named after the Queen. It crosses the river and the valley of the Wear; but it seemed to me a great inconvenience that the entrance upon the bridge on both sides of the river was made at a very sharp angle for railway-travelling, so that the engine's speed had to be considerably diminished in passing over it. The neighborhood of the city of Durham abounds in picturesque situations; but the city itself is, on the whole, mean in its interior appearance. On a considerable eminence from the river, whose banks are steep and thickly wooded, stands the ancient cathedral, grand and heavy. My first business was to climb up a steep and narrow street, from which the entrance into the large square in front of the cathedral is fine and imposing. The north front of the pile first struck my view. It is exceedingly grand. There is nothing particularly lightsome or beautiful about it, nothing apparently designed for effect; but the vast building has throughout an expression of venerable grandeur mingled with something of antique gloom. The organ was pealing as I entered. The enormous round pillars, (I should say of between seven and eight yards in circumference,) adorned with zig-zags, lozenges, and spirals; the heavy Norman arches; the two rows of galleries, with their diminished arches above; all pointed out the thoughts from which arose such a structure—thoughts not of the pleasure or convenience of men, but of the solemn dedication of men and all their works to the honor of superior powers, heroic angels, and gigantic saints. By such efforts, with ponderous buildings, painful offerings, and costly services to conciliate superior powers, did the human soul betray its want of peace and contentment within; and, while putting forth such stupendous powers over the material world,

sadly confessed its feebleness in the more awful realm of thought and the invisible. Such a pile is exactly adapted to make every individual feel little and insignificant, and to endow the unknown beings to whose honor it was erected, with all the attributes of power, majesty, and grandeur.

At present it must be conceded to the Romanist, that the actual services but ill accord with the sanctuary. It is evident that such a structure was erected for something more than a simple daily service, which might be celebrated in a plain room of no very large dimensions. The whole consideration of the origin, history, and present condition of these vast structures, and their occupants, forms a most complex riddle—one of those discords which old times and antique institutions have left for the poor, bewildered nineteenth century. I confess I do not feel the interest or admiration which many feel, or affect to feel, in their visits to these monuments of the olden time. German as I am, I love the intelligible; but here I am out of it altogether. This is the land of mystery. There is no statuary of remarkable elegance or beauty in this cathedral: indeed it would look out of place here. The statue of a former bishop, Shute Barrington, is in an amiable style and becoming a place of worship, which is rather remarkable for modern English sculpture. That of Van Mildert, the late bishop, is quite the reverse; it occupies an enormous chair, and looks very clumsy.

I entered the choir to hear the service, which was thinly attended. Two or three only of the prebends were present. The chanting was tolerably harmonious; but, of course, defective in spirit and emphasis, from perpetual repetition. Surely the original idea of these services might be more fully developed. How pleasant would it be to hear the children of many surrounding schools, educated out of the resources of this great establishment, joining their voices in the daily services! Then I would disband all the singing men, and have the organ to do all the *hired* work. But it is of no use spinning such theories in England. How grand would be such an institution as a cathedral, were it indeed what it professes to be, a metropolitan symbol of the perfection and harmony of human souls united in a Catholic religion! But the bond of union between the symbol and the life from which it arose, has decayed, and all the wealth and learning of the Church cannot restore it.

There is a rage among some parties just now for what they call the revival of Gothic Architecture—they mean only the mask-taking from the features of the dead. What! is this age doomed to have no soul, no mind, no life of its own? How did your Gothic architecture arise, Mr. Pugin?—from such slavishness of copying as you recommend, or from the spirit? Why may not *we* also have minds?

The city of Durham is in ill accordance with the monument of antiquity which makes

it remarkable. Its general aspect is low and degraded. Between the populace and the aristocracy of the cathedral, there is a deep gulf; and it seems to me a singular phenomenon that so little of ameliorative influence should flow from that great religious institution into the abodes of the people.

There is fine scenery all around Durham, and especially on the banks of the winding Wear. Next morning, after my visit to the cathedral, I walked several miles to see the ruins of Funchals Abbey. Here the scenery is very beautiful, and affords many a nook for monastic contemplation, closed in by the thickly-wooded banks of the river; but even here, you cannot escape the encroachments of the commercial activity of England; for the works of coal-mining surround you on every side, and you are awakened from your dreams of the olden time by the harsh jarrings of the iron-wheeled wagons upon the colliery railroads. I never passed through places more devoid of animation and interest than these dark-looking colliery villages about here. The cottages are but one story high, of one uniform pattern, and that the meanest possible; a black road of ashes or coal-dust runs between the rows of cottages, and no church-spire, no tree breaks upon the dullness. Some of the cottages, however, I could see were comfortable inside, and not destitute of that good cheer in which the poor miner finds solace after his toil. A few years ago these men earned high wages, and their cottages still show signs of the taste for luxury cultivated in the days of prosperity. In many of their dwellings you see the handsome clock, the large bedstead, and the chest of drawers all of polished mahogany. Among these villages I could hear very little of musical meetings, or reading societies. Here and there, the pious may possess a few books of devotion; but I suspect the majority are sadly destitute of cultivation. The aspect of the people seemed to me to possess less of freedom and sprightliness than even that of our own peasantry. I am sure I have found more marks of good feeling among the lower classes in Bohemia than here. It may be my fancy; but the men I meet seem sullen and ill-tempered. I had rather see them employed in cheerful games and exercises, than lounging about as they do in their hours of leisure. Here and there a few are collected together for the game of quoits; but this is the utmost extent of their playfulness. However, I hear it generally said, that a great improvement in many respects has taken place in the moral condition of the miners during the last twenty years. No doubt when they earned higher wages they consumed more liquor; but that they have improved in good feeling towards their superiors, during the days of sobriety, I doubt. At present, from all that I hear, much discontent prevails among the mining population of the northern part of England. The distance between the working men and their employers has been greatly ex-

tended of late years; as, indeed, has been the case between the very rich and the very poor generally in England. The more the agents employed in superintending the mines have aspired to the character of gentlemen, the more the working men have felt disposed to regard their own interests and those of their employers and superintendents, as inimical. I hear that large but sober and orderly meetings of the miners are held occasionally upon the moors in the neighborhood; but their proceedings are kept in secrecy. The more I read and hear of the condition of the immense classes of working people, both in the rural and in the manufacturing districts of England, the more I am convinced that a great revolution awaits this wealthy and industrious country; and I only hope and pray that it may be a peaceful one, as, indeed, *it still may be*. I say it still may be, if not thwarted by unhappy, one-sided, and partial legislation, a gradual, true, and peaceful revolution. The very life and activity of society depends upon the development of oppositions of interest, as the stability and repose of society depends upon the timely and fair reconciliation of such oppositions. Unhappily, the English seem to me, from what I read and hear of their newspapers and political or so-called religious debates, an obstinately one-sided people. The Liberal is all for the new, and nothing but the new; the Tory, or Conservative, is all for the old, and nothing but the old. He never will believe that a tree may change its leaves, and still remain the same tree. To the Churchman, Episcopacy and church authority are every thing; to the Independent they are nothing.

It strikes me that the working classes and their employers, in this part of the country, have two different religions, (if I may use that sacred word in the plural.) The Establishment, certainly, does not seem here to be, as it is sometimes styled, the religion of the poor. The greater number of the respectable people—the superintendents of the pits, called viewers, etc.—go to church; but many are the pit-villages, with numerous inhabitants, without a church, and supplied with preaching by the itinerants of several sects sprung from the body of Methodists. I have heard it generally allowed, that a considerable increase of sober and orderly habits among the people, may be fairly attributed to the efforts made by these voluntary teachers; though, of course, their means fall greatly short of supplying the wants of the population.

I could heartily desire to see the clergy insisting less upon their official claims and dignity, occupied less with arguments of exclusiveness and negation; but coming out to take their fair chance on the ground of what they can do for the people. Let them teach the poor children to sing and be happy; the poor men to work and to suffer religiously; the poor women to make something more like heaven of home. Let them leave what is truly good to take care of itself—only do it, and

it will stand. Let them lead the people from the unknown, the abstract, the unintelligible, to love, reverence, and regard the known, the real, the intelligible truths and duties of human life. Let them insist on Christian charity and unity, for its own sake, and not merely because a few so-called fathers of the church happened to see the beauty of it. It is a derogation from its honor to commend it on the authority even of a St. Augustine. After all, be it descended from the fathers of the fourth century, or from the apostles, the church *is* just what it *does*, and nothing more. It is only Christian so far as it works out Christianity. It is *second*, and not *first*: it is the *tool*, the instrument, and not the *work* itself: it is the *means*, and not the *end*. But pardon this digression into controversy: this country, just now, is full of it. I have some hope that it cannot take a very long time, even for such an unwieldy and slow-moving body as the Church of England, to grow weary of the worn-out, traditional, complex, antiquated, and never conclusive argument for unity and peace, and come forward to the present, plain, evident, and intelligible mode of argument. If it be evidently good and reasonable that I should live on charitable terms with my neighborhood, why recommend the practice *solely* because Mr. So-and-so said it was good, even though Mr. So-and-so was a sensible man or an eminent saint. All this, my dear Frühling, will be dull commonplace to you; but here, I assure you, it almost amounts to original thinking; but will assuredly be condemned, with every thing else charitable, under the long but insignificant nickname of latitudinarianism. However, it is nothing of the kind. I would contend for the very niceties of truth, in their proper time and place. I would insist on the full carrying out of every sound principle: but I would keep every limb of the truth in its due place; and no more deny a man the inner motive because he has not the *full* outward development, than I would deny the existence of a soul in a man, because he has a speck on his eye.

This is all declamation, instead of a description of my travels; but I assure you, that when I turn from the superficial view of the aspect of this country to consider the interior life of the people, the first great evil that strikes my eye, is intense sectarianism. Perhaps my disadvantages in some respects, as a tourist, may turn out advantages for the acquisition of correct information. My hap-hazard acquaintances and conversations may serve me better to gain a fair view of the state of society here, than if I had come over with recommendations to any one class of society, and so had been cast into one narrow line of observation. I shall do very well without introductions to the nobility, the *litterati*, etc.; for they would never help me to discover things which I shall find out very well without them. I am surely one of the most unbiassed men in Great Britain.

But to return to my travels. I came west-

ward through the county of Durham, leaving behind me the mining district, and passing through a land of rich verdure on the banks of the Tees. At Bishop-Auckland I strolled through the noble park which surrounds the episcopal residence. There is a piece of bad taste, however, in the middle of it: a structure somewhat in the church style, surrounded with stalls for deer. At a distance, it may call up the idea of worship; but as you approach it, you find it a sham, with no reasonable motive.

Along the green and beautiful banks of the Tees, I journeyed to Barnard castle, where the river rolls, a brown rapid flood, between lofty rocks and thick woods.

The whole appearance of the country in this neighborhood is indescribably charming. There is a freshness and variety that I can hardly find in the scenery of the greater part of Germany. Though I will not hear a word detracted from the praises of the Rhine, still, I must confess, that there are beauties in the courses of these less-famed English rivers, which you will hardly discover in our own noble river, or in the more majestic Danube. Shall I mention a few of the leading traits in these beauties? See the banks of the almost perpetual green! and mark the variety of trees! the oaks, the beeches, the limes, the chestnuts, the elders, the ashes! Now we come to an open spot. See that green pasture, daisy-sprinkled, with two or three ancient hawthorns in the middle covered with snowy blossoms; symbols of old age reposing in the sunshine of a good conscience. How very comfortable are those sleek cows (all evidently *pets*) standing dewlap-deep in the clear stream! A little further on, we find a village, with its old church and churchyard full of white tombstones; the parsonage and its garden, the white-washed cottages, and the village green. We pass by a few more turns of the river, and behold the lordly, old, gray castle, with its ancient woods and spacious park. More of lovely and interesting variety might be found, surely, in this country than among the mountains of Switzerland. I can well imagine, as Garve says in his essay on mountain scenery, that the first view of Mont Blanc, rosy with morning or evening light, while the valleys lie in darkness all around, must be striking and impressive; but come, build your cottage and live in sight of the mountain: then you will see if such scenery will last, for a life-time, as well as this of a humbler character, where, by following the windings of a river, or crossing over hills of moderate altitudes, you may, every day, meet with some sweet surprise in the discovery of some sequestered beauty. I should already say that, in the proportion of various scenery to the extent of the country, England excels Germany, and, indeed, every country on the Continent of which I know any thing. And, as yet, I have seen nothing of the south. I know nothing of the rich plains in the midland counties—nothing of the gently-swelling hills of Kent and Surrey—nothing of the rich valleys and bold hills of Devonshire.

As I came along, the blue hills of Westmoreland, which Wordsworth has made the most poetical of the English counties, invited me westward, and now I am in Penrith, a town clean and neat. Here I am, with fine weather and blue mountains around me, wishing that you were with me, dear Frühling. I am busy in the inn studying a "Guide to the Lakes," and making out for myself a little map (not mathematically correct you may guess,) as I can always remember what I have *done* better than what I have merely *seen*.

And now health and peace to you all in Dresden and thereabouts: and believe me, the thought that will give a charm to my solitary rambles through this country is, that I shall, some day, meet you again in Bamberg or in "friendly Mannheim," as Goethe calls it. Adieu!

OSWALD HERBST.

BI-MONTHLY INTERCOURSE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND INDIA.—A bi-monthly overland intercourse between this country and India has been finally arranged, and is to come into operation in January next. The East India Company are to continue the conveyance of one mail a month hence to Bombay, from whence it will be distributed over the several presidencies. The second mail will be conveyed from Southampton to Madras and Calcutta, dropping Bombay letters, &c., at Ceylon, and also a mail which is to be transmitted from thence *via* Penang, Malacca, and Singapore, to China. For this latter service, which includes both the Calcutta and China lines, the Peninsular and Oriental Company have obtained a contract for £160,000 per annum; of which sum the East India Company contribute £70,000, or, what is much the same, give £20,000 a year, and relinquish the annual grant of £50,000 voted by Parliament for the promotion of steam-navigation in India. In order to be in a situation to undertake the line from Suez to Calcutta at the time specified, the Peninsular and Oriental Company intend despatching immediately the *Precursor*, of 1,800 tons, and 520 horse-power, to be followed by the *Lady Mary Wood*, of 650 tons, and 250 horse-power, as soon as she can be prepared for the voyage. They also propose building an iron vessel, of 1,800 tons, and 520 horse-power; and, for the China line, three vessels of 1,000 tons and 400 horse-power each, which will probably run between Bombay and Hong-Kong, touching at some ports on the Malabar coast, and taking up the China mails at Ceylon. Till these vessels are ready, the China mail will probably be conveyed by her Majesty's steamers, and by vessels in the service of the East India Company. The overland communication is likely to be further improved, as regards the intercourse through Egypt, which engaged the attention of Sir Henry Hardinge during his brief sojourn in that country. Mr. J. A. Galloway, the civil engineer, says that Mehemet Ali is ready to undertake the construction of a railway from Cairo to Suez at his own expense, provided the British government will pay a specified sum for the conveyance of their mails; and that if it be completed, the transit of passengers, baggage, &c., between these points, which now occupies on an average 24 hours, at a heavy expense, will be accomplished in four hours, at a trifling cost.—*Asiatic Journal*.

DR. DURBIN'S OBSERVATIONS IN EUROPE.

From the Spectator.

DR. DURBIN is a Wesleyan minister, and the President of Dickenson College in the United States. He has travelled, with what particular object does not appear, over Great Britain, the European Continent, Greece, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, and Asia Minor. The present account of his travels only embraces a journey through part of France and Italy, *via* Havre, Paris, Lyons, Chambéry, and Geneva; a Swiss tour in search of the picturesque; a descent of the Rhine, with a visit to Waterloo; and a railway run from London, by Birmingham and Manchester, to Sheffield, which was followed by a more ramified journey through Scotland and Ireland. Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, are to appear upon some future occasion.

The character of the work is correctly conveyed by its title. Remark or disquisition founded on "observations," predominates over narrative and description. The topics that employ Dr. DURBIN are various, solid, and important in themselves, though not always appropriate to a divine, or well adapted to his handling, at least according to English ideas. In Paris the author investigates morals and religion with considerable sense, fairness, and acumen. He then takes up LOUIS PHILIPPE; censuring the art by which poor old LA FAYETTE, with his "throne surrounded by Republican institutions," was duped, and the manner in which the King's government is carried on, and making some just remarks in a comparison between French and English liberty. The journey to Italy affords opportunity for some observations on the agriculture of France, Geneva and Switzerland, for various remarks on politics and religion; but as the facts were only gathered *en route*, they are not very remarkable. The Rhine and Holland is little more than the narrative of a rapid journey; but at Waterloo the President and Doctor of Divinity shows off in that peculiar style which the reader may imagine by superadding the self-satisfied sufficiency of an American Democrat to the infallibility of an anti-State Church divine. He gives an account of the battle, and sets all right. "Even at this time," some time between five and seven, "notwithstanding the addition of Bulow's corps of thirty thousand men to the Allied Army, it appears clear that Napoleon would have gained the battle"—but that he lost it. Waterloo, however, is not the only subject Dr. DURBIN settles. In gratitude to "Heaven, that made him with such large discourse," he looks "before and after;" beginning with the French Revolution and ending with the Holy Alliance, the present time, and a slight infusion of prophecy. The intermediate parts are the rule of NAPOLEON, and the consequences of Waterloo—which the Doctor pronounces mischievous to the best interests of mankind. He does indeed admit that the rule of NAPOLEON was somewhat

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stringent, especially in the conquered nations; but the poor soul was forced to it; and when he returned from Elba, he was going to govern quite constitutionally. The Ethiop had not changed his skin, but he would have done it; we have the Professor's word for that. The tone of all this part is Dr. DURBIN's, but the matter is old and pretty nigh obsolete—drawn from Whiggery of five-and-twenty years old, and Voices from St. Helena.

The discussions on England relate to religion, chiefly among the Wesleyans, and to the political or social condition of the people. The account of the religious world, so far as Dr. DURBIN saw it, is succinct and informing; though his bias for the Voluntary principle, and the overturning of all churches opposed to that view, (which scarcely seems a sequence of the Voluntary principle,) is plumply if not needlessly put forth. He traces the evils of the social condition of England to the aristocracy and the law of primogeniture, and mainly looks to a more equal division of land for their removal. The moral results of primogeniture for good or evil, are fair matter of argument, though not so easily settled as the Doctor supposes: the economical consequences, which, in an earlier stage of society, might follow from an equal division of property, are also a moot point: but the idea of making an old society such as ours richer by redistributing its wealth, shows that the President of Dickenson College has not yet conquered the whole range of human knowledge. His position that Great Britain will henceforth have to rely upon her Colonies, mainly, for her foreign trade, and that we should encourage a large annual emigration, is sounder.

Although observations, such as we have indicated, give the distinctive character to the work, there is still a great deal of narrative. Some of this, though interesting to Americans, is commonplace to European readers, because it merely consists of an account of public places, substantially the matter of a guide-book, or of things with which one is familiar either in reality or in description: and as Dr. DURBIN scrupulously avoids any personal sketches or accounts of private society, the principal source of attraction in his narrative is the interest which the remarks of an observing stranger always possess. The narrative parts, however, are not trite; for Dr. DURBIN is rapid, and has the art of rejecting all common accounts of every-day occurrences.

It is in these narrative parts that Dr. DURBIN is seen to the best advantage; because the faults of his character are national or professional, not individual. Between man and man his opinions are fair and candid; as indeed they are generally where Democracy or a State Church does not enter into the question. Even on religious topics, and on such a form of religion as Popery, which he denounces—and, we think, on the true ground of its tendency to subvert all freedom of thought—he can form an unprejudiced judgment, and even

a hearty approval of its merits, when he is carried into Alpine solitudes. Hear the Wesleyan Doctor on the monks of St. Bernard and mass:

"We found the monks pleasant and agreeable men. After a very comfortable meal and an hour's chat by the fire, we were shown to our chambers, and slept well, after a fatiguing day, on the good clean beds of the convent. Next morning we rose early, in time to attend mass in the chapel. Within, the tones of the organ were sounding sweetly, while without, the wind was howling over the snow-clad mountains as it does on the wild December nights at home. How beautiful it was—the worship of God on this dreary mountain-top! I felt its beauty, as I listened to those deep organ-tones, and heard the solemn chant of the priests in the mass; and I honored in my heart these holy men, who devote themselves to this monotonous and self-denying life in order to do good, in the spirit of their Master, to the bodies and souls of men. Nor did I honor them the less that they were Romanists and monks of St. Augustine; for well I knew that for a thousand years Romanists and monks of St. Augustine had done the good deeds that they were doing—and that when none else could do them. A man must be blinded indeed by prejudice or bigotry, that cannot see the monuments of Catholic virtue and the evidences of Catholic piety in every country in Europe; and worse than blind must he be that will not acknowledge and honor them when he does see them."

It will be seen by the following that Dr. DURBIN is a "Teetotaller," and was unprepared for the "friendly bowl" he found mingling with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" amongst

SERIOUS SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

"Although, in general, there is more ceremony in society than is usual with us, it never becomes troublesome, and, being in keeping with the usages of society generally, is not out of place. Precedence in age or office is rigidly observed. Office claims more respect than age; the President and Secretary of the Conference being as commonly addressed by their titles as the Bishops among us. Young persons are less obtrusive and more attentive than in America.

"Breakfast-parties at ten o'clock are very common, and afford opportunities of less ceremonious and more agreeable intercourse than at dinner; the ladies remaining all the while in the room. Those which I attended concluded with prayer by some aged minister, and with (what I had thought antiquated) subscribing names in the ladies' albums. The tone of conversation was generally lively and pleasant; the dinner-talk being varied by discussions on political, religious, and social topics—not often heavy, and always good-humored. The junior members of the company would listen to the conversation of the

nearest group, and hardly ever spoke except to cry, 'Hear, hear!' when some especially good thing was saying. * * *

"There is one feature in which these parties differed from any we have in similar circles at home, and which recalled to my mind my earliest visits to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, when sparkling wines graced the table and circulated freely even among Methodist preachers. So it is still in England. It sometimes required a little nerve to decline the request of the lady whose guest you were, to 'have the pleasure of a glass of wine with you,' especially when, according to usage, you should have made the request of her. After the ladies retire, the cloth is removed, and the wine moves round the table freely. I do not recollect ever to have preached a sermon in England, without being offered a glass of wine afterward in the vestry. Wine was frequently distributed in Conference during its active session. The Temperance movement has not taken hold of our brethren in England; and they see wine-drinking, not as we do now, but as we did twenty years ago."

ENGLISH STAGE-COACHES AND LANDSCAPES.

"At Darlington, for the first time, we embarked in an English stage-coach. All that I had read of the superiority of English roads, coaches, and cattle, was fully realized. The coach is a neat affair, not by any means built on scientific principles, for the centre of gravity is alarmingly high; but yet, such is the excellence of the roads and the skill of the drivers, that this is a matter of no account. * * *

"The inside of the coach was fully taken up, so that we had to take our places outside: no loss, however, as it afforded us an opportunity of seeing one of the finest districts in England. There is no rural scenery in the world like that of England. The fields, as we passed, were ripening for the harvest, and groaning under the precious grain; the pastures, with the same deep, luxuriant growth that I have before noticed, were covered with herds of the finest cattle; and now and then appeared one of the noble mansions of England imbosomed in its magnificent park. Well may an Englishman be proud of his native isle when he travels through her unrivalled agricultural districts."

SUEZ.—We are assured that a treaty, the origin of which may be referred to 1840, is on the eve of being concluded, by which England will obtain possession of the port of Suez, free passage from Alexandria to that port, and other advantages of importance in Egypt and Syria. This treaty, to which France is said to be no party, is guaranteed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia. We know not by what intrigue the King of the French has been prevented from participating in it, but have reason to believe that England has had nothing to do with her exclusion.—*Morning Herald*.

THE MERIA GROVE; A TALE OF
SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

From the Asiatic Journal.

It was a deep grove in the Alpine region of Orissa. The roots of the aged trees were so thickly knit together, that they rendered the pathway rough and difficult to tread, while their branches, which had never been touched by woodman's axe, grew in such grotesque forms, that the fanciful and timid Hindoo of the lower country might well be pardoned for the fear that seized upon him, as, in the still moonlight, he hurried forwards to the open plain by a route more circuitous, indeed, but less terrible to his imagination, than this grove of the Loha Pennee (god of arms).

At the time of which I write, however, a youthful band of warriors were grouped about the entrance to this grove, while beneath the shade of a widely spreading mango-tree a few aged men, among whom were the priest and patriarch of the village of Ruttibarri, stood alone, as if engaged in some religious sacrifice. Before them lay the symbol of the war god, fashioned by the cunning worker in brass and iron, and sprinkled with the blood of sacrifice; a vessel filled with the juice of the palm-tree was in the hand of the priest, and as he poured his libation on the ground, scattering grains of rice around the rude altar as he did so, the elders besought the presence of their deity, and the power of his might, upon the arms of their young men. Invoking, then, the power and favor of all the war gods of the neighboring mountains, the priest seems suddenly possessed, as if by the actual presence of Loha Pennee; he flings his arms wildly into the air, and with dishevelled locks, and eyes flashing with the excitement of phrenzied passion, springs towards the entrance of the grove; the young men receive him with shouts of joy, while the priest, seizing the arms they bear, piles them hastily together, sprinkling them with pure water. But ere he had waved the cusa grass on high, or could invoke again the presence of the war gods; ere he could distribute again the arms of the young men, or wound with his sacrificial axe the tree nearest to the hostile village, doomed to their attack, a warrior sprung from the group, and, with impassioned gestures, stood before the priest.

"Brethren," he cried, "and elders, hear

me! Again has the priest of Ruttibarri left in my hand the sword of war, nor sought to lay it with those of her warriors on yonder pile. In silence will I no longer bear this scorn; but now I ask why I, of all my tribe, am alone denied the rights of vengeance? Why sacrifice you to the war god, and yet forbid that I, your patriarch's son, should go forth to battle with my tribe? Say you not that from my youth I have been favored by the gods; that not alone the god of arms, but even the great goddess Komeswari (Kali), of whom men speak not but with fear, bestows her choicest gifts upon me, so that my very presence blesses every house I enter? Am I not the only son of your abbaya (patriarch), and do not my companions love me as their brother? And yet now—now, on the eve of battle, you again deny me a warrior's right. But as I live, even by the sacred name of Loha Pennee, whom you now propitiate, not a sword nor an arrow shall be lifted from yon pile until you swear that none but the chieftain Khourou shall lead his tribe to battle, or prove that one among you has an arm stronger than his!" The youthful speaker paused, looking sternly around him for a reply, while his hand grasped more firmly the weapon which from him alone the priest had not required. So full of dauntless courage was his mien, so noble his words and action, that a stranger would have thought that, among all that warrior band, none was so fitted for heroic deeds, and that his appeal would have found sympathy in soldiers' hearts: but it was not so. The priest silently stretched forth his arms towards the speaker, then raised them, as if in prayer. The young men seemed as if they heard him not, but glanced impatiently, first to the piled arms and then to the distant village, while the abbaya alone, in a calm tone, replied:

"My son," he asked, "why urge thy request at such a time as this? Am not I an aged man, requiring the strong arm of youth for my protection, and art thou not so beloved among us, that, didst thou fall, the wrath of the gods would surely descend upon our houses? Why, therefore?"—"Hold, my father," called Khourou, with impatience; "I can listen to this no longer. Twice have I weakly yielded to arguments so unfit for you to urge or for me to hear; again have I been exposed to the insulting distinction of Loha Pennee's priest; but I will endure the contumely no more."

The youth waved his sword above his head, and placed himself between the warriors and their arms, with a front of bold defiance; but ere he opened his lips, a galloping of horse was heard, and a party of armed men burst into the inclosure.

"Haste! haste!" they cried; "the guards of the daughter of Dora Bissye, of Goomsur, have been attacked by the people of Daspallah; they have made a desperate resistance, but are unable again to rally; all our irregulars have fled, and the force is now too small to afford hope that we can long sustain the fray; seize your arms, then, and speed through the grove, or ere long the princess will be their captive."

Khourou sought not to hear more, but darting through the mounted band, he threaded with speed the tangled path of the sacred grove, and gained the border of the plain. The chieftain was alone; his sword and bow his only arms, while the enemy, strong in number, surrounded the small party of Goomsur, who were falling before them. For a moment, the warrior paused; but, as he did so, a piercing shriek rang upon his ear, and through an opening he noted the hand of their leader laid upon the closed litter of the hapless princess. Springing forward, Khourou loosed an arrow from his bow, that laid the Daspallah at his feet, while, striking down all who opposed his way, he shouted loudly, as if to encourage those who followed. The warriors of Daspallah, alarmed at their chieftain's fall, and the expected rescue, fled over the plain in disorder, while Khourou, ere the guards of Dora Bissye had returned, lifted from her litter the beautiful daughter of Goomsur's chief, and had enjoyed the first triumphs of conquest in the blush and smile which played over her fair cheek, in a trembling effort to thank him for her deliverance.

"And is it not strange that, in such a land as this, which the gods bless so abundantly, man is not merciful!" As the fair daughter of the Goomsur chieftain thus inquired, she turned a countenance beaming with the softest expression, towards the companion who stood beside her, gazing upon the magnificent landscape that stretched over the Alpine region of Orissa. He, whom the sweet Sidruja thus addressed, was of a princely presence and richly at-

tired; but that which most distinguished him, was an expression of pensive and high intelligence, marking a character that had long made Dora Bissye the friend and companion of the helpless, the scourge and terror of the cruel and unjust. And now, as he listened to the words of his daughter, and viewed with her the lovely landscape that nature spread before them—the foaming torrent that swept below his castle-walls, the towering ghauts of the rich district of Rodungiah, and the dark forests which bounded the wide and lofty plateaux of rock on every side—these features of the grand and beautiful produced upon the mind of the chief an influence which, though possessing more judgment, yet assimilated so much to that experienced by his daughter, that the look of the father and the daughter was so similar, that a stranger might readily have guessed that between the Goomsur chieftain and his sole child a sympathy existed very unusual in the families of the East, and gentle as were her counsels, they met, even in that blood-stained land, with ready acceptance by the father she so loved and honored.

"My child," was his reply to the brief inquiry, "God is great, and it is impossible for man to judge of what are his rightful symbols. We see, indeed, around us the forests, the mountains, rocks, and torrents, and we know the great spirit to have been their bountiful creator: but the uneducated and illiterate cannot see through nature unto nature's cause, and thus we give them symbols, which they call gods; and for each of nature's benefits and functions, cause personifications of his bounty to become the means of fixing the attention of men who must have a sensible object of adoration."

The girl gazed upon her father as he spoke with an eye of kindling wonder and admiration, and then she laid her hand gently upon his robe, and as he turned upon the action, he saw that tears were upon her cheek, and that her lip quivered with emotion. "My child," the chieftain anxiously inquired, "tell me what agitates thee thus? the matters of which I spoke grieve thee, perhaps, and are fitter for the ear of learned priests than of gentle maidens; I am wrong so to agitate thy mind with things too deep and painful; yet so full of interest are they to me, that I am wont to speak much of what have long been subjects of deep thought." "Ah, my father!" exclaimed Sidruja, now clinging

to the chieftain's arm, and speaking rapidly as she did so, with earnestness in every gesture, "if indeed you feel and think thus, why not exert your power and influence against this dreadful sacrifice to Jugernath in the Orissan plain? why not teach our neighbors, the Khond zemindars, that they commit murder the most terrible, when, sacrificing their human victims to the goddess Komeswari, with yells of triumph, which, echoing over the deep waters of the Salki, reach my ears even in the harem of our palace? Oh, my father! can it be that sickness, death, and famine can be averted by the blood of man, shed by his brother's hand; the blood of the young, the innocent, the helpless, and the betrayed? Oh, no; never; and I do beseech thee, my dear and honored father, to save and protect these helpless victims."

As Sidruja spoke, tears chased each other over her cheeks, and she bowed her head, as if exhausted by emotion, on the chieftain's shoulder.

"My child," replied her father, gently soothing her as he spoke, "you little know these Alpine Khonds. Believing as they do in the efficacy of sacrifice, and offering oblations continually to the personifications of nature's attributes and the inferior deities, to the god of arms, the god of fountains, the god of showers, and even to their deceased ancestors, it follows, that, for the earth god, the great origin, as the Khonds believe, of good and evil, of fertility and famine, of disease and health, they should deem that none but the worthiest sacrifices would be accepted, and while the blood of goats and fowls proves libation great enough for the inferior deities, the life of man alone can propitiate the earth god. You know, my child, how often I have given shelter to victims whom chance has saved from their unhappy fate; even the poor idiot Mala, as you know, was one of these, stolen from the plains in childhood; wife and lands were given him, and he grew in ignorance of his fate, till the time drew near, when they seized him, whom they had bought with a price for sacrifice; but as it proved that one of his kindred had been offered at the tree before, Mala was deemed unworthy, and escaped the axe of the priest to become an innocent maniac for life, forgetful of all but the sacrifice, whose horrid ceremonies seem to have been stamped with characters of fire upon his brain. Grievous and terrible do I feel such things to be, but Dora Bissye stands alone,

and has little power against the opinions of his people. But enough, my child; hither comes our honored guest, and 'twere well to greet with smiles thy deliverer."

The maiden turned, and as she did so, drew close round her graceful form the embroidered veil that, until now, had hung loosely from her brow; but, could one have glanced beneath it, a smile might have been seen to steal over that lip, a light of tender happiness beam from that eye, which would have told how soon pleasure succeeds to pain with the young, the loving, and the innocent, and how needless, too, was the suggestion of the Goomsur chieftain to his child. Long, then, did the maiden and the patriarch's son linger in that fair scene, and the chieftain suffered it to be so, wandering onwards to the castle, for well did he love his child; and to him who had so lately saved her, what could the tender father venture to refuse? The chieftain saw, too, in the abaya's son, a man of rank, of honor, and of undoubted courage, his noble bearing had won upon the father little less than it had done upon his daughter, and had Khourou sought Sidruja's hand, the chieftain could not have refused the boon. But the stranger sought it not, at least in form; yet his step was slower than of old, his voice lower in its tone, his love of arms abated, his desire for conquest less; and now, as they stood together gazing on the rapid waters of the Salki, the maiden's words were few, and tremulously spoken, while Khourou seemed to half regret that he had ventured here at all. And yet, when he had seen the fluttering veil of the chieftain's daughter from the distant steep, he had mounted in haste, nor checked his steed until resting by her side. Courage came at length, however, to both; and when it was almost time to part, they chatted rapidly of Rodungiah and her tribes, and then Sidruja's thanks came forth again amid tears and smiles, while, as the young warrior closer drew, words of deep and truthful love dropped from his lips, such as a woman should hear but once, pledging her faith in answer, and dying in that faith.

As the young chief spoke, he had taken Sidruja's hand in his, nor had he yet relinquished it when the poor maniac, long cherished by the castle lord, sprung suddenly through the brushwood, and with wild and mirthful gestures came dancing on towards the lovers. Sidruja felt no alarm, for from a child she had been accustomed

to chance encounters with this unhappy being; but now, as he noted the clasped hands of the fair daughter of his protector with the strange chief, his eye flashed, his brow knit, and bounding forward with a loud cry, he violently disengaged them. "No!" shouted the maniac, "not so, lady! the stranger is not for thee; why hast thou not fetters?" he cried, addressing Khourou; "go, seek them out, they will need thee soon—ha! ha! yes, thou art the favored of the goddess, and men will honor thee to the last; see, the Meria, does so even now," and bending down, he kissed the chieftain's foot, then fled swiftly towards the castle, shrieking as he went—"They have bought me with a price! They have bought me with a price!"

Sidruja uttered a faint cry, clung to the patriarch's son. What can this mean?" she asked, in trembling accents, still gazing on the receding figure of Mala. "This is terrible indeed. I have noted at times a sense of truth, break like the lightning's ray from a storm-cloud, across the darkened mind of this poor creature, but never did I see him in mood like this. What said he, Khourou? What danger could he mean to thee, and why severed he our hands with such wild violence while even he, poor grateful fellow, wept tears of joy when learning the escape of his protector's child from the attack of the Daspallah hordes?" Sidruja, as she pondered, grew yet more pale and troubled; but Khourou sought to reassure her, for knowing less than her he loved of this wild being, he saw little in his manner but the result of one of the many strange illusions likely to occupy a mind whose powers had thus been shaken. And as Khourou spoke, and soothed the object of his love, she grew more calm, and happy hopes, while yet he rested near, played in sunshine over the thoughts of the innocent girl; but when Khourou left her, as soon as he did, to join a hunting party of the neighboring Sourahs, a strange anxiety gathered on her thoughts, and though she sought to chase away the new-born care, by memories of the sweet words so lately murmured in her ear, and by girlish anticipations of a blissful future, yet still, again, dread, like an armed man, forced away all other objects, and the threatening words of the wild maniac came ever and again to terrify and appal her with fears, the greater, perhaps, in their effects, because their forms were vague and shadowy.

At length, a heavy sigh burst from the

maiden's lips, and bending down she plucked one of the wild but brilliant blossoms which enamel her native land, and gazed on it as if in admiration of its beauty; but it was not so, for in a moment more the flower fell upon the tangled verdure at her feet, and the eyes of the chieftain's daughter, streaming with tears, were lifted towards her father's fort. "Dora Bissye," she sighed forth, "is the noblest in his land, and powerful to save; what then can we have to fear? I will tell my dear father all, and never can he refuse protection to the deliverer of his child. The great zemindars of Orissa may war against each other, and struggle as of old to cast off the authority of the Delhi sovereignty; destruction and anarchy may harass and lay waste the lesser districts, and Rodungiah, with the rest, fall in the struggle; but what is that to us? Khourou in yon walls has a defence against them all." As the maiden spoke, a light of triumph shone in her dark eye; but in a moment more, her brow was shadowed, and her countenance marked by despondency. "Alas! not so," she sighed, "not so. The danger seemed present of which Mala spoke. He asked why he had not fetters, and said they would need him soon. Alas, alas!" she cried, clasping her hands in half-phrenzied emotion, "how little did I know till now, the power, the *misery* of love! But let the worst arrive, danger, aye *death*, I will share all with him, to whom I have pledged my faith. The torrent flows swiftly that courses its way from yonder ghaut, but Sidruja may find in its cold waters surer protection than within her father's fort."

Alas! this was the first thorn that had been planted in that young and innocent heart, and in anguish it bent beneath it.

"Doubt you that the time is come, or are not the signs visible enough for thy dull brain? Pestilence is among us; our harvests of tumeric and rice have failed; the only child of my brother Singa was carried off from my father's fields, last night, by the tiger that has so long, as the form of Komeswari, harassed the neighborhood of our village, and can you *yet* doubt that the earth god cries aloud for sacrifice?" The speaker was a Khond, of middle age, a powerful and active man; to his dependents he was merciful, to his family kind and tender; yet the expression of his eye would have told one little experienced in physiognomy, that

Silenda seldom wavered in his decision, or failed in carrying out any purpose he desired.

"How can we know?" was the reply made by a calm-eyed and aged man, to whom the observation was addressed; "it is, my brother, as you say; and, moreover, the time has come for sowing our autumnal crop, and yet I doubt what offerings of sacrifice we can command. True, at the late feast of Juggernath, our Tukhis (weavers) brought up captive, from the Orissa plains, two victims to the patriarch's house, mere infants—but yet—" "Enough, enough," exclaimed Silenda; "we live as did our forefathers, and may our children hereafter live as we do! These are matters for the patriarch and the priest; let us seek the house of Pedda Dehri, our wise abbaya, and fear not but he will order the sacrifice aright."

The patriarch of Rodungiah was readily found, and the Kuttagotaree, or priest, was also there. It seemed that some charms or incantations had been lately made, and those, too, in favor of the sick, for on a low charpoi was stretched an aged man, as if engaged in the last struggle for existence, and by his side sat the priest, surrounded by little heaps of uncooked rice. Each pile was dedicated to a particular god, and as Silenda entered, the priest had balanced a sickle by a fine cotton thread, with a grain of rice at either end, and was repeating the name and attributes of the gods to whom they had been dedicated. The sickle was now slightly agitated, the effect, as was believed, of the presence of the god alighting near his grain of rice, to declare his will. The face of the priest became at this crisis wildly agitated; he shrieked forth sentences in an unknown tongue, shook the dishevelled masses of his dark hair until they fell low upon his shoulders, and shouted forth the denunciations of the deity. Even Silenda, the proud, the bold, the unsparing leader of Rodungiah's tribes, stepped back aghast before the energy of the priest; the dying man seemed to gain strength from this impassioned violence, and, raising himself upon his couch, humbly inquired the cause of the sudden wrath of the divinity.

"Where have been your sacrifices, where your oblations?" exclaimed the priest. "The earth god thirsteth, he crieth aloud for blood, and who hath poured it forth before him? Tremble, tremble, for your destruction cometh! I see gaunt famine peering from yon cloud upon you, and the god of showers shrinks back aghast. I see the

grisly form of deathly sickness shake his hand over your devoted dwellings from yonder moss-grown rock, and yon village-god falls palsied at his touch. I see the god of war flying over yonder mountain-brow, abandoning all to slaughter, and the earth god, in his tiger form, with blood upon his lips and claws, devours your children, whose lives ye have not saved by sacrifice. Hark! 'tis the voice of Kali crying aloud for victims! The deities surround her, hurling vengeance on your homes, your wives, your little ones; their cry is 'blood, red blood! the blood of the victim, the stranger, the slave, the appointed one! bought with a price, whom the earth god demands as his own!'"

The priest, in a state of utter exhaustion, fell heavily upon the ground, and while his votaries plied him freely with strong spirit, as the only restorative not deemed unworthy of his use, Silenda, with the chief persons of the village, gathered round the abbaya, demanding an immediate sacrifice. "We demand it," they cried, "to save Rodungiah from sure destruction. Great have been our crimes; great is the wrath of the earth god upon us. Now has our priest spoken, and instantly shall he be obeyed. We will go forth even now; we will slay a goat on the altar of Bera Pennee, and, ere this moon grows old, the pledge must be redeemed by the worthiest of our victims; you understand me; the time is come—look you to it."

The abbaya raised his hand towards the mountain-altar of the god, and slowly saying, "Those to whom the gods listen. let men obey," he bent his head before the priest, and passed forth from the sacrificial chamber.

The fort of Kuli Dora Bissye presented a scene of joy, festivity, and hope. The mowi tree had blossomed, and the hand of the chieftain's daughter was that night to be bestowed on the brave son of the patriarch of Rodungiah. Around the castle walls might be seen the soldiers and retainers of the various nobles bidden to the feast, while within the private apartments, the slave-girls of Sidruja, surrounded by groups of friends, were yet busily engaged in preparations for the joyful ceremony. Instruments of music, vinas and sitars, with cosmetics, golaubdanis, and articles of rich attire, were mingled carelessly together, while they, whose care should have been

in their arrangement, passed the hours in gay laughter and merry gossip, their mirth being perhaps the greater that it was without restraint, for the fair bride had stolen from them all, and with her soft hair braided with fragrant blossoms, and her fine veil of Dacca muslin drawn but lightly around her form, she now stood on the terrace of the castle-keep, gazing on the star-lit heavens while her hand was fondly clasped in that of him she loved.

"And you promise," she gently whispered, "not to leave me then; you promise, that no cause but the battle-field shall take you from my father's castle; tell me this again, and then again, that my heart may rest in peace." Khourou drew nearer to his bride, and with a gentle caress renewed his promise. "Dearest," he said, "it shall be as you will. Thenceforth, my home is thine; but when thy noble father requires my arm to aid his cause, then must not the sword of Khourou linger in its scabbard. Yet, grieved as I am to learn the misery that has fallen upon my hapless land, I will not leave thee to become counsellor where all are wise, nor could I hope my aid to be welcome there, while my father holds opinions which will not suffer me to assist my people even in peace or war. I have pondered much upon the cause of this, and ere I loved thee, Sidruja, it caused me an agony of spirit that none can know; but that is passed; at times I remember the strangeness of the fact, but it grieves me now no more." "Nay, dear Khourou," remarked Sidruja, "call it not strange; thy father loved thee well, and sought that thou shouldst live ever free from danger. Ah! how well can I judge his thoughts! the very dream of losing thee, if but for an hour, is so terrible to me, that didst thou go to battle, I should surely die ere thou set forth." "Sweet one," was the reply, "you feel the trembling hopes and fears that ever agitate a loving woman's heart; but man has duties to perform of a fiercer nature, and to enable him to fulfil them is steeled against such soft emotions. Seldom is a father prouder than when his son first mounts his war-horse for the fray, for the courage that has made the sire noble, seems renewed in the youthful energy of his offspring. But see, Sidruja, the moon rises over yonder forest, tipping the Alpine firs with her silvery light; I must to the banquet-hall, my love, there to await our friends.

Sidruja, however, still lingered to admire

the beauty of the scene. The heavens were cloudless, and the moon, like a huge ball of light, rose high over the black forests of the upper land, and threw its broad and radiant beams on the dancing waters of the foaming Salki. The maiden had witnessed the same effects a thousand times before, but they had seemed to her far less beautiful, and so she lingered until a shadow falling on the marble terrace roused her from the delicious reverie. It was that of Mala, the prophetic maniac, and as memories of the past came painfully to her mind, the maiden snatched a bracelet from her arm, and held it towards him. "Take this, good Mala," she exclaimed; "take it, and hasten to the festal hall. I know you wish me well, and thank you for the wish; but indeed I may not tarry." "Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked the hapless creature, laying his hand on the veil of the terrified girl; "there is no haste now; your bridegroom travels faster than you can follow. See," he continued, dragging her forward to the parapet, and extending his hand towards Rodungiah, "they want him there—aye, and by the bright moonlight, will have him too. Lady, he is a noble's son, but not the dread abbaya's of yonder mountain Bandri, the weaver, stole him, as a babe, from the nurse's arms in Orissa, and sold him to the Khonds, as a child of the tree and the axe! He will have a feast there still; but Komeswari will be his bride; for thy lover, maiden, is a Meria victim, and the earth god sweeps across Rodungiah's mountains, shrieking for his blood."

With a piercing cry, Sidruja fell senseless upon the marble terrace, and when her maidens bore her to her couch, and her father watched beside her, Khourou was nowhere to be found. The retainers of a chief, indeed, who had been chatting over a fire beyond the castle walls, told a wild tale of having seen the stranger noble bound to a horse, and forced onwards, with great speed, by a group of armed men. No one heeded them, however, for it is known that men, under the influence of kusumba and palm-wine, see strange things. But still Sidruja lay, surrounded by her maidens, at times insensible to all around, and then again raving wildly of that which seemed but words of incoherent madness to those who listened.

It was the Meria grove, the grove of sacrifice; the mango, the bér, the dammar,

and the pipala, the mightiest of India's forest trees, lent their shadows to a spot, awful, indeed, in its solemnities. No woodman ventured hither to lay his axe to the tortuous branches sacred to the dread-inspiring goddess; no bird of sweet song or gay plumage ever sought shelter here; no timid animal here rested in safety from its pursuer, neither did any blossom of fragrance ever bloom among its rank, tangled, unwholesome verdure. There was a stream, indeed, that made its way from the higher ghauts through this fear-inspiring spot, but it crept sluggishly on, without one merry ripple or tone of murmuring music to refresh the ear, until, having passed this grove, it leaped, as if in bright and joyful mood, over the moss-grown rocks of the Salki river. In the centre of the grove was an aged tree, scathed as if by lightning; a deep rift was through the trunk, and a much-rotted rope fell from the yawning fissure of the upper branches. On the ground beneath, which was bare and rugged, lay some whitened bones, with a few rude images of birds and beasts, figured in potter's clay. It was a hideous and revolting sight; for here, even in the once-green rift of that old tree, had a fair child, a Meria victim, bought with a price at the inhuman festival of Juggernath, been made a sacrifice for sin by the murderous people of Rodungiah, to propitiate the favor of the earth god, and his blessing upon the produce of their lands. And now—why, so near the same dread spot, is seen a slight rod, surrounded by four tall poles, inserted in the newly-turned soil of the Meria grove? Alas! as the moon last night rose over the dark foliage, the priest came forth to seek the spot for the coming sacrifice demanded by Bera Pennee; the rod and poles bespeak his will, and now that the sun has risen, peals of mad laughter, loud song, and the confused clang of many instruments, reach the ear, and echo through the grove; and it seems, too, that echo has a strange and startling sound, as if the earth-fiend held his court, rejoicing in the madness and cruelty of man. But soon the voice of drunken riot nearer and nearer comes, emerging from the village, and a crowd dash into the grove, with loud shrieks of triumph, rushing to the blasted tree. Aged men, youthful women, and young children, the noble and his serf, all are there; they shout, they dance, they strew flowers, with oil and turmeric, upon the ground; they tear up branches of the sankissa and bazardanti shrubs, and wave them in the air, loudly de-

manding sacrifice. And now, with slow and solemn pace, the elders of Rodungiah advance from the village to the grove; the crowd are silent; a way is opened; the priest advances, and stands beside the rod; suddenly, he raises his hand on high, the elders fall back, and there, crowned and adorned with flowers, decked with rich jewels, and fettered every limb, stands Khourou, the Meria victim, doomed to be the earth god's sacrifice! Stunning shouts of approbation burst from the assembled crowds; they kneel before their victim; they struggle to touch his hands, his feet; they pluck the flowers from about his brow, to guard as charms; they offer him palm-wine and milk, and snatch the bowl eagerly from his lips to drain the valued drops; and now the priest strikes with his axe the branch of a young green tree, and the crowd affix a rope to the opening of the rift; the victim hears that blow, and well he knows that, bound in yonder branch, all fettered as he is, the crowd that now honor him as a god, will tear his quivering flesh, and bear it in triumph to their fields; and yet, not one pang of anguish can be seen to agitate the Meria's frame, but a wild light gleams from his eye, and with a firm voice, he claims the attention of the crowd.

"My friends," he cried, "I feel upon me the power of the earth god; I know myself his accepted sacrifice. Give me again of yonder bowl; unbind my limbs, and let me share with thee this joyous festival. The crowd loudly applaud their victim's resolution, his fetters are struck off, and with wild songs and shouts of triumph he dances among the people. But ere long, the priest and the abbaya approach the Meria sacrifice, warning him the hour has come, commanded by the earth god. The victim pauses, the dance has once again rendered supple his cramped limbs; the juice of the palm has renovated his diminished powers. "'Tis well," he cries, "but ere I enter yonder rift, give me an axe and bow, that, once again, as a free man, I may join my companions in the war-dance of our tribe."

"'Tis well," they cry; "a willing victim is acceptable to the gods; render him the axe and bow."

'Tis done; Khourou eagerly seizes them from the priest, he dances wildly forward, he turns again, he shouts in wild triumph, he whirls the weapon high above his head; in another moment the blow is struck, and the brain of the priest is cleft in twain. Appalled for a moment, the crowd favor the

escape of the brave Khourou; he springs from among them, he reaches the foaming torrent of the Salki, and flinging himself into its deep and rushing waters, defies their power to harm him. The elders and the warriors mount in haste, and, seeking the fort of Dora Bissye, demand their victim; but the wail of mourning women is their only answer, until the chief, pointing from his castle keep to the rushing waters of the Salki, bids them seek and claim him there!

In a happier land, where the peaceful Hindoos gather in their rich harvests, unstained by the blood of sacrifice or the offering of aught but the first-fruits of the teeming earth, dwelt an aged chief of one of the royal houses of Orissa, surrounded by all the splendor of a Rajpoot noble in the land. Long, however, had that old man's palace been desolate, and long had he looked forth upon the placid waters that washed its marble walls, half wishing to find therein a peaceful grave, for he was desolate and childless, robbed by a revengeful slave of his only hope; but now, though that old man's beard was white as snow, the light of joy was in his eye, its voice within his heart, for his long-lost son was found again, and the young chief Khourou, with his sweet wife Sidruja, smoothed and cheered his downward path of life.

INDIA.—The over-land mail brings intelligence from Bombay to the 31st July, and from Calcutta to the 15th. The steamer left Bombay on the 19th; but a shaft of the machinery breaking, the vessel was obliged to return under sail, and the mails were sent by another steamer to Suez; where the Calcutta mail arrived in a separate steamer.

The change of Governors-General had not been perfected. Lord Ellenborough had retired from the administration of affairs, and had taken a private house in the suburbs of Calcutta. The Honorable Wilberforce Bird carried on the government *pro tempore*. The Hindostan, with Sir Henry Hardinge on board, arrived at Madras on the 20th July; but he did not land. He was expected to reach Calcutta about the 24th. Lord Ellenborough's removal had elicited some declarations in his favor: the press very generally censured the Company for his recall; the officers of the Army at Calcutta had invited him to a dinner to be given four days after the arrival of his successor; and subscriptions for some testimonial were on foot, one regiment alone having given 1,500 rupees.

There had been two military disasters in Upper Scinde. First, another mutiny in the Sixty-fourth Regiment of Native Infantry, notorious for its insubordination some months back in refusing to march to Scinde. The Regiment was stationed at

Shikarpore: in consequence of some misunderstanding about promises made by their commanding officer Colonel Moseley, when the men were to be paid, on the 10th July, they refused to receive their pay—pelting their officers with brickbats. The mutinous act being reported to General Hunter, the officer in command at that place, he sent for another regiment to take the place of the mutineers; and, assuming the command of the Sixty-fourth, led it to Sukkur, on the way to Delhi; stopping at a place where boats had been prepared to carry them across the river. Here the Thirteenth Regiment and Foster's battery had been placed in ambush ready to fire at a moment's notice. General Hunter now harangued the mutineers on their misconduct, severely censuring the officers, but requiring the ringleaders to be given up. Thirty-nine were surrendered accordingly. Colonel Moseley had been suspended, and Colonel Norton had been appointed to the command in his stead.

The other disaster was the loss of the grass-cutters of the Sixth Irregular Cavalry, about fifty in number, who were employed, under an escort, in procuring forage at Khangur, twelve miles from Sukkur. A private letter from an officer gives this account of the affair—

"It seems that the party of Syces and the escort were sent to a much greater distance than was necessary; that the horsemen, after reaching their ground and going to sleep, were alarmed by a pot-shot fired close to them: a single man only was observed; and in place of attacking him at once, they commenced firing with their short carbines. This, however, did not last long: a party of about fifty men well armed, accompanied by a small gun, attacked them in flank; and a second body, about one hundred strong, appeared almost simultaneously and attacked them in rear. The escort, on finding themselves thus between 'the horns of a dilemma,' commenced a sort of *saute qui peut* devil-take-the-hindmost sort of retreat; left the grass-cutters to their fate; and, rather trusting to their steeds than their swords, they reached camp with the loss of fourteen men. The grass-cutters are believed to have all perished."

Sir Charles Napier had mentioned the occurrence in a very indignant general order; highly blaming the conduct of Captain Mackenzie, the commander of the Irregulars.

Shere Mohammed, the contumacious chief, is said still to be hovering about at the head of some 1,500 horsemen, but is reported willing to come in.

In Afghanistan, Akhbar Khan had attained some successes against the rebellious Afghan chiefs—enough to warrant his triumphant return to Cabul, on his appointment as Vizier; but he was in bad health, or, as some supposed, in a decline; and he appears quite to have relinquished the threatened conquest of Peshawur. The daughter of Yar Mohammed, of Herat, had been betrothed to Mohammed Akhbar, and was on her way to Cabul by way of Candahar.

Some troubles were threatened towards the North. Dost Mohammed is said to be apprehensive of an invasion of his territory by the King of Bokhara or the Coondooz Chief, and was preparing to meet it; and again, the Bokhara chief appears apprehensive of a double invasion of his territory, by the Persians from the South and the Russian allies on the North.—*Spectator*.

A VISIT TO CARACCAS.

From the United Service Journal.

CARACCAS, principally known to fame by having been knocked down by an earthquake in 1812, is now the capital of the Republic of Venezuela, as it formerly was of the Captaincy-general of Caraccas, under the Spanish rule. Its population, which, before the above earthquake, when 12,000 were killed at one blow among the ruins, was 50,000, is not only fast recovering from that loss, but from that of the equally destructive *guerra al muerte*. The architectural losses of the same catastrophe have not been so easily repaired. The upper part of the town, formerly the finest, is still a pile of ruins. He who approaches Caraccas from La Guayra, with the prepossession that he is visiting the finest city in South America, is startled by finding himself traversing long ranges of roofless convent-walls, smashed cathedrals, arches and towers, and terraces of other days, silent and deserted; even after passing this city of the dead, the cracked belfreys, the shaken churches, and fissured houses of the still inhabited part of the upper town, have inscribed a *fruit ilium* upon the walls of Caraccas, however young Venezuela may boast that the glory of its inhabitants is only now commencing. Nevertheless, Caraccas is a fine city. The churches and convents are numerous, and several of them handsome structures; the latter, however, have been suppressed as convents, and the buildings and revenues devoted to the purpose of public instruction. There are several handsome squares, the largest of which contains also the market-place. On one side of this is the cathedral, a massive but irregular building, to the interior of which, shortly before our arrival, had been transferred, from Santa Martha, where he expired, the ashes of the Liberator Bolivar, and here they reposed in a draperied catafalque. Drawings of the details of the processions and obsequies by which the solemn transfer was accompanied, were to be seen in every bookseller's window; but as these had been executed prospectively in Paris some time before the ceremonies had taken place, the artist, unshackled by matter-of-fact, had rather represented a poetic vision of what Paris would have done for such a hero, than what Caraccas did.

Opposite to the cathedral, is the municipal palace, and several other public buildings; to the left of the cathedral, is the archbishop's palace and a fine convent, and opposite to these a flight of steps, and fountains and balustrades, backed, it is true, by a row of plebeian edifices, but these are backed by the towering Silla, in whose magnificence their deformity is forgotten.

The interior space of the square is surrounded only by rows of stalls, occupied by the various tradespeople by whom the market is supplied, and within is a dense crowd of booths, donkeys, provisions, and market-

people, through whom, at the hour of mass, a path is opened towards the doors of the cathedral by a train of shovel-hatted ecclesiastics, and many a group of Caraccas ladies, with their charming mantillas on, followed by their brown or black servants, carrying kneeling-carpets, chairs, and prayer-books. The continued attachment of the people to the old dress of the ladies for attending mass, is very decided. Shortly before our arrival, two English ladies from Trinidad having innocently entered with bonnets, were so much mobbed on their return, that it was found necessary to call for the interference of the authorities for their protection; this outburst proceeded not from bigotry, for Venezuela in the present day is no land of bigotry, and the ladies were both Roman Catholics, but from an idea that their dress was a violation of decorum. The altars and chapels, both in the cathedral and other churches, contain a sufficiency of gilding and florid ornaments. The convents, public edifices, and private dwellings, though differing in dimensions and materials, are generally upon the same plan in the interior construction—large courts, with fountains or gardens in the centre, surrounded by buildings one, two, or three stories in height, with roofed galleries, supported on tiers of pillars. The apartments of the President, though respectable enough, are by no means remarkable for elegance or dimensions. In the chamber of representatives, a spitting-box is placed under the chair of each member of the assembly, and at each end of the chamber, are benches for the accommodation of the public. Caraccas owes much of its beauty to the magnificent mountain of the Silla, with the saddle peaks, from which it derives its name, towering over every object around. The streets are all laid out at right angles, and the shops are handsome and well supplied, though little is to be procured at any of them of native manufacture; however, there are French boot-makers, Yankee tailors, English saddlers, *quantum suf*. The more modern houses are seldom more than one story in height, though those still occupied in the shaken part of the town, are three or four; some have large gardens attached to them; those of General Paez were laid out with much taste. One of his sons, who spoke English fluently, having been educated abroad, showed us a large collection of plants which he had been making in the neighboring forests, and had transferred to his parterres, the parasites, as usual in Venezuela, occupying the principal places as to beauty of blossom. A painting at the end of one of the walks of this garden, which, tea-garden like, prolonged the vista *ad infinitum*, was the admiration of Caraccas.

The day after our arrival in Caraccas was spent in strolling about and sight-seeing. Although, from the high elevation of the plain of Caraccas, the air is delightfully cool in the mornings and evenings, it is otherwise at noon, when the sun seems to strike the more

violently through the purity of the atmosphere. The natives—but all people find fault with the air they are obliged to breathe—declare that the climate is too variable, and rather give the preference to that of La Guayra, supposed to be one of the hottest places in the world; the latter was also formerly supposed to be the head-quarters of yellow fever; it has, however, latterly divided that distinction with many parts of the West Indies. No wheel-carriages are used in Caraccas, and the streets are execrably paved. Few people ride out for pleasure till an hour or two before sunset, by which time they have generally dined. The horses are small; those for hire, being seldom broke to the fashionable amble of the country, are rough in their paces, uncurried in their persons, and infamously bitted. The English saddle is occasionally used, but that of Moorish origin is more frequently seen with all but strangers. The ladies are seldom seen in the streets except on their way to mass; a bright eye occasionally flashes through the bars of an unfrequented window in the long convent-like walls of the houses, but the hour for visiting and social intercourse is the evening.

At the table d'hôte of the hotel there was a strange medley of countries and languages, Yankees rather predominating in numbers, and making manifest their country by the pertinacity with which they persisted in delivering their sentiments in tones of nasal sweetness long drawled out. It is not customary for ladies to appear at the table, nor, indeed, in travelling, to stop at hotels, or travel at all if they can avoid it. Venezuela is not yet frequented by T. G.'s. Among the party of about thirty whom we met at the hotel daily during our sojourn in Caraccas, there was only one traveller, an Englishman, who, like ourselves, had no object in view but amusement, nor, indeed, did we meet another during our trip, although we crossed the track of a German baron, who had reached the country from Trinidad shortly before our entry by the Oronoko. "Certainly the English are an extraordinary race for wandering over the world," observed a gentleman to us, to whom we had an introduction. "You are not content with traversing Europe, Asia, and Africa, but you must now begin with our remote savannahs." Naturalists, French and German, have occasionally traversed the country, and for these we were frequently taken during our wanderings; in fact, the first question that was generally put to us, was as to how we liked the birds in Venezuela.

On the first day of our joining the table d'hôte, a Danish miniature-painter was sitting by me, who, having mentioned that he had been in Rome to study, was immediately questioned, by a talkative American opposite, as to his having met with an artist of his acquaintance, as no doubt the congeniality of their pursuits must have brought them together; it appeared upon explanation, that

the craft which the interrogator assumed to be a branch of the fine arts, was that of a tailor, which both he and his friend the artist at Rome were practising in the capitals of the Venezuelan Republic and the Papal States. The Yankee tailor, who practised in Caraccas, then commenced a piece of nasal declamation against Venezuelan gentlemen generally, designating them as a low race, innately vulgar, without souls. "Would you believe me, sir?" cried the outraged snip, "I finished a suit of garments here lately that might have adorned a prince. I sent them home to a gentleman of this city, whom I forbear to name, and—and—he returned them to me! The paltry price was objected to. No, Sir! the people are essentially low; they give no encouragement to the fine arts." Many of the respectable and well-dressed gentlemen whom we met the first day of our arrival, discussing politics and pleasure, we afterwards found in their shops and warehouses, attending to their several crafts, girt around with linen aprons. One deficiency was remarkable, as contrasted with the travelled cities of Europe—no views of Caraccas and its environs were to be seen in the shop windows; nor indeed, did a diligent search after such mementos of our excursion produce any thing but a bad lithograph of Angostura. A Murray's Hand-book for Venezuela is not yet visible to the naked eye of the keenest seer into her futurity.

The Danish miniature painter before mentioned and an English portrait painter appeared to find employment enough, and the former at least seemed likely to improve the taste of the Venezuelans, as far as his branch of the art was concerned. The History of Venezuela by Rafael Maria Baralt and Ramon Diaz, contains lithographic portraits of most of the worthies of the war of independence; a grimmer-looking set of savages never scowled out of a Gothic frieze; if the excellent chroniclers have overlauded the deeds and the characters of their heroes, they have made up for it by libelling their bodies. The contrast between the Dane's likeness of the present President, Soublotte, which he showed us just completed, and the wooden-featured lithograph, was very much in the Dane's favor, and still more in that of the president himself. The Englishman had made some paintings of scenery and figures, but finding no encouragement from the natives in these branches of his art, he had with more success devoted his efforts to portrait painting.

Having heard that the theatre was open the evening of our arrival, we repaired thither in order to ascertain the state of the drama; it proved, however, to be only that branch of the illegitimate drama in Caraccas, which corresponds with our Astley; in fact, a circus whose roof was the spangled vault of heaven. Two American horses and an intelligent pony, with the usual dram. pers., performed the highly interesting equestrian

melodrama of the Brentford tailor rendered into Spanish, the whole concluding with a dance on the tight rope. On a subsequent evening we visited the opera, which was held at the regular theatre, by no means a despicable building. Macintoshes, lined with plaid turned inside out, and thrown gracefully over the shoulders of several of the performers, fixed the scene of action in representation at our entrance to Scotland. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermuir;" the audience was numerous, and seemed highly gratified, but the performance not such as to invite a second visit.

The Venezuelans, immediately upon the establishment of the republic, turned their attention towards public education, which under the Spanish rule, in spite of a university at Caraccas and a college at Merida, was ever discouraged, the suppressed convents and their revenues having, as has been before observed, been devoted to this purpose. There are now, besides a second university at Merida, a college in every large town, a military academy, and numerous primary schools. There are also in Caraccas private colleges and well-regulated schools for both sexes; and the Government are now establishing parochial schools throughout the whole extent of their territory, as they have already formed in about one-third. The proportion of those educated in the latter to the whole population, not reckoning the Indians, was one to a hundred and fourteen in 1840.

There are several printing establishments in Caraccas, whence, besides newspapers, issue numerous translations from English and French authors; the latter, judging from the numbers, being the favorites, especially the novelists of the modern school. The proceedings of the chambers, with ample statistics of commerce, population, expenditure, revenue, and produce, are published yearly, under the authority of Government;* the amount of exports and imports, and of revenue, extracted from these Blue Books for the year ending July, 1841, will serve to give an idea of the existing state of the republic as to wealth, the population being about a million.

In the neighborhood of Caraccas, within reach of an afternoon's ride, are several villages, surrounded by cultivated grounds, and extremely beautiful, especially along the foot of the Silla. All the fruits, vegetables, and flowers of Europe, can be made to flourish upon these elevated plains among the sugar-canes and bananas of the tropics, and perhaps only require the hand of a skilful gardener to make them equal in flavor to those of cooler climes. We had much curiosity to see the palo di vacca, or cow-tree (*Golactodendron*),

* Financial year from 1840 to 1841—Revenue, 5,363,040 pesos, of 3s. 4d.; exports, 6,159,835; imports, 7,399,923. In the year 1829 to 1830 the exports and imports were 5,587,104, and the increase has been gradual.

of which Humboldt has given many details. The vegetable cow is by no means confined to this neighborhood; the milk is brought into the market in the English colony of Demarara, in sufficient quantities by the Buck Indians who descend the Essequibo and Demarara rivers, to prove its existence in abundance in the forests of British Guyana; in Caraccas the milk is never used except in the immediate spot where the tree grows. We found much difficulty in procuring information to guide us in our search, but at length ascertained that the nearest spot where the tree was known to flourish was at the Hacienda of Santa Cruz, about five or six hours' ride from Caraccas. A lady to whom that and the neighboring properties belonged, having kindly offered us the services of a Peon for a guide, we started early one morning, in company with an Englishman, whose acquaintance we had made in Caraccas. Our road lay over a rough mountain, covered with more fantastically-shaped varieties of cactus, cereus, agave, and aloe, than we had ever seen collected together before; the rich flowers of the latter, upon their tall larch-like stems, and the candelabra boughs of some of the former, mingled with piles of uncouth lichen-grown rock, gave a peculiarly grotesque aspect to the scenery. Descending into a long winding valley, our wild guide, mounted upon a raw-boned jackass, now led us along the bed of a rivulet, by which it was traversed, now by a path cut through the forest, till after surmounting several ridges in succession, we at length reached a mountain side, richly clad up to its summit with forest, and looking down into a valley filled with haciendas of coffee; another hill was beyond, and over this a fine view of the sea presented itself.

The farm of Fundacion, to which we were first led, we found much farther than we had expected, and as we had an engagement to dinner in Caraccas for the same evening, we had but little time to lose; we therefore hurried over a breakfast there, and remounted. The road being steep, and our pace brisk, our Caraccas friend, accustomed to a sedentary life, soon knocked up, and returned to the farm. Santa Cruz we found situated in a delightful valley; we were soon furnished with guides by the major domo or superintendent; but the distance of the farm to the first tree was still not trifling. After riding about a mile or two, the road became too steep for either horses or mules; we dismounted. The path was now the edge of a water-course, which, cut out of the rock, or built up at intervals of masonry, carried the waters of one of the lesser valleys in a winding course, down to irrigate the hacienda below, along the face of an abrupt cliff, whose fissures were filled with forest trees. After scrambling for above half a mile along the water-course, our guide pointed to the palo di vacca in midst of a hanging wood, whose lofty summits shut out the sun. The stem was about two and a half feet

in thickness, and shot up from seventy to a hundred feet into the air, where its foliage mingled with that of its neighbors, from which it was scarcely distinguishable at that height. We had chosen an unfavorable time for our visit to the vegetable cow: it was the dry season, and the moon was on the wane. The power of the moon upon the flow of the juices in the vegetation of the tropics, is well known—our cow was accordingly a bad milker; nevertheless, upon slashing the bark with a cutlass, out came the cream so as to be easily taken up with a spoon; with the exception of a slight clamminess, the cream was highly palatable, and said to be much used by the laborers of the farms during the season when the juices are abundant, when it is collected in bottles. The tree was said to be common in the forests around, and a grove of them was pointed out to us at the hacienda of Cotaoura, about half an hour further off, where the tree was to be seen in every stage of existence. Time, however, pressed; the guides made us many promises that they would bring in a bundle of young trees for us the next morning, to transfer to the gardens of the West India islands; however, the promises were forgotten, and the good Island of Tobago must still continue to put up with the milk of the goat and the animal cow. We returned to the Farm of Fundacion by a short cut, where we found our friend, still unwilling to move; in fact, he anticipated the pace at which we should return, and wisely waited for the cool of the evening. The grass was certainly not permitted to grow under our horses' heels; however, the animals not being knocked up before our arrival at the hotel, we were enabled to keep our engagement with the British Consul.

It was the time of the Carnival. We had anticipated a great deal of amusement in the idea that in so Catholic a city the festival would be kept with extraordinary vivacity. We were disappointed. The only observance consisted in a barbarous license exerted in the outskirts of the city, of deluging the passengers with water from syringes and garden forcing-pumps, and occasionally powdering the victims with flour while dripping from the first assault. These outrages were checked by the police in the better parts of the city, but respectable people were still cautious of appearing in the streets at the hour of dusk. The population of the British island of Trinidad have a far more civilized mode of observing their carnival; it is their season of masquerading, gayety, and gallantry.

To see the farm of Galipan, upon the opposite side of the range of the Silla, upon another occasion, afforded us an agreeable excursion from Caraccas. We started early one morning on foot, upon the erroneous supposition that the mountain was inaccessible for mules; the ascent was difficult, but the prospect from the different stages of the ascent extremely beautiful, in spite of the dryness of the weath-

er. The city lay below us, and the numerous villages of the plain, with their verdant valleys, were scattered around till lost among the distant succession of those mountains which we had already traversed in our journey from the Llanos. On the summit of the hill the forest is extremely rich in every variety of tropical foliage, and the wild strawberry is here gathered in profusion at the foot of the various palms. Surmounting the ridge, the ocean appeared at intervals through the rolling mists with which the base of the mountain was wreathed, and below us were the coffee-plantations of the hacienda, which seemed suspended over the sea, midway down the mountain sides. A path, very difficult of access, and impracticable without guides, leads from this ridge to the neighboring summits of the Silla. Descending the mountain in company with the proprietor of the farm, who had accidentally overtaken us, being himself mounted on a mule, we gladly accepted his invitation to breakfast. We found here strawberries in abundance, and numerous English vegetables, and the garden filled with roses, pinks, carnations, and lilies. The sun had set before we reached our hotel, where a large party were assembled, according to custom, playing billiards, drinking coffee, and discussing politics. We were listening to a variety of yarns, spun by an old English Venezuelan officer, upon the eternal subject of the war of independence, interspersed with republican declamation, when a buzz outside of the hotel drew every one to the balconies of the windows. It was the first appearance of the comet, whose brilliant tail, dashing across a third of the heavens, had startled Caraccas, ever since the day of her destruction in 1812 painfully susceptible of alarm at any unusual natural phenomena, from its customary repose. The commotion, commencing in terror, continued in admiration through half the night. It was a beautiful sight, and the pure atmosphere of Caraccas, on that night unmingled with a single cloud, gave a silvery splendor to the spectacle. The alarm of the inhabitants was the more natural, as the tidings of the earthquake at Guadaloupe and Antigua had but a short period before reached them. This catastrophe had occurred since we left the islands, and, as usual, the reports were so exaggerated by distance that we were uncertain whether the island that we had come from was yet above water. Report affirmed, after enumerating the fates of several other islands, that a brig, in sailing by, had seen a column of smoke and ashes hovering above the spot where Tobago once was.

Our last excursion in the neighborhood of Caraccas was through a highly-cultivated valley, where we put up at a hacienda where there were some mills lately established for shelling coffee for the English market. The process, they say, spoils the berry's flavor, though it improves its appearance, and procures for it a readier sale. The Venezuelan

planters in general cultivate their estates with a rigid attention to economy; having little or no capital wherewithal to work their farms, they are obliged to borrow from the money-lenders at an exorbitant interest, that nothing but this economy, which their naturally frugal habits render comparatively easy, could enable them to pay. The proprietors also reside on their farms, or are at least their own managers, in which they have the advantage over their more extravagant neighbors of the British West Indies. Amid the thick cultivation in the district around these mills, we found a very beautiful village crowning the summit of a group of hills. Here all the male inhabitants were eagerly employed in cock-fighting. It was Sunday, and some of our party remained so late watching the festivities of the peasantry, that it was dark before we assembled at the hacienda for dinner, and late ere we broke up; a young *etourdi* of our party having contrived to become extremely festive during the evening, retarded our homeward progress. The roads were frightfully steep even in the broad daylight, the distance considerable, and the drunken subject refractory. However, the light of the stars and of the comet assisting, he was found and picked up whenever he fell from his horse, and finally brought into Caraccas.

There are comparatively few English among the artisans or merchants of Caraccas; and, of all those who flocked over at one time, to fight in the service of the young republic, under the title of Patriots, but a small number survives. Nevertheless some few British officers are still in the service of Venezuela. Among those who have earned for their names a certain notoriety, are the Cacique of Poyais, M'Gregor, now stricken in years, but formerly a distinguished leader in the war of independence; and General Devereux, now blind, whose levies of patriots distinguished themselves by mutinying, because the pillage of the rich cities which their recruiting sergeants had promised them was withheld upon their arrival upon the coast, and who had previously much perplexed the authorities by claiming arrears of pay, when, as the historian of the war innocently observes, they had never any money for their own troops. The unmanageable foreigners were at length embarked and sent off to Jamaica, to be disposed of by the Governor, with the exception of some officers and volunteers who remained in the service of the republic.

One of the few survivors of the British battalion that earned so valorous a reputation at Carabobo, we found head-waiter, or major-domo at the Lion d'Oro. Caraccas might well spare a better man; having subdued the soldierlike vice of inordinate drunkenness, he had become a paragon of major domos, and upheld the affairs of the Lion d'Oro with distinguished zeal. His account of the battle which decided the fate of the re-

public, and of the motives which actuated the British troops on that day to combat with so much obstinacy, bore upon it the rude impress of truth. The British troops had been harassed by the warfare of the Llanos, totally at variance with their habits, and longed for repose. On the eve of the battle they saw plainly that if it was not won, there would be before them another years campaigning, up to their waists in water; and this they resolved to prevent if they could. The Venezuelan regiments were broken and routed at the commencement of the fray, "but the valorous strangers," as the historian observes, "deployed and formed line under a horrible fire, with a serenity that did not seem to belong to rational creatures." The officers were all killed or wounded, and the battalion reduced by more than half; but in the meantime the broken Venezuelans had rallied behind the foreign battalion, and returned to its support. The result was a complete victory, from which only one battalion of the Spaniards escaped. The congress were lavish of their praises and honors to the army and its chiefs. It was decreed that divers attic columns should be raised to the latter; but the funds of the republic being low, their names, instead of this, were in the meantime inscribed legibly upon various town-pumps, where they may yet be seen, attesting the exalted sense which a high-spirited people entertain of the heroism of the departed brave. The Britannic legion having received the distinction of being named the Legion of Corobobo, after the field of battle, was, however, disappointed in its hopes of obtaining rest. It was marched about till so few remained that the republic, disembarassed of such numerous claims, could afford to fulfil its magnanimous promises of pensions to the survivors.

NOVEL TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—*Ober Post Ampte Zeitung* has the following:—The surgical operations of Dr. Von Herff at present attract great interest here (Darmstadt). These operations have in several instances effected a decided cure in cases of tubercular pulmonary consumption, *phthisis tuberculosa*. The seat of the ulceration having been ascertained by means of the stethoscope, the matter is discharged outwardly by an incision being made in the cavity of the breast, penetrating the lungs. The cure is finally effected by medicine injected into the wound by a syringe. We have hitherto refrained from making known these operations, as we wish to await the results; but we are now enabled to affirm with confidence that in several instances the operations have obtained the most complete success, and in no case have been attended by any danger to life. We hope that Dr. Von Herff, after an extended series of experiments, will make the observations deduced from them the subject of a philosophic inquiry—*Athenæum*.

A NATIVE SOUTH AFRICAN TALE.

From the Asiatic Journal.

Two neighboring nations of the Bechuana race for some years carried on a war of extermination, during which unheard of cruelties were perpetrated by both parties. The name of the one nation was Barolong; that of the other Bakueni. On one occasion, an old warrior of the Barolong was traversing the borders of Bakueni, in the character of a spy, when he saw a young girl of that nation, daughter of the principal chief, gathering berries on the margin of the river, at a considerable distance from her father's hamlet. At this sight, the savage propensities of his nature were roused, and, creeping upon his hands and knees, unperceived until within a few paces of his victim, he sprang upon her, and, seizing her by the arms, cut off both her hands above the wrists with his assegai, tauntingly exclaiming, "*Ulla 'mpona kai? rumela!*" "Where shall you see me again? I salute you!" He then made off, before the cries of the poor bleeding girl could reach her friends in the village.

War ultimately produced its usual results, famine and misery, when both parties hastened to make peace, by slaughtering cattle and eating together, the Bechuana mode of ratifying a treaty.

The next season after the conclusion of peace, proved propitious to the Bakueni, and unpropitious to the Barolong. The former had an abundant crop of corn; but that of the latter was destroyed by swarms of locusts, which ravaged their gardens; and they were consequently driven to beg food from the people they once meant to destroy.

Among others, the old warrior was compelled to undertake a journey to the Bakueni in search of food. With a small bag, containing a little meal made from pounded locusts, intended for his sustenance on the journey, a pipe and tobacco, and a walking-stick in his hand, he took the road leading to the Bakueni; his progress was slow, his body being reduced to a mere skeleton by famine.

On arriving at the hamlet of the chief of the Bakueni, the old warrior entered the *laping*, or enclosure before the chief's house, near the door of which sat a female covered with a tiger-skin kaross, worn by no one but the *mo-fumngari*, or royal mistress; to her he addressed himself in the most abject terms, begging her to give him, a poor dog, a little food, for he was dying of hunger. She returned his salutation by saying, "*E! Ulla 'mpona kai? rumela!*" The old man did not advert to the import of these words, being stupified by hunger. A woman servant being at the time in the act of cooking food, her mistress desired her to take some out of the pot and put it into a dish; then, throwing open her kaross and uncovering her arms, she pointed with the stumps to the old warrior, saying "Give it to that man. He does not deserve it. It was he who cut off my hands when I

was a girl; but I will not retaliate: he is now starving. Little did he then think that we should thus meet." She added, "There, take and eat: *Ulla 'mpona kai? rumela!*"

The feelings of the old man may be imagined. The circumstance made a deep impression on the Barolong nation. To this day, a Barolong may be restrained from an unkind act by the oppressed party exclaiming, "*Ulla 'mpona kai? rumela!*"*

PUNCH'S CHARGE TO JURIES.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:—You are sworn in all cases, to decide according to the evidence; at the same time, if you have any doubt, you are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it. Suppose you have to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of a gentleman accused of felony. You will naturally doubt whether any gentleman would commit such offences; accordingly, however strong may be the testimony against him, you will, perhaps, acquit him. The evidence of your own senses is, at least, as credible as that of the witnesses; if, therefore, your eyesight convinces you that the prisoner is a well-dressed person, you have a right to presume his respectability; and it is for you to say whether a respectable person would be likely to be guilty of the crimes imputed to him. In like manner, when you see a shabby-looking fellow in the dock, charged, for example, with sheep-stealing, the decision rests with you, first, whether or not that individual is a ragamuffin; and, secondly, how far it is probable that a man of that description would steal sheep. Of course, as has been before said, you will always be guided by the evidence; but then, whether the evidence is trustworthy or not, is a matter for your private consideration. You may believe it if you choose, or you may disbelieve it; and whether, gentlemen of the jury, you will believe it or disbelieve it, will depend on the constitution of your minds. If your minds are so constituted that you wish to find the prisoner guilty, perhaps you will believe it; if they happen to be so constituted that you desire to find him not guilty, why then, very likely, you will disbelieve it. You are to free your minds from all passion and prejudice, if you can, and, in that case, your judgment will be unbiassed; but if you cannot, you will return a verdict accordingly. It is not, strictly speaking, for you to consider what will be the effect of your verdict; but if such a consideration should occur to you, and you cannot help attending to it, that verdict will be influenced by it to a certain extent. You are probably aware, that when you retire, you will be locked up till you contrive to agree. You may arrive at unanimity by fair discussion, or by some of you starving out the others, or by tossing up; and your conclusion, by whichever of these processes arrived at, will be more or less in accordance with your oaths. Your verdict may be right; it is to be hoped it will: it may be wrong; it is to be hoped it will not. At all events, gentlemen of the jury, you will come to some conclusion or other, unless it should so happen that you separate without coming to any.—*Charivari.*

* *Graham's Town Journal.*

THE LIBERATION WAR IN GERMANY.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review (October).

Was ich erlebte: aus der Erinnerung niedergeschrieben. (Events of my Life.)

VON HEINRICH STEFFENS. 7ter und 8ter Band. Breslau. 1843.

HENRY STEFFENS, by birth a Norwegian, now a professor in Berlin, is well known to the literary and scientific world as a natural philosopher and a novel writer of no vulgar mark. In the present volumes he has given us personal memoirs of his share of the great European movement made by the Germans against Napoleon in the years 1813 and 1814; and the value of the contributions thus made to the history of that important period, cannot, we think, be better expressed than in the following words of the author himself.

"Generally speaking," says he, "there is no literary undertaking more difficult than a genuine historical account of the wars of modern times. Since the art of war has become a regular science, the narration of wars assumes a character only too like the exposition of a fixed system; and as the battles themselves, whatever motives may influence them, are at bottom combats of military principles rather than of moral agents; so the account of them is apt to reduce itself to a mere dry detail of marches and counter-marches, of advancing and retreating armies, of the quantity of ammunition taken, and the number (often not at all to be depended on) of killed, and wounded, and taken prisoners; or it takes the shape of a regular scientific exposition, which annihilates all that is living and characteristic, and commands a sort of general interest only when something external and accidental interferes to modify the action of the scientific principle. In works of this kind, whatever is purely human appears as a disturbing element, and, where it cannot be altogether omitted, is only tolerated. The individual man, just because in his greatest moments he contains something mysterious and unfathomable, is rejected as incompatible with the ordered rigor of the system; every irregular outburst of vital poetry is inadmissible. Even that which is purely accidental, and beyond the control of human measurement, and which, were it let alone, might assume a character of sublimity, is often forced to appear on the historical stage as the result of a plan that, in fact, did not exist till after the victory was gained. In the narrations of Herodotus and Thucydides again these opposing elements interpenetrate one another, and are essentially one. Men are placed before us in earnest struggle for all that makes human existence valuable, and forces the heart of man to feel strongly for man; and this living centre of interest, amid

all the formal machinery of military circumstance, is never lost sight of. I have, accordingly, determined to relate my experience of German history, which my own narrow sphere, simply as I experienced it, with every personal feeling and relation as it arose within me or stood before me; and this method of treatment is likely to be satisfactory even to the already well-instructed reader, just in proportion to the disrespect shown to every thing merely personal by the modern historians. I have no inclination, of course, to detract from the high merits of those who have treated these matters systematically; but the simple narration of a man of letters, who took part in the struggle, when already advanced in life, will not be without an interest of its own."

These remarks express a feeling to which not Coleridge only and Carlyle, among recent British spokesmen, have given strong utterance, but which must have been felt, more or less, by almost every person of sentiment in these times who has read or attempted to read modern history. A good battle, well described, now and then may possess a pictorial and an artistical value, even when it wants a true human interest; but a series of battles, minutely described, can have merely a scientific interest to those by whom they are minutely studied; and are to the general reader (especially where plans are not supplied,) wearisome, and, except as an external result, valueless. Most cordially, therefore, do we agree with the professor as to the value of merely personal details as a supplement to the ponderous military and diplomatic records of modern history; and there is no English reader of Alison's ninth volume of 'European History'—not to speak of German—who will not willingly concede to Steffens the old man's privilege of talking copiously about himself, when himself is merely the introducer of such names as Gneisenau, and Scharnhorst, Marshal Blücher, and the Baron von Stein.

The two volumes which contain these patriotic reminiscences are the seventh and the eighth of a series, to which our readers have been already (No. lxi.) introduced. When noticing the first six volumes, we purposely eschewed all matter of a political nature, and confined ourselves, for the sake of unity, to a few gleanings of literary particulars, such as we thought might be interesting to the student of German literature. In the present supplementary notice we shall, for the same reason, reverse the procedure, and, excluding the literary and philosophical passages, confine ourselves to

what is purely political and patriotic; *military* we can hardly say, for the professor, with an instinct of good sense which does him credit, in these pages systematically avoids giving any opinion on matters which his speculative genius never fitted him to understand. The purely military reader, therefore, will expect nothing from the 'Erlebtes;' to him Clausewitz, and other sources, are open; while, on the other hand, those who love from the side-glances and chance-aspects of war, which the formal historian ignores, to supplement their ideas, not of military science, but of human nature, will find in the warlike professor's reminiscences some food convenient for them. At the same time we are forced, as honest critics, to repeat here the general censure which we already passed on the previous volumes, 'Es ist breit! gar zu breit!' When will the Germans learn to select and to arrange their materials, and to bring them within the compass of an ordinary English reader's patience? There are some of Tintoretto's pictures at Venice, where whole walls are so figured over with the swift impressions of a quick fancy and a ready hand, that the spectator for very multitude of objects can literally see nothing. Thus Steffens wearies the ear with a continuous hum of small voices, till it becomes utterly unfit to receive a distinct notice of a truly strong and heroic articulation. This voluminosity, however, is a vice not so much of Steffens, as of Germany; and we must even bear with it on condition that those Germans who choose to indulge themselves in it will at the same time supply the truly German book-virtue which is its antidote, an accurate and comprehensive index.

When we fix our eye on the war of 1813, in Germany, the first thing that strikes us is its singularly popular, and because popular, *personal* character. It is remarkable how much of the purely human and individual comes here gallantly and triumphantly into the foreground, casting not court and cabinet merely, but even diplomacy and tactics, strangely into the shade; inspiring them, at least, with a poetic soul that does not belong to them, and dressing them in a free and natural garb that seems borrowed rather from the pages of Homer than from the War-office of a modern ministry. As in the stout conflicts of the 'Iliad,' the 'Strong Diomedes,' and the 'lusty-roaring (*βονν αγαθος*) Menelaus' the delicate Aphrodite, and the furious Ares, gods

with mortals in one sublime fray struggle face to face and hand to hand, with all the freedom of a school-boy scuffle, unconscious of rank and file, and of all the perplexing detail of tactics and strategies; so the hot hussar, Marshal Blücher, the old man with the young heart; the glowing poet, Körner, with the sword in one hand, and the lyre in the other; Fichte, the philosopher of the iron will, and Jahn, the white-bearded prophet of gymnastics and Germanism, all come forward here, in the broad fulness and intense energy of their personal character, fighting as free men, not as professional soldiers—a group of most motly consistence, and most marked individuality, bound together for a season by the strength of one common feeling—the feeling of love to fatherland, and hatred of Napoleon. It is in vain, therefore, that a historian shall describe the liberation war in the same fashion that so many other wars of ancient and modern times may be described, by a detailed account of the campaign, and a skilful exhibition of the military movements. These form the principal matter in many wars, and, therefore, may justly claim the principal place in the historian's narration; but in the liberation war, the moral soul and popular character are the principal thing; and whoever has not known and valued this element, whoever has not brought it dramatically and prominently forward, has gilded the skeleton of the matter only, and brought forth a dead book. We make these remarks here to show more distinctly the proper value of such personal memoirs as those of Steffens, Arndt, Varnhagen, &c., in regard to a war of this kind, even when they furnish us with such merely incidental gleanings, and fragmentary personal notices, as those which we can gather from the present work. There is no author who furnishes us with fewer tangible and available independent facts of the war, than Henry Steffens; but there is none, if we except Arndt, in whom its inspiration glows more fervidly, who may be regarded as a fitter exponent of that moral power which God raised up in Germany, to overthrow the physical force dynasty of Napoleon.

We may commence our extracts by a few remarks of the professor on this very point—the peculiarly popular and national, moral and human, character of the war.

"In this war the matter at issue was not the mere supremacy of this or the other ruler, but

it was truly a mortal struggle for national existence; as little could it be called a war to maintain the balance of power. There was no balance of power to fight about: it had long ago vanished. It is not from the wars of the French revolution that we have to date the disturbance of the balance of power in Europe. So far as Germany was concerned, our true subjection dates from the peace of Westphalia: since then the predominance of France was decided: and the struggle that followed afterwards, if we except the wars of Frederick the Great, though here and there favorable, exercised no permanent influence in restoring Germany to its true position in Europe. The truth is that a nation, when morally conquered, can never pursue any external success to its legitimate consequences; political or military triumphs are mere delusions; and however humbling to France were the events that clouded the last days of Louis XIV., however weak that country appeared under Louis XV., the French still remained morally the masters of Europe. Germany, in particular, seemed altogether to have given up its right of thinking for itself: and in this unhappy country there was no higher honor than clumsily to imitate the French. At the courts of German princes the most worthless adventurer from Paris stood in the highest estimation; frieurs, ballet-dancers, and all sorts of cattle from the banks of the Seine, could make their fortunes among the higher circles of Germany, provided they only condescended to take office under the German barbarian. Nowhere in history had such an example of national self-abnegation been seen: of a voluntary subjection to foreign influence in a manner that could not but seem to signify to Europe a corresponding moral inferiority in the people thus forward to pass sentence upon itself. It was not till the victory of the encroaching enemy was complete, till decisive measures had been taken to choke every germ of national and independent spirit violently in the bud, that the original strength of the people began to show itself, and to start up with elastic impulse against the weight that oppressed it. The war was not of that kind, which, being engaged in at the mere external word of a master, is carried on by indifferent or unwilling combatants: it was a war that each individual honest mind in the country had determined on for itself, before a public declaration was made in the name of the community. As in the moral conflicts of the individual, the enemy makes one deceitful inroad after another, and argues his own case so plausibly, that the wavering soul is driven from one strong position to a weaker one: and now the invader seems to have obtained a firm footing in the stranger territory, when, at last, the decisive question presents itself, whether a rescue of the moral man be yet possible, or an unconditional surrender must be made? then the intended victim suddenly recognizes the enemy in all his hatefulness, and pierces with an eagle eye through every possible mask he can

assume; so in the political existence of the German people a critical moment had arrived: the question was put to all, stern, clear, decided: it was felt by all that nothing but an answer equally stern and decided could suit the emergency. It is well known, indeed, that a great part of Germany was still in league with Napoleon, that (as in the unhappy times of the thirty years' war), reduced and controlled by France, Germans fought against Germans; but there was an element of German feeling now alive that was utterly unknown in the seventeenth century. The relations of the old German empire were too perplexed to allow any thing like a national German feeling to assert itself; now, however, circumstances had brought out this feeling in great potency: the contrast between France and Germany was no longer doubtful. Napoleon's historical significance is based mainly on this, that, not merely externally by his conquests, but internally in every German bosom, he dissipated those fair Gallic delusions that had been accumulating and deceiving us for centuries, and thereby compelled every German to put to himself the question, whether he was prepared to surrender all claims to a separate national existence, or would not rather make one strong determined effort for self-preservation? This political crisis, assisted by a general popular regeneration, restored Germany to its station among the nations, and delivered Europe from the otherwise unavoidable danger of French ascendancy."

Such were the grand moral elements of the war, a war containing on a vastly greater scale all that renders the memory of Marathon sacred to the Greeks, of Bannockburn to the Scots. It is quite characteristic, therefore, to find Germany, at this period, shaking itself free, as by some new Heaven-imparted instinct, from those numberless strings and trappings of merely official authority through which it is wont to manifest its political existence. Our patriotic professor goes about at Breslau so early as December, 1812, and fired at once with sympathy for his captive friends at Cassel, with prophetic glimpses of the fatal precipitation of Napoleon from Moscow, and with copious potations of champaign, spouts politics vehemently before 'high persons,' alias councillors and privy councillors, nothing fearing; nay, becomes preacher and prophet, and disturbs the serenity of the fashionable 'salons' by denunciations against the pettifogging mercantile spirit of the present age, and instituting insidious comparisons between modern Berlin and Breslau and the ancient Hanse-towns, between living Rothschilds and Goldschmidts, and the Fuggers and Pirkheimers of an

age when the German *Kaiser* was, in Europe, what now the French *Empereur* only aspires to be." This was significant enough of the things that were soon to be: but after the full amount of the Russian catastrophe became plain; after Napoleon had reseated himself on his steed of pride at Paris, and proclaimed to Europe in his vaunting phrase that he was nothing the worse of his fall, but rather the better; after Frederick William had left Berlin, as if at a safe distance from French observance, to brew wrath for the maturity of the long expected revenge at Breslau; after a proclamation had been issued to the Prussian youth, to prepare themselves *en masse* for a great struggle, and all was ready for the combat, only that the enemy was not yet publicly named; then in the face of native bureaucratic decency on the one hand, and French diplomatic propriety (in the person of St. Marsan who had followed the king to Breslau) on the other, Henry Steffens, professor of natural philosophy in a provincial university, able to contain his fire no longer, took upon himself to declare war from the *cathedra*, in his own name, and in the name of the brave Breschen, against Napoleon. 'Meine Herren'—with these words he concluded his morning lecture,—'Gentlemen, it was my intention to have addressed you again in continuation of my present subject at eleven o'clock; but a subject of greater importance has presented itself on which it will be my duty on that occasion to speak. The king has issued, or is on the point of issuing, a proclamation, calling on the Prussian youth to arm themselves for the defence of their country. On this proclamation I mean to address you. Let this be known to your friends. The ordinary lectures delivered at that hour may be neglected: but that is of no consequence. The more of you that can come the better.' The strangeness of this announcement, the delivering of a political harangue from the *cathedra* of a German university, would have been enough at any time to have secured a numerous audience; but on the present occasion, excited as the public mind was, a universal ferment was the consequence. Before the half of the announced interval was expired, the lecture-room was crowded. The walls were scaled, the windows were besieged, the doors stood agape; on the corridor, on the stairs, in the street, the eager crowds were swarming. The situation of the professor with his swift-racing pulse, and fierce-heaving billowy

soul, during these two hours, was such as only such a German at such a time could understand.

"I felt myself stirred like a deep ocean in the inmost depths of my nature; now at length and under such circumstances was I to be disburdened of the mission that had lain on my conscience for five long years like lead. By God's grace I was to be the first that should publicly announce to my country, that now the day of rescue for Deutschland, for Europe was come: I was shaken in my inmost soul fearfully. In vain did I seek to bring order into my careering thoughts; I could mark out no definite plan for what I was to say: but spirits seemed to whisper to me, and promise me assistance; I longed for the end of this tormenting solitude. One only thought possessed me with the power of inspiration: 'How often hast thou lamented,' said I to myself, 'that thou hast been cast into this far corner of Germany; and this very extreme point has now become the centre of a great European movement that shall possess, that shall inspire, all; here, even in this little Breslau, is the starting point of a new epoch of history; and to the giant thoughts that are rolling in the bosoms of these thousands of thy countrymen, thou art now called to give voice.' Tears started from my eyes; I fell on my knees: and a prayer restored my composure. Thus prepared, I made my way through the crowd, and mounted the *cathedra*. What I spoke I cannot now say; even at the end of the address, had I been asked to do so, I should in vain have endeavored to recover the stream of thought and expression that had passed from me. It was the oppressive feeling of years passed in silent unhappiness that had here found an utterance; it was the warm feeling of the congregated throngs of fellow patriots that rested upon my tongue. What I spoke aloud was the silent word of all, and even because it was an echo of what was passing in the soul of every hearer, did it make a mighty impression. I concluded my address with a declaration that I had resolved myself to lead the way, and utter no words that were not to be followed by a deed; I had determined to join the volunteers. This said, I left the room, and was again in the solitude of my study. 'Das ist nun gethan,' said I to myself. 'This thing is done now,' and I breathed freely and was happy."

With such a vehement spirit of patriotic prophecy, Henry Steffens may well stand (after Fichte) as the European representative of the academic element—in Germany not the least noticeable—in the great struggle against Napoleon. The military element in the same struggle, so far as Germany is concerned, is expressed by Blücher and Scharnhorst; while the civil element finds its exponent in that strong wielder of the modern Agrarian axe, the Baron

von Stein. Of these men we have already (in the notice of Arndt's reminiscences, No. lxi., p. 169) given some masterly sketches from the bold brush of Stein's secretary: of inferior value, but not, therefore, worthless to the historian, are the following lines from Steffens:

"Blücher was in every view an incorrect phenomenon (eine incorrecte Erscheinung), but it was just in this incorrectness that his greatness consisted. He represented in his own character the altogether incommensurable nature of the present war; and for this very reason it is that, on a superficial consideration, it is as easy for his one-sided eulogists, by excessive praise of him, to cast all the other distinguished heroes of the war into the shade, as it is for his enemies to represent him as a mere empty phantom. The severe moralist, indeed, will find much to blame in Blücher, but he was not the less in his own person the intensive moral centre of the war. As placed against a man like Napoleon, the bold handler of a new system of tactics, Blücher cannot be viewed as a great constructive genius in war; at the same time, it cannot be denied, that in the capacity of a military leader he has gained himself immortal honor. In his discourse he seemed quite careless, and used every random word; his common talk was that of a rude, uncultivated officer of hussars, not of a great general; at the same time there were moments when, with the most perfect command of language, he broke out into strains of genuine military eloquence, such as no general of modern times has surpassed. He was, in fact, in every thing, in deed as in word, the man of the moment, but as such of unfathomable depth. The manner in which the moment seized him was quick and strong, and in this way he could suddenly fall into fits of despair, during which he considered every thing as lost; but this despair was with him a state of mind that vanished as quickly as it came, and seemed to serve only to give an additional spur to the great purpose of his life. This purpose was nothing less than the annihilation of Napoleon: the most decided hatred of this tyrant was united in his mind with the strong innate conviction that he was the man on whom this destined annihilation was laid, and feeling thus, he acted every where not so much on a well calculated plan as with the security of an instinct. In this respect he was as a soldier the exact antipodes of Napoleon. As this extraordinary man turned every phasis of the revolution to his own account, and from his earliest years knew how to command and to mould external circumstances, now in a narrower, and then in a more extended sphere, and with the utmost skill, out of the wild irregular deluge of the revolution, shaped the course of a regular and mighty river, which seemed in its wide-sweeping flow destined to annihilate all traces of distinct nationality among European men: so Blücher stood

forth as his adversary, with a character exactly the reverse; no man of calculating ambition, but a character strong in natural instinct and healthy vigor, full of youthful enthusiasm beneath gray hairs, and in his seventieth year. He came forward on the great European stage as if commissioned by Heaven for this purpose, to teach men that the most far-reaching schemes of the scheming are vain, wherever God has stirred the hearts of the nations deeply to act the mightiest epos of which humanity is capable."

These remarks tally admirably with that passage in Arndt's reminiscences,* wherein he describes the physiognomy of Blücher as expressing two diverse and adverse characters, the upper region the character of a god, the lower region that of a mortal. As described by both, what a fine Homeric strength and fire is there in that old hussar! not a modern slim, gentlemanly hero at all, but a genuine old Greek, *λασιολισι στηθεσι*, with a shaggy bosom, and raging with a wild warlike instinct, 'like to a flesh-devouring lion, or a wild boar whose strength is indomitable.'

Ξυκὸν ῥ' ἐπέσεν, λειοντινὸν ἰσχυρότερον ὄμοφαγοισιν
Ἡ σὺν αἰσχροῖσιν τῶντε σθένος οὐκ ἀλαπαδρῶν.

Or as the modern song has it:

"At Latzen impatient he headed the van,
Like a strong young lion, the old veteran;
There the Teut first taught the hot Frenchman to bleed,
By the altar of Freedom, the stone of the Swede."

How different, and yet how marked with every best German element, is the character of Scharnhorst! a man with less of a healthy popular breadth, but more of meditative profoundness, more comprehensive slowly to scheme and to combine, but less effective suddenly to strike. Scharnhorst, as he is described in the following passage, and by Arndt, is a fine specimen of German manhood, full of silent thought, energy, and endurance; but in the external of manner careless and even awkward, in expression slow, and, it may be, somewhat formal.

"Scharnhorst in his exterior was any thing but a soldier, he looked rather like an academic man in uniform. When I sat beside him on the sofa, his calm style of talking reminded me of a certain famous professor. His attitude was then one of the greatest ease and carelessness; crouching forward often in that peculiar fashion which is so often observed in bookish men; and when he spoke, his expressions were those of one quite absorbed in the

* 'F. Q. R.,' vol. xxxi., p. 176.

subject of his meditation. This was always a subject of importance; and though he spoke with the greatest slowness and deliberation, his discourse had an irresistible power of attraction, and gained, after a short time, not only the interest but the entire confidence of his auditors; nay, commanded them so completely, that even the most passionate person, although opposed to him in opinion, was forced to follow the flow of his discourse with silent attention. His opponents felt themselves compelled by sheer force of reason to yield up the shallowness of their own opinions to the thoroughness and comprehensiveness of his; and even when they could not prevail on themselves to adopt his views, they had not the courage to give a free utterance to their opposition.

"We read of a papal legate who was sent from Rome to Paris to negotiate a matter with Napoleon at a time when the emperor was making demands on the pope, which his holiness had resolved absolutely to reject, and this negotiator, it is said, by the sheer obstinacy of his opposition, brought the emperor to perfect desperation. After a prolonged interview, Napoleon suddenly left the chamber of audience in a rage, and ordered the legate to remain till he came back. He shut the door as he went out, and not returning again till the evening, thought that weariness and hunger would by this time have made the legate more conciliatory; but when, after a short apology, the interview was resumed, the churchman, without taking any notice of the apology, recommenced the conversation at the very point where it had been interrupted, and continued to talk coolly as if no break had taken place. Something after the same manner, though under infinitely more sublime circumstances, did Scharnhorst behave. Whatever, after ripe deliberation, he had resolved against Napoleon, this he never gave up; the calm obstinacy of his character commanded the whole struggle, even when he seemed to yield; the victorious adversaries felt this, and feared their enemy most when he seemed vanquished.

"In this constancy, indeed, of a great national feeling, the future destiny of Prussia, when overwhelmed by the greatest weight of external evils, seemed to rest secure and wait for the expected moment of a triumphant development; this was the last moral fortress that never yielded, of which the governor knew the perilous condition, and saw with ever open eye the approaching dangers; but he saw, also, the strength of his position, and the unconquerable fidelity of those whom he set into activity, whose whole being he controlled and guided, whom his presence continually inspired, not with a consuming fire of passion, but with the calm, penetrating, and cherishing light of life. In this way the war against France had continued even under the aspect of the most complete subjection. The people armed themselves in all quarters, under the eyes of the enemy, and Scharnhorst, who re-

presented the national conscience, was, of all men, most deeply shocked when he saw himself forced by circumstances into the position of siding, externally, with his sworn enemies. Thus conscience in good men always speaks the louder the deeper they sink: and the greatest fall produces the keenest remorse, but at the same time the most decided power of a renovated life.

"There were few who knew the full extent of what Scharnhorst did for Germany. His activity was greatest in secret; not, however, that there was any aspect of timidity about it, it was on the contrary strong, silent, and unconquerable. But it was only the great generals and soldiers of the highest cast who knew perfectly what he was, and looked to him constantly as to the living, unvarying, central point of the struggle. And thus even beyond the bounds of Prussia, in the mightiest states of Europe abroad, as well as among the traitorous friends of the enemy at home, his influence where it was not seen was felt, and known secretly where it was not publicly acknowledged.

Scharnhorst, it is well known, fell at the very commencement of the great struggle which he had been so long silently preparing, in the battle of Lützen, or Gross-Götschen as the Germans call it. Had it not been for this circumstance, British gossip might have been as familiar with him as it is with the stout old hero of the Katzbach, and his moustaches. There is another name still to complete the triumvirate; a name that England knows less than it ought, but whom Prussia can never cease to look up to with even greater gratitude than to Blücher. It is the Baron von Stein, the emancipator of the Brandenburg boors, the promulgator of an Agrarian law more bold than any that the Gracchi ever conceived, the most radical reformer and bloodless revolutionist that modern history has to name. The following extract exhibits, most characteristically, the remarkable German, who did more for fatherland than any of her most devoted patriots, and yet was never weary of flinging rudely in her face, as a matter of reproach, that faculty, by the exercise of which, she stands proudly pre-eminent above all other nations—the faculty of speculation. Stein was an Englishman in mental character more than a German; and thus far, certainly, he was right; the moment called aloud not for a thought but for a blow, not for a Schelling and a Görres, so much as for a Blücher and a Stein.

"Those who knew Stein, knew also that the only way to meet him was with a decided

front, otherwise one was sure to be overwhelmed. He attacked me, too, on one of his favorite themes; but I was happily prepared to meet him, and the more stoutly I gave him battle to-day, the more did he seem inclined to renew the combat to-morrow. He, the mighty man of the direct deed ('der mächtige Mann der unmittelbaren That'), who pierced through the moment there, as it lay before him, and commanded it, was, or at least was wont to express himself as, the enemy of all speculation, and attacked me with the most pitiless energy, as the representative of German metaphysics. I accepted the challenge. I was several times invited to dine with him at Dresden: I and Maurice Arndt were the only guests. 'Your constructions *a priori*,' said he, 'are mere words, a pitiful school jargon, and made for no purpose so much as to cripple every deed that is worth the doing.' 'Your excellence,' replied I, 'will be pleased to observe, that though I were given to construct systems *a priori* (which qualification, however, I deny). I, at least, construct them in a practical direction; how otherwise would I be standing here now in this uniform before you? But the endeavor to bring one's whole experience, both of inward emotions and outward facts, under the category of what may properly be called *knowledge*; the striving to give an intellectual unity to the complex phenomena of which the thing called our life is made up; this is not an arbitrary product of one mind or the other, but it is a national and truly German tendency; and if my friend Schelling, at the present moment, commands the public mind in Germany, he does so only because he commands the domain of speculation.' 'Yes, I know well enough,' said Stein, 'I know our German youth is incurably infected with this fever of empty speculation; the German has an unfortunate instinct that leads him to grope in abstract corners; and it is for this reason that he never understands the present moment, and has, accordingly, always fallen an easy prey to the cunning aggressor from without.' 'Tis quite true,' retorted I, 'that our students are given to speculation; but all the young men have not followed me to the war; and I should wish you to inquire, whether the greatest speculators are those who have staid at home, or those who are here with me. I guess all the 'incurably infected' have come with me. Or what public men have come more boldly forward on the present occasion, than that Castor and Pollux of our philosophical world, the twin arch-speculators, Fichte and Schleiermacher? Your excellency will forgive me for saying it, but it is possible that the tendency to useless abstract speculation may assiat even where an outward war is carried on against it; and yourself, at this present moment, might certainly be judged a most unpractical person to overlook in your estimate of the moral materials before you in Germany, a thing, which, whether you approve it or not, is and must be an essential element of the national mind.'

This was plain enough, and the baron looked a little angry at first, but speedily recovering his composure, replied with a smile, 'After all, the fault is with myself, a practical man, and speculating by the ell here with a mere speculator about speculation.'

In this direct-hitting, thoroughly practical Prussian baron we seem to recognise the type of a new phasis of the German mind, whose first appearance dates from this very era of the Liberation war. Before that era, whether in the artistical voluptuousness of Goethe, the vast intellectual mensuration of Kant, or the wild and brilliant careerings of Richter, we find every thing in German literature, only not what is directly practical and political. The year 1813, however, with its terrible severity of battle, and glorious but dearly earned laurels, gave a definite, practical, and political direction to the lawless bickerings and random undulations of the German soul; the cosmopolite became a patriot, the artist a historian, and the philosopher a politician. This change in the national cast of thought brought along with it naturally a change in the style and expression of the national literature; the formal and academic, the involved, unwieldy, and perplexed, yielded to the clear, the direct, the vigorous, and the flexible, in language. The Breslau 'Naturphilosoph,' when he doffed the gown and donned the cloak, indicated unconsciously to himself a change from the speculative to the practical, which the whole nation was destined to make; and if the new character be as yet only partially adopted, and imperfectly sustained by the general mass, this is but natural, and was prefigured also in the first martial experiments of the professor. 'Aller Anfang ist schwer,' says the proverb; 'a new trade is always difficult.' Of this, the following account of Steffens' doings at the battle of Lützen affords characteristic evidence.

"On the evening of the 1st of May I sat, anxious, and full of expectation, alone in a hut; although I felt a deep interest in the issue of the approaching contest, I was by no means in good spirits, and must, alas! confess that what disquieted me was something purely personal. I had been violently taken out of my former narrow sphere, and transplanted, as it seemed, into a wider one; but my present position, unfortunately, was one of which I was utterly ignorant. Yes, to that moment I had during my whole life been absolute master of my own occupation, now I had to submit to the thought of another as an instrument to carry it into execution; but in the first place, I knew

not what that thought was, nor what peculiar sphere of activity it would shape out for me; and in the second place, even when set in motion, I knew not whether I might not prove more a hindrance than a help in a situation so strange to me. To act cheerfully as an instrument in the hands of others, the individual must, at least, know his relation to the whole of which he is a part; but I felt myself suddenly, and in a moment the most critical for the cause I had espoused, transported into the midst of a bustling activity of which I knew neither the scope nor the detail; every body was busy around me, I alone had nothing to do: no one spoke to me, for to me no one had any thing to say. There is something terribly humiliating in such a situation; the accumulated patriotic longings of years had now worked themselves up to a climax, and nevertheless seemed destined, on the very verge of the perfect deed, to end in powerlessness. I paced restlessly up and down the little room, when a horse at full gallop stopped before my quarters. Its rider hastily entered, and delivered into my hands a letter from Scharnhorst; I expected an order. Has he at length, thought I, succeeded in getting me some definite employment for this important day? Between hope and fear I unsealed the letter.

"Lieber Steffens," said he, "I am sorry that I must ask back from you the horse which I lent you; and I lament much that you will thereby be put out of condition for taking any share in the impending battle. It is the horse which I am accustomed to ride on critical occasions; you must, therefore, be content to wait, in the rear of the army, the expected good issue of the battle." I delivered him the horse, and my situation was now more comfortable than ever. One thing was plain, I must appear upon the field of battle. Otherwise I would have been perfectly affronted, and have felt myself incapable of showing my face with any honor in the future course of the war. I hear the name of the village in which the Jäger battalion of the guard was quartered; there was a full mile between me and it; I lost no small time before I could find a guide, and when I arrived daylight was fast approaching. The commander of the battalion was asleep, but I caused him to be roused, and adjured him to put me in a condition to get a horse. He complied, and I was led to a boor, who, however, at first stoutly opposed the requisition. At length however he yielded, and produced the animal! It was a sorry bay, an old, lean, broken-down cart-horse; the haunch bones stood out like two steep rocky walls—the ribs could be counted. I swung myself into a miserable saddle that the boor drew out of a lumber-room, and bestrode the deep-hollowed backbone of the brute; it required great exertion to set the stiff legs into motion; hard and stubborn, it had long lost all feeling for bit and bridle. Never did Prussian knight appear more laughably and strangely mounted. The valise, which

had hitherto been carried by the guide, was now strapped on behind me; but I had much ado before I could stimulate the unwieldy beast into a trot. In the meantime I was utterly ignorant in what direction the field of battle lay. The day began to dawn, and I discovered some troops in the distance; in my ignorance I could not tell whether they were the enemy's men or our own; but I rode up to them, and reached a wide field, sloping gradually upwards. Here I discovered Prussian infantry forming a long front. How it happened I cannot say; but before I knew, my horse was standing in front of the line, and directly in the way of the advancing troops. A noble-looking officer, who could not but be surprised at the sight of so strange a cavalier, came with an angry look towards me, and cried out, 'Was Teufel haben Sie hier zu thun?' (What the devil business have you here?) In Altenburg General York had been pointed out to me—and full of terror, I now recognized him; I was unable to answer a word; but I have a dim recollection of endeavoring, for some minutes in extreme desperation, to make the stubborn brute move from the spot. How I at length got out of the way I don't know. When on a future occasion I made the personal acquaintance of this great general, I informed him under what circumstances I had first encountered him and he was vastly delighted. After much riding about and interrogating, I found Scharnhorst. 'Keep close by me,' said he; and Lieutenant Greulich, one of his adjutants, had the goodness to give me the horse of one of his baggage-wagons. It was now about mid-day; the battle commenced, but I had no idea whatever of the position of our own or our enemy's troops. The roar of the canon was heard in all directions; but the enemy, posted probably behind the village of Gross-Görschen, I could nowhere discover.

"I rode beside Gneisenau, among the officers who formed the escort of Marshal Blücher. The enemy stood in front of the village; a cavalry attack on our side took place, and I was all at once in the midst of a shower of balls. Prince Henry's horse was shot beneath him. The attack was repulsed. How I at first came into the attack—how I again got out of it, I never knew. Only one thing I remember—the impression which the grape shot of the enemy made on me. I felt as if the balls were coming from all directions towards me in thick masses—as if no one could possibly escape—as if I were in the midst of a violent shower of rain, and yet somehow or other was not wet. At the same time, I cannot say that I was in the least affected by fear; the whole affair seemed to me rather strange and curious than terrible. Gneisenau was quite in his element; almost merry. After the attack I received from him a commission to General Wittgenstein; what it was I don't exactly remember: but now began the dark side of that day for me. I rode on; I looked round about

me; a heavy cannonade from the enemy was going on in all quarters. I did not know where I might find Wittgenstein. Every thing about me appeared in confusion, and covered as with a dark veil. I felt a mysterious quaking; a strange undulation shook my inmost frame. became more apparent; it was evident that I was under the influence of the cannon fever; however, I found Wittgenstein, executed my commission, and returned to Gneisenau. Here I found every thing in motion. Every man had his appointed employment, and knew his relative position, only I was without any definite occupation, and no one concerned himself about me; thus situated the feeling of my powerlessness overcame me, and I was conscious that I must appear in my present place as a supernumerary spectator. I heard that Scharnhorst had been carried away wounded from the field of battle. Gneisenau had disappeared; the others were strangers to me, and I quickly found myself alone, with the balls of the enemy whistling around me."

One is most tempted, in reading this, to agree with Görres, who, when Steffens met him at Coblenz, after the battle of Leipzig, did not scruple to express his disapprobation of the professor's military recreations altogether; for, 'der Gelehrte,' said he, 'ist verpflichtet sich für sein geistiges Werk zu erhalten.' (It is the duty of the man of letters to spend and be spent only in the cause of letters.) And to the same purpose Schelling would frequently add a postscript to his letters to Steffens, 'Wozu und warum solten wir uns in die Verirungen der Welt hineinstürzen? Ist doch unser Reich nicht von dieser Welt.' (Wherefore, and for what purpose, should we plunge ourselves into the perplexities of this world? Our kingdom is not of this world.) But the benefit which an academic man like Steffens conferred on his country, by taking part in the military movement of the times, consisted not so much in the amount of his individual services in the field, as in the moral influence of his presence and example. The presence of so many distinguished volunteers was, to the professional soldier, a continual living remembrancer, that in this war not a common point of international policy, or the mere military point of honor, but the dearest interest, the very existence of fatherland, was at stake; and when we bear in mind how gallantly the raw militiamen at Dennewitz carried the day over the experienced French soldiery, we shall, perhaps, be inclined to think that even the most unmilitary Professor Steffens, on his scraggy Rosinante, stumbling on before the front line of General York's advancing columns, was not there altogether without a purpose.

The Prince of the Asturias, Eldest Son of Don Carlos, and the proposed Husband of the Queen of Spain, &c. By F. F. Ivers, Esq., of the Middle Temple. Pp. 28. Hatchard and Son.

This pamphlet, setting forth the desirableness of a union between the young Queen of Spain, at present a mere puppet in the hands of others, and the Prince of the Asturias, contains many particulars concerning the latter, of considerable interest, and not generally known in England. It may, indeed, be considered as a manifesto of all that can be said on the part of the prince for the expediency of this marriage. Viewing anarchy and revolution in Spain as most dangerous to neighboring and restless France especially, and to all the nations of Europe eventually, Mr. Ivers describes the Carlos party as still numerous and strong, whilst the Liberals are split into a thousand factions; and contends for a compromise, by uniting all the moderate people of the country, and establishing a constitutional government under this royal pair. The Prince, it is stated, was educated by the Rev. Hardinge Ivers, a brother of the author, fully competent to the important task of forming a future king; and his portraiture is thus given:

"Providence seems to have formed the Prince of the Asturias for the high station to which he would be called, were the statesmen of the day to consult the true interests of Spain, and which, in spite of their neglect, and in spite of the temporary triumph of the enemies of his family, he is yet pretty sure to occupy, some day or other, sooner or later. Many things have contributed to mature his mind, which is naturally sagacious and sedate. Adversity led the son of Don Carlos, when young, into countries very different from his own; and of those who know his royal highness, not one will say that its lessons have been lost upon him. Matter-of-fact and business-like, he has applied himself to those sciences which are not often the study of princes, and which yet, in these days of commercial power, are so essential to the man destined to take a lead in public affairs. The Prince of the Asturias saw the fallen state of his own country, and he observed the flourishing and progressing state of the countries around her; and he resolved to master the problem of the causes of the difference. Statistical and commercial science, politics, and history, have always been his favorite study; and the writer of these pages was struck, some years ago, when the prince was very young, with his questions on commercial and financial facts respecting England, and his evident familiarity with such subjects: displaying in his youthful eagerness a more noble ambition than that which prompted Alexander in his warlike inquiries the Persian ambassadors.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BONE-CAVE. — The Westmoreland Gazette gives an account of a bone-cave recently explored on an eminence looking upon Morecombe Bay. The details as yet possess little scientific particularity; but a number of bones have been found, said to belong to the hyena, wolf, and other extinct animals, and forwarded to a distinguished zoologist for examination. The length of the cavern is estimated at about 60 feet, and it appears to have been formed by a geological rift in an age long past.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A RADICAL.

From the Quarterly Review.

Passages in the Life of a Radical. By Samuel Bamford. Third Edition. Printed for the Author. 2 vols. 12mo. Heywood. 1843.

MR. SAMUEL BAMFORD—bred, it seems, among the Methodists, and for a short time in very early life a sailor—was one of those Lancashire weavers whom the eloquence of Cobbett and the impudence of Hunt seduced into premature Radicalism shortly after the close of our protracted warfare against revolutionary France. He was twenty-nine years of age when his name began to attract notice among the patriotic clubs of his district; but had he been only *nineteen* we should be at a loss to account for a gross misstatement with which he opens his Narrative. He alleges that all was quiet among the northern operatives until the Corn Laws were altered in 1815. Is it possible that he can have forgotten the whole series of tumults and trials—and alas! executions—that occurred in the manufacturing districts between 1810 and 1815? He is a poet—has he forgotten what was the subject of Lord Byron's maiden speech in the House of Peers? Has he forgotten the memorable 'Rejected Addresses' of that same year—'one thousand eight hundred and twelve'—

'What made the baker's loaf and Luddites rise,
And filled the butchers' shops with large blue
flies?' &c.

But if Mr. Bamford had used a very little reflection, he must have perceived the inconsistency between his own statement of the cause of the turmoil, and his own enumeration of its leaders. Were Hunt and Cobbett first heard of at the time of the Liverpool Corn Bill? Is it not notorious to all the world that these persons had been indefatigable in the excitement of political disaffection for many years before the downfall of Bonaparte?—that they had acquired, long before there was any thought of a new Corn Bill, that influence over multitudes of their fellow-citizens which happened to pull Bamford into its vortex when the Corn Bill was the favorite cry, but which would have been the same, except as to some of its pretences and symbols, although the war had proceeded, and the Corn Laws remained as they were in the days of Tilsit?

But we are not about to enter on a controversy, either historical or political, with

Mr. Bamford. On all the questions connected with the years 1816-1820, which he treats of, or alludes to, this Journal long ago expressed opinions from which we have never seen the least reason to depart. We have the fortune, or misfortune, to hold that the maintenance of the agriculture of this country is the very first duty of the government and the legislature; and among all the dangers which we foresaw from 'Parliamentary Reform,' not one appeared to us at the time, or appears now, more serious than the increase of strength which such a change in the constitution must give to the domestic enemies of our primary domestic industry—that which is the basis and safeguard of all the rest. On the last of these great questions Mr. Bamford thought, and thinks, diametrically otherwise. As to Parliamentary Reform, his opinions seem to have undergone a considerable change since 1820. He is still, indeed, a Reformer, and would fain be a sweeping one; but the lessons of experience have not been entirely thrown away upon a man of great natural shrewdness, and many upright and amiable feelings. Whatever Mr. Bamford's theoretical notions of political perfection may be, he has had motives and means for watching sedulously the doings of his own time, and arrived at the conviction that no real good can ever be achieved through such men and such arts as he has seen prominently connected, in every successive stage, hitherto, with the political disturbances of England. We shall quote by and by some striking passages on this head: but our principal object is to make our readers acquainted with his personal history in its stormiest season, and especially with some of his very clever sketches of the Reformers of the Regency period, and of the modes of life in the districts which they agitated and perverted, to the ruin of many well-meaning people, and to the ultimate benefit, not even of themselves—not even of one among them.

Mr. Bamford, writing apparently from scanty notes, after the lapse of two-and-twenty years, is not very bountiful of dates: but we gather that, having earned some distinction in his own town of Middleton, near Manchester, as a writer of anti-bread-tax songs and a speaker at a branch 'Hamden club,' held in a Methodist meeting-house, he was one of the Lancashire delegates sent to London about the opening of the Session 1815-16, to watch over the fate of a petition for radical reform and universal

suffrage about to be presented to the House of Commons.

At an evening assemblage in the Crown and Anchor, Mr. Bamford first saw some of the metropolitan lights—especially Mr. Cobbett, to whose 'Register' he had owed his earliest enthusiasm for reform—and Mr. Henry Hunt, Orator, whom at this time he revered, and whom in the sequel he understood.

'This was an event in my life. Of Mr. Hunt I had imbibed a high opinion; and his first appearance did not diminish my expectations. He was gentlemanly in his manner and attire; six feet and better in height, and extremely well formed. He was dressed in a blue lapelled coat, light waistcoat and kerseys, and topped boots; his leg and foot were about the firmest and neatest I ever saw. He wore his own hair; it was in moderate quantity, and a little gray. His features were regular, and there was a kind of youthful blandness about them, which, in amicable discussion, gave his face a most agreeable expression. His lips were delicately thin, and receding; but there was a dumb utterance about them which in all the portraits I have seen of him was never truly copied. His eyes were blue or light gray—not very clear, nor quick, but rather heavy; except, as I afterwards had opportunities for observing, when he was excited in speaking; at which times they seemed to distend and protrude; and if he worked himself furious, as he sometimes would, they became blood-streaked, and almost started from their sockets. Then it was that the expression of his lips was to be observed—the kind smile was exchanged for the curl of scorn, or the curse of indignation. His voice was bellowing; his face swollen and flushed; his gripped hand beat as if it were to pulverize; and his whole manner gave token of a painful energy, struggling for utterance.

'Thomas Cleary, the secretary to the Hampden Club, was also in the room; he was perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, about middle stature, slightly formed, and had warmth and alacrity in his manner, which created at once respect and confidence. He was, and I have no doubt is yet, if he be living, worthy of, and enjoying the esteem of all who know him. Hunt ferociously traduced his character at a subsequent election for Westminster, but the shame recoiled on the calumniator.

'Cobbett I had not seen before. Had I met him any where save in that room and on that occasion, I should have taken him for a gentleman farming his own broad estate. He seemed to have that kind of self-possession and ease about him, together with a certain bantering jollity, which are so natural to fast-handed and well-housed lords of the soil. He was, I should suppose, not less than six feet in height; portly, with a fresh, clear, and round cheek, and a small gray eye, twinkling with good hu-

mored archness. He was dressed in a blue coat, yellow swansdown waistcoat, drab kersey small-clothes, and top-boots. His hair was gray, and his cravat and linen were fine, and very white. In short, he was the perfect representation of what he always wished to be: an English gentleman-farmer.'—Vol. i. p. 18.

We never studied Mr. Hunt's 'gentlemanly manner and attire' so attentively as Mr. Bamford seems to have done. We remember that he had one of the most melodious, as well as most powerful, voices we ever heard, and that the House of Commons when he entered it, listened with wonder and merriment to the then unusual vulgarity of his tones and phrases. He looked and spoke like a butcher of the prize ring. The picture of Cobbett is very good.

We have no desire to dwell on some dark passages in the early life of the noble and gallant person to whom we are next introduced. It must be sufficiently in the recollection of most readers that some few years before this time Lord Cochrane was expelled from the House of Commons in consequence of his having been tried and found guilty on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Stock Exchange; on which unhappy occasion he was also struck off the Navy List, and degraded from the Order of the Bath. These circumstances naturally endeared and exalted him in the eyes of the Westminster electors; and he was now again in Parliament, foremost of the aristocratical 'friends of the people,' and delighted to be the organ of the Manchester and Middleton constitution-menders.

'On the day when parliament was opened, a number of the delegates met Hunt at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross; and from thence went with him in procession to the residence of Lord Cochrane, in Palace Yard. . . There had been some tumult in the morning; the Prince Regent had been insulted on his way to the House, and this part of the town was still in a degree of excitement. We were crowded around and accompanied by a great multitude, which at intervals rent the air with shouts. Now it was that I beheld Hunt in his element. He unrolled the petition, which was many yards in length, and it was carried on the heads of the crowd, perfectly unharmed. He seemed to know almost every man of them; and his confidence in, and entire mastery over them, made him quite at ease. A louder huzza than common was music to him; and when the questions were asked eagerly, "Who is he?" "What are they about?" and the reply was, "Hunt! Hunt! huzza!" his gratification was expressed by a stern smile. He might be likened to the genius of commo-

tion, calling forth its elements, and controlling them at will. On arriving at Palace Yard, we were shown into a room below stairs, and whilst Lord Cochrane and Hunt conversed above, a slight and elegant young lady, dressed in white, and very interesting, served us with wine. She is, if I am not misinformed now Lady Dundonald. At length his Lordship came to us. He was a tall young man; cordial and unaffected in his manner. He stooped a little and had somewhat of a sailor's gait in walking; his face was rather oval; fair naturally, but now tanned and sun-freckled; the expression calm and self-possessed. He took charge of our petitions, and being seated in an arm-chair, we lifted him up and bore him on our shoulders across Palace Yard, to the door of Westminster Hall; the old rafters of which rung with the shouts of the vast multitude outside.'—Vol. i. pp. 19, 20.

Before the debate Mr. Bamford and his colleagues paid a visit to the late Sir F. Burdett, who even thus early seems to have shown some symptoms of coldness and suspicion.

'A number of us went one morning to visit Sir Francis at his house in Park-place. The outside was but of ordinary appearance; and the inside was not much better, so far as we were admitted. To me it seemed like a cold, gloomy, barely furnished house; which I accounted for by supposing that it was perhaps the style of all great mansions. We were shown into a large room, the only remarkable thing in which was a bust of John Horne Tooke. Sir Francis came to us in a loose gray vest coat, which reached far towards his ankles. He had not a cravat on his neck; his feet were in slippers; and a pair of wide cotton stockings hung in wrinkles on his long spare legs, which he kept alternately throwing across his knees, and rubbing down with his hands, as if he suffered, or recently had, some pain in those limbs. He was a fine-looking man, on the whole, of lofty stature, with a proud but not forbidding carriage of the head. His manner was dignified and civilly familiar; submitting to, rather than seeking, conversation with men of our class. He, however, discussed with us some points of the intended Bill for Reform, candidly and freely; and concluded with promising to support universal suffrage, though he was not sanguine of much co-operation in the house. Under these circumstances we left Sir Francis; approving of much that we found in him and about him, and excusing much of what we could not approve. He was one of our idols and we were loth to give him up.

'Still I could not help my thoughts from reverting to the simple and homely welcome we received at Lord Cochrane's, and contrasting it with the kind of dreary stateliness of this great mansion and its rich owner. At the former place we had a brief refection, bestowed with a grace which captivated our respect;

and no health was ever drunk with more sincere good-will than was Lord Cochrane's; the little dark-haired and bright-eyed lady seemed to know it, and to be delighted that it was so. But here scarcely a servant appeared; and nothing in the shape of refreshment was seen.'—Vol. i. pp. 21, 22.

We have no doubt this is a fair sketch of Mr. Bamford's impressions. Sir Francis was the representative of one of the very highest families in England—far nobler than nine-tenths of the peerage—with education, accomplishments, manners, tastes, and personal habits in all respects suitable to his station, and with natural talents which would have made him a distinguished man in any condition of life. His family had been Jacobites—certain democratical theories, which Bolingbroke started in the bitterness of his baffled self-seeking, had left their traces—and the accident of personal intercourse with so captivating a companion as Horne Tooke was likely enough to work on the feelings of a very young gentleman, thus hereditarily indisposed to the existing Government. He took up the theory of Parliamentary Reform, and during a long course of years did and suffered more for what he believed to be the cause of the People than any other contemporary, of any class whatever; but by the people he understood the nation: and accordingly, so soon as events developed the truth that the so-called cause of the people was only the cause of envy, hypocrisy, and injustice, he acted in a manner worthy of his name and his courage, and dignified his old age by earning the deepest resentment of those who would fain have had him for their tool in mischief, and their accomplice in plunder. His political life well deserves to be recorded in detail: it would be a most interesting and instructive history.

We proceed to the debate in the House of Commons:—

'I well recollect, though I cannot describe, all the conflicting emotions which arose within me as I approached that assembly, with the certainty of now seeing and hearing those whom I considered to be the authors of my country's wrongs. Curiosity certainly held its share of my feelings; but a strong dislike to the "boroughmonger crew" and their measures, held a far larger share. After a tough struggle at elbowing and pushing along a passage, up a narrow staircase, and across a room, I found myself in a small gallery, from whence I looked on a dimly-lighted place below. At the head of the room, or rather den, for such it appeared to me, sat a person in a

full loose robe of, I think, scarlet and white. Above his head were the royal arms richly gilded; at his feet several men in robes and wigs were writing at a large table, on which lamps were burning, which cast a softened light on a rich ornament like a ponderous sceptre of silver and gold, or what appeared to be so. Those persons I knew must be the Speaker and the Clerks of the House; and that rich ornament could be nothing else than the "mace"—that same thing, or one in its place, to which Cromwell pointed and said, "Take away that bauble; for shame—give way to honest men." On each side of this pit-looking place, leaving an open space in the centre of the floor, were benches one above another; and on these benches sat some three or four hundred of the most ordinary-looking men I had ever beheld at one view. Some were striking exceptions; several young fellows in military dresses gave relief to the sombre drapery of the others. Canning, with his smooth, bare, and capacious forehead, sat there, a spirit beaming in his looks like that of the leopard waiting to spring upon its prey. Castlereagh, with his handsome but immovable features—Burdett, with his head carried back, and held high as in defiance—and Brougham, with his Arab soul ready to rush forth and challenge war to all comers. The question was to me solemnly interesting, whilst the spectacle wrought strangely on my feelings. Our accusers were many and powerful, with words at will, and applauding listeners. Our friends were few and far between; with no applauders save their good conscience, and the blessing of the poor. What a scene was this to be enacted by the "collective wisdom of the nation!" Some of the members stood leaning against pillars, with their hats cocked awry; some were whispering by half dozens; others were lolling upon their seats; some, with arms a-kimbo, were eye-glassing across the house; some were stiffened immovably by starch, or pride, or both; one was speaking, or appeared to be so, by the motion of his arms, which he shook in token of defiance, when his voice was drowned by a howl as wild and remorseless as that from a kennel of hounds at feeding time. Now he points, menacing, to the ministerial benches—now he appeals to some members on his side—then to the speaker; all in vain. At times he is heard in the pauses of that wild hubbub, but again he is borne down by the yell which awakes on all sides around him. Some talked aloud; some whinnied in mock laughter, coming, like that of the damned, from bitter hearts. Some called "order; order," some "question, question;" some beat time with the heel of their boots; some snorted into their napkins; and one old gentleman in the side gallery actually coughed himself from a mock cough into a real one, and could not stop until he was almost black in the face.

'And are these, thought I, the beings whose laws we must obey? This the "most illustri-

ous assembly of freemen in the world?" Perish freedom, then, and her children too. O! for the stamp of stern old Oliver on this floor; and the clank of his scabbard, and the rush of his iron-armed band, and his voice to arise above this Babel howl—"Take away that bauble"—"Begone: give place to honest men."

'Such was my first view of the House of Commons; and such the impressions strongly forced on my feelings at the time. The speaker alluded to was Henry Brougham. I heard at first very little of what he said; but I understood from occasional words, and the remarks of some whom I took for reporters, that he was violently attacking the ministers and their whole home policy. That he was so doing, might have been inferred from the great exertions of the ministerial party to render him inaudible, and to subdue his spirit by a bewildering and contemptuous disapprobation. But they had before them a wrong one for being silenced, either by confusion or menace. Like a brave stag, he held them at bay, and even hurled back their defiance with "retorted scorn." In some time his words became more audible; presently there was comparative silence, and I soon understood that he had let go the ministry, and now unaccountably, as it seemed to me, had made a dead set at the Reformers. Oh! how he did scowl toward us—contemn and disparage our best actions, and wound our dearest feelings! Now stealing near our hearts with words of wonderful power, flashing with bright wit and happy thought; anon like a reckless wizard changing pleasant sunbeams into clouds, "rough with black winds and storms," and vivid with the cruellest shafts. Then was he listened to as if not a pulse moved—then was he applauded to the very welkin. And he stood in the pride of his power, his foes before him subdued but spared—his friends, derided, and disclaimed—and his former principles sacrificed to "low ambition," and the vanity of such a display as this.

'I would have here essayed somewhat with respect to Canning and the character and effects of his eloquence; but little appertaining to him remained on my mind. Every feeling was absorbed by the contemplation of that man whom I now considered to be the most perfidious of his race. I turned from the spectacle with disgust, and sought my lodgings in a kind of stupor; almost believing that I had escaped from a monstrous dream.

'Such was my first view of Henry Brougham; and such the impressions I imbibed, and long entertained, of that extraordinary man. He sinned then, and has often done so since, against the best interests of his country; bowing to his own image, and sacrificing reason and principle to caprice or offended self-love. But has he not done much for mercy, and for the enlightenment of his kind? See the African dancing above his chains! Behold the mild but irresistible light which education is

diffusing over the land! These are indeed blessings beyond all price—rays of unfading glory.—They are Lord Brougham's; and will illumine his tomb when his errors and imperfections are forgotten.—Vol. i. pp. 25—29.

Shortly after this visit to London, Mr. Bamford was, it appears, the principal speaker at 'the first out-of-door meeting that was held at Rochdale.' On this occasion, besides 'refreshments at the Rose,' he was paid four shillings for his exertions: but he says it was the first and only time that he ever accepted money for performing at a reform meeting. He adds—

'I considered it a mean thing, though the practice was coming much into use, and several of my friends without any scruple continued to do so until "their occupation" was gone! It was a bad practice, however, and gave rise to a set of orators who made a trade of speechifying:—and the race has not become extinct. These persons began to seek engagements of the kind; some of them would even thrust themselves upon public meetings, and then present themselves to the committees for remuneration, and generally received it. He who produced the greatest excitement, the loudest cheering, and the most violent clappings, was the best orator, and was sure to be engaged and well paid; and in order to produce those manifestations, the wildest and most extravagant rhodomontade would too often suffice. Such speakers quickly got a name; the calls on them were frequent; and they left their work or their business, for a more profitable and flattering employment; tramping from place to place, hawking their new fangles, and guzzling, fattening, and replenishing themselves, at the expense of the simple and credulous multitudes. Steadiness of conduct, and consistency of principle, were soon placed, as it were, at a distance from us. Our unity of action was relaxed; new speakers sprung 'like mushrooms' about our feet; plans were broached, quite different from any that had been recognised by the Hampden Clubs; and the people, at a loss to distinguish friends from enemies, were soon prepared for the operation of informers, who, in the natural career of their business, became also promoters of secret plots and criminal measures of various descriptions. The good and fatherly maxim of the worthy old Major [Cartwright], "Hold fast by the laws," was by many lost sight of.

'How far the moral of these facts is applicable to the present day, will be judged by an observant public, and may perhaps not be deemed ill-timed by some of the more intelligent of those who have been found amongst the persons styled Chartist.'—Vol. i. pp. 35, 36.

Mr. Bamford wisely kept away from a meeting in the same month (March, 1816),

which, in its day, was famous as 'the Blanketeer meeting:' some 300 or 400 weavers attended, each with a blanket strapped on his shoulders, and a stout stick in his hand, resolved to march upon London, there, as one of them expressed it to our author, 'to tak the nation on hand, and saddle o' the debt.' These disciples of Cobbett's sponge-doctrine were dispersed by the magistracy—about 150, drawing together again, made out one day's march—and then the whole affair fell to pieces—for they had no money, and no inn-keepers would trust them for bread and beer. The discomfiture was fiercely resented; and Bamford was, a few days afterwards, invited to partake in the scheme of retaliating on the magistrates and their constables by 'making a Moscow of Manchester.' He had less confidence in the 'sagacity and integrity' of the 'Manchester Committee,' in consequence of the blanket failure—and consulted his then closest associate, Joseph Healey, commonly called Dr. Healey—a medical practitioner who makes a great figure in subsequent transactions. Finally, the Doctor and Bamford told the messenger that this was a serious business—they could not think of engaging in it unless they saw evidence that Major Cartwright approved; but that their secrecy might be depended on. They awaited the issue in awful trepidation; and in the evening preceding what they understood to be the destined night of terror, judged it prudent to remove to a village somewhat farther from Manchester, where the two friends took up their quarters in the garret of a 'tried female reformer:'—

'We retired to rest and lay talking this strange matter over until sleep overtook us. I was first to awake, and seeing a brightness behind the curtain, I stepped to the window, and sure enough, beheld in the southern sky a stream of light which I thought must be that of a distant fire. It was a fine crisped morning, and as I looked, a piece of a moon came wandering to the west from behind some masses of cloud. Now she would be entirely obscured; then, streaks of her pale beams would be seen breaking on the edges of the vapors; then a broader gleam would come; then again it would be pale and receding; but the clouds were so connected that the fair traveller had seldom a space for showing her unveiled horn. I saw how it was; my conflagration had dwindled to a moon-beam, and as I stood with the frost tingling at my toes, "an unlucky thought" (as we say, when excusing our own sins we impute them to a much abused sable personage) came into my head to have a small joke at the doctor's expense; and as it was a mode

of amusement to which I must confess I was rather prone, I immediately began to carry it into effect. I gave a loud cough or two; the doctor thereupon grunted and turned over in bed; when, in the very break of his sleep, I said aloud, as I crept beneath the bed-clothes, "There's a fine leet i'th welkin, as th' witch o' Brandwood sed when the devil wur ridin' o'er Rossenda." "Leet!"—said the doctor; "a fine leet!—weer? weer?" "Why go to th' windo' and look." That instant my sanguine friend was out of bed and at the window, his head stuck behind the curtain. "There's a great leet," he said, "tor'd Manchester." "There is, indeed," I replied, "it's mitch but weary wark is goin on omung yon foke." "It's awful," said the doctor; "thei'r agate as sure as wee'r heer." "I think there's summut up," I said. I was now snugly rolled in the clothes, and perceived at the same time that the doctor was getting into a kind of dancing shiver, and my object being to keep him in his shirt till he was cooled and undeceived, and consequently a little sprung in temper, I asked, "Dun yo really think then o' th' teawn's o' foyer?" "Foyer!" he replied; "there's no deawt on't." "Can yo see the flames, doctor?" "Nowe, I conno see th' flames, but I can see th' leet o' comes fro' em." "That's awful," I ejaculated. "Aye, it's awful," he said; "come an' see for yorsel." "Nowe, I'd reyther not," I answered; "I dunno like sich seets; it's lucky o' wee'r heer—they conno say at wee'n had owt to do wi' it, at any rate—con they, doctor?" "Nowe," he said, "they conno." "It keeps changing," he said. "Con yo yer owt?" I asked. "Nowe, I conno yer nowt," he said. I however heard his teeth hacking in his head, and stuffed the sheet into my mouth to prevent my laughter from being noticed. "Ar yo' sure, doctor?" I asked. No reply. "Is it blazin up?" I said. "Blazin be hanged!" was the answer. "Wot dun yo myen, doctor—is it gwon eawt then?" "Gul-look!" he said, "It's nobbut th' moon, an' ye knewn it o' th' while." A loud burst of laughter followed, which I enjoyed till the bed shook.

This 'night attack on Manchester' had 'failed for want of arrangement and co-operation' (p. 45)—but the plan was not laid aside; and we are sorry to observe that Mr. Bamford appears to have been well aware of the devices resorted to with a view to its ultimate success. The Habeas Corpus Act had been suspended, and thereupon the keeper of the chapel, in which the Middleton patriots had hitherto held their meetings, refused any longer to accomodate them. The work therefore, must be carried on in a different manner, and Mr. Bamford states that various so-called 'benefit societies,' 'botanical societies,' and so forth, were organized, the 'real purpose' of all

which, 'revealed only to the initiated,' was 'to carry into effect' the conflagration of Manchester. How far he himself entered into the plan, he leaves in *obscurum*—but that he continued in the confidence of 'the committee' is too evident; nor do we find one phrase distinctly implying that he at the time regarded their 'real purpose' as in itself blameworthy. Nor can we sufficiently express our wonder that so clever a man should not have perceived how fatally, by these revelations of the 'real purpose' of the Manchester committee, he was undermining the whole structure of his own subsequent narrative, throughout which he maintains, nay, assumes, that all the restrictive legislation and official strictness of the period constituted an unprovoked and unjustifiable series of aggressions upon the lawful liberty of the British subject—more especially of the enlightened population of the manufacturing districts.

'A cloud of gloom and mistrust hung over the whole country. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act was a measure the result of which we young reformers could not judge, save by report, and that was of a nature to cause anxiety in the most indifferent of us. The proscriptions, imprisonments, trials, and banishments of 1792 were brought to our recollections by the similarity of our situation to those of the sufferers of that period. It seemed as if the sun of freedom were gone down, and a rayless expanse of oppression had finally closed over us. Cobbett, in terror of imprisonment, had fled to America.'—Vol. i. pp. 44.

and Mr. Bamford and Dr. Healey thought it as well to flee also—though not so far as to America. What the immediate cause of their alarm was we are not told—but they fled to the moorlands. We must give the portraits of the friends as they started on this expedition:—

'Doctor Healey was about five feet six in height; thirty-two or three years of age; with rather good features; small light grey eyes; darker whiskers and hair; with a curl on his forehead, of which he was remarkably proud. He was well set in body, but light of limb; his knees had an uncommonly supple motion, which gave them an appearance of weakness. He had an assured look; and in walking, especially when with a little "too much wind in the sheet," he turned his toes inward, and carried an air of bravado which was richly grotesque. In disposition he was, until afterwards corrupted, generous and confiding, credulous, proud of his person and acquirements.

'His hat was somewhat napless, with sundry dinges on the crown, and upsettings and downflappings of the brim, which showed it to

have tugged against harder substances than itself, as well as to have seen much "winter and rough weather." He wore a long drab top-coat which, from its present appearance, might never have gone through the process of perching. His under-coat was of a dark uncut fustian, which, by his almost incessant occupation in "the laboratory," preparing ointments, salves, and lotions, had become smooth and shining as a duck's wing, and almost as impervious to wet; his hamsters were similar in material and condition to his coat, whilst his legs were encased in top-boots, no worse for wear, except perhaps a leaky seam or two and a cracked upper leather.

'But, the reader may say, we have only one of the travellers here; why does not the author furnish a portrait of the other? Behold him then. A young man twenty-nine years of age; five feet ten inches in height; with long well-formed limbs, short body, very upright carriage, free motion, and active and lithe, rather than strong. His hair is of a deep dun color, coarse, straight, and flaky; his complexion a swarthy pale; his eyes grey, lively, and observant; his features strongly defined and irregular, like a mass of rough and smooth matters, which, having been thrown into a heap, had found their own subsidence, and presented, as it were by accident, a profile of rude good nature, with some intelligence. His mouth is small; his lips a little prominent; his teeth white and well set; his nose rather snubby; his cheeks somewhat high; and his forehead deep and rather heavy above the eyes. His hat is not quite so broken, but quite as well worn, as the doctor's; his coat of brown cloth, as yet unpatched, but wanting soon to be; his waistcoat of lighter color, bare and decent; his hamsters of dark kerseymere; grey at the knees; and his stockings of lamb's wool, with some neat darning above the quarters of his strong nailed shoes. Such, reader, was the personal appearance of him who now endeavors to amuse thee.'—Vol. i. pp. 49-51.

They spent two or three weeks, apparently, in rambling from one wild retreat to another—sometimes hospitably sheltered by old friends and relations of the doctor's, one of whom was a quarrier, but kept also a mountain hostelry—more frequently, however, among very rough companions, habitual poachers and smugglers. When the alarm had subsided, or their small stock of money was exhausted, they at last ventured back to the world of weavers and reformers: and we must allow Mr. Bamford to paint his own return to Middleton.

'Come in!—A glimmer shows that the place is inhabited; that the nest has not been rifled whilst the old bird was away. Now shalt thou see what a miser a poor man can be in his heart's treasury. A second door opens, and a flash of light shows that we are in a weaving-

room, clean and flagged, and in which are two looms with silken work of green and gold. A young woman of short stature, fair, round, and fresh as Hebe—with light brown hair escaping in ringlets from the sides of her clean cap, and with a thoughtful and meditative look—sits darning beside a good fire, which sheds warmth upon the clean swept hearth, and gives light throughout the room, or rather cell. A fine little girl, seven years of age, with a sensible and affectionate expression of countenance, is reading in a low tone to her mother:—"And he opened his mouth and taught them saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted."

'Observe the room and its furniture. A humble but cleanly bed screened by a dark old-fashioned curtain, stands on our left. At the foot of the bed is a window closed from the looks of all street passers. Next are some chairs and a round table of mahogany; then another chair, and next it a long table, scoured very white. Above that is a looking-glass, with a picture on each side of the resurrection and ascension on glass, "copied from Rubens." A well-stocked shelf of crockery-ware is the next object, and in a nook near it are a black oak carved chair or two, with a curious desk, or box to match; and lastly, above the fire-place, are hung a rusty basked-hilted sword, an old fusee, and a leathern cap. Such are the appearance and furniture of that humble abode. But my Wife!

"She look'd; she reddened like the rose;
Syne, pale as ony lily."

Ah! did they hear the throb of my heart, when they sprung to embrace me—my little love-child to my knees, and my wife to my bosom?—

'Such were the treasures I had hoarded in that lowly cell. Treasures that, with contentment, would have made into a palace

"the lowliest shed
That ever rose on England's plain."

They had been at prayers, and were reading the Testament before retiring to rest. And now, as they a hundred times caressed me, they found that indeed "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Notwithstanding one touch of bravado—a most uncalled for one—it is impossible not to be pleased with this little interior: but what a contrast to the scenes amidst which its soft light breaks upon us.

In the middle of that same night Mr. Bamford was awakened by a knocking at his door, and a person in disguise entered, who turned out to be an intimate brother reformer, one who had been co-delegate with him in the recent embassy to London. This friend came to communicate and con-

sult upon a new scheme of violence; but Bamford at once, he says, condemned it as atrocious, and intimated a strong suspicion that some 'government spy' must be at the bottom of the suggestion. To this last notion, he tells us, he still adheres; but we own we see no reason to agree with him, for Mr. Bamford details, as thus opened to him in the spring of 1816, a plot precisely the same with that which was carried to the edge of execution exactly four years later by Thistlewood and his Cato-street gang. A dozen steady men were, in short, to proceed to London, and commence a general revolution by the murder of the Ministers at a Cabinet dinner. However, Mr. Bamford says he protested without a pause against this scheme of assassination, and intimates that he would have revealed it to some person in authority, but for his dread of compromising friends who had put their confidence in him. Fully believing that he rejected the bloody proposal we are not, however, much surprised—seeing of what stuff his associates were made, and not finding the motive of his own moorland excursion clearly explained—that he should shortly afterwards have incurred such grave suspicion as caused his arrest. He was instantly conveyed to London, in company with Dr. Healey, an Irishman by name O'Connor, and four or five other leading members of the 'botanical society,' there to be examined before the Privy Council, on a charge of High Treason; and we apprehend that if his knowledge and concealment, first of the 'Moscow Scheme,' and then of the 'Assassination Project,' had been brought home to him, the consequences must have been serious. As things stood, he appears to have all along felt quite satisfied that his arrest was a mistake, and could have no dangerous result—and thus at ease for himself, Mr. Bamford placed his talents at the service of his friends, whose case seemed to themselves and to him considerably more hazardous. He describes his exertions in preparing the party for their examination—concocting the minutest details of the 'one story'—a fictitious story to wit—that was to be told and stuck to by the Botanists—and in effect claims the chief merit of the ultimate escape of the whole detachment.

He does justice to the authorities, high and low, on this occasion; and we remark in particular the very great respect with which he always treats the then Secretary for the home department, one of the firm-

est and humanest of men, Lord Sidmouth. Some of his sketches of the scenes with the Privy Council are amusing enough: for example—

'On the doctor being asked how he spelled his surname, he answered in broad Lancashire—"haitch, hay, haa, l, hay, y:" (H, e, a, l, e, y,) but the pronunciation of the e, and a, being different in London, there was some boggling about reducing his name to writing, and a pen and paper were handed to him. The doctor knew that his *forte* lay not in feats of penmanship any more than in spelling; and to obviate any small embarrassment on that account, he pulled out an old pocket-book, and took from it one of his prescription labels, on which the figures of a pestle and mortar were imposed from a rudely engraved plate; and these words, "JOSEPH HEALEY, SURGEON, MIDDLETON. PLEASE TAKE—TABLE SPOONFULS OF THIS MIXTURE EACH—HOURS." This he handed to Lord Sidmouth, who, as may be supposed, received it graciously, looked it carefully over, smiled, and read it again; and passed it round the council table. Presently they were all tittering, and the doctor stood quite delighted at finding them such a set of merry gentlemen. The fact was, the first blank had been originally filled with a figure of two: "Please take 2 Table Spoonfuls," &c.; but some mischievous wag had inserted two cyphers after the figure, and made it read "200 Table Spoonfuls of this mixture each 2 hours." However it was, the doctor certainly imbibed a favorable opinion of the council.'—Vol. i. p. 108, 109.

Mr. Bamford was not liberated until after some days' detention in Coldbath-fields; but he dwells on his abode there as on the whole a pleasant interval of repose and good fare, and, be it added, of good resolutions. One night, he says, while his fellows were asleep, 'dreaming perhaps of the scaffold and the block,' he fell into a meditative mood, lived over all his past life, and formed and vowed a solemn resolution never more, if once set free, to meddle with political meetings and machinations. He made up his mind, he says, to what has now become his settled faith, viz.:

'That the industrious and poor man best serves his country by doing his duty to his family at home.—That he best amends his country by giving it good children; and if he have not any, by setting a good example himself.—That he best governs by obeying the laws; and by ruling in love and mercy his own little kingdom at home.—That his best reform is that which corrects irregularities on his own hearth.—That his best meetings are those with his own family, by his own fireside.—That his best resolutions are those which he carries into effect for his own amendment,

and that of his household.—That his best speeches are those which promote "Peace on earth, and good-will towards mankind."—That his best petitions are those of a contrite heart, addressed to THE KING OF HEAVEN, by whom "they will not be despised;" and those to the governors of the earth, for the peaceable obtainment of ameliorations for his brother man.—And, that his best means for such obtainment is the cultivation of good feelings in the hearts, and of good sense in the heads of those around him.—That his best riches is contentment.—That his best love is that which comforts his family.—That his best instruction is that which humanizes and ennobles their hearts.—And, that his best religion is that which leads to "Do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God."—Would he triumph? let him learn to endure.—Would he be a hero? let him subdue himself.—Would he govern? let him first obey.—Vol. i. p. 112.

He was finally dismissed on the 29th of April, with a kind warning from Lord Sidmouth, and having entered into recognizances of the usual sort, resumed his industry at Middleton; but the salutary impression was not as yet deep enough to be lasting.

"I now went to work, my wife weaving beside me, and my little girl, now become doubly dear, attending school or going short errands for her mother. Why was I not content?—why was not my soul filled and thankful?—what would I more?—what could mortal enjoy beyond a sufficiency to satisfy hunger and thirst,—apparel, to make him warm and decent,—a home for shelter and repose,—and the society of those he loved? All these I had, and still was craving,—craving for something for "the nation,"—for some good for every person—forgetting all the time to appreciate and to husband the blessings I had on every side around me; and, like some honest enthusiasts of the present day, supervising the affairs of the nation to the great neglect of my own,—of my

"Hours more dear than drops of gold"

But it was not with us then as it is now; and we have that excuse to plead. We had none to direct or oppose us, except a strong-handed government, whose politics were as much hated as their power was dreaded. We had not any of our rank with whom to advise for the better,—no man of other days who had gone through the ordeal of experience; and whose judgment might have directed our self-devotion, and have instructed us that before the reform we sought could be obtained and profited by, there must be another—a deeper reform—emerging from our hearts, and first blessing our households, by the production of every good we could possibly accomplish in our humble spheres,—informing us also, and confirming it by all history, that governments

might change from the despotic to the anarchical, when, as surely as death, would come the despotic again; and that no redemption for the masses could exist, save one that should arise from their own knowledge and virtue,—that king-tyranny and mob-tyranny (the worst of all) might alternately bear away; and that no barrier could be interposed, save the self-knowledge and self-control of a reformed people.

"But, as I said, we had none such to advise. Our worthy old Major was to us a political reformer only; not a moral one. His counsels were good so far as they went, but they did not go to the root-end of radicalism. He seemed to have forgotten in the simplicity of a guileless heart, good old man as he was, that the people themselves wanted reforming,—that they were ignorant and corrupt; and that the source must be purified before a pure and free government could be maintained.

"In the absence, therefore, of such wholesome monition,—in the ardor, also, and levity of youth,—and impelled by a sincere and disinterested wish to deserve the gratitude of my working fellow-countrymen; it is scarcely to be wondered at that I soon forgot whatever merely prudential reflections my better sense had whispered to me whilst in durance; and that with a strong, though discreetly tempered zeal, I determined to go forward in the cause of parliamentary reform.

"And so, as it were, like another Crusoe, I lay with my little boat in the still water, waiting for the first breeze to carry me again to the billows."

We may pass over the rest of 1816 and the two following years very rapidly. Mr. Bamford appears to have during that period kept aloof from 'secret meetings,' and he condemns as well as laments the different conduct of not a few of his friends, who were mixed up more or less with plots and risings in Derbyshire and elsewhere, and two or three of whom forfeited their lives in consequence. But during this, as he says, prudent and tranquil interval, was he really without participation in the guilt for which others were thus punished? We cannot accept Mr. Bamford's self-eulogies. He had from the first been 'the Lancashire Poet;' nor, though abstaining from 'meetings' during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, did he think it at all necessary to abstain from the worship of his inflammatory muse. It was at this time, he tells us, that he produced what seems to have been a very famous piece, 'the Lancashire Hymn'—he refers to it often as one of the prime glories of his career, and exults now in repeating stanzas which no doubt stimulated less studious reformers to deeds that

realized at last their 'agonizing visions of the scaffold and the block.' This Hymn, he says, was 'originally intended for being sung to one of the finest of trumpet-strains, at a meeting at Middleton, of perhaps 2000 people'—at which meeting, we presume, Mr. Bamford had no intention of being present!—

'Great God, who did of old inspire
The patriot's ardent heart,
And fill'd him with a warm desire
To die, or do his part;
Oh! let our shouts be heard by Thee,
Genius great of liberty!

When fell oppression o'er the land
Hung like a darksome day;
And, crush'd beneath a tyrant's hand,
The groaning people lay;
The patriot band, impell'd by Thee,
Nobly strove for liberty.

And shall we tamely now forego
The rights for which they bled—
And crouch beneath a minion's blow,
And basely bow the head?
Ah! no; it cannot, cannot be;
Death for us, or liberty!

Have we not heard the infant's cry,
And mark'd the mother's tear—
That look, which told us mournfully
That woe and want were there?
And shall they ever weep again—
And shall their pleadings be in vain?

By the dear blood of Hampden, shed
In freedom's noble strife!
By gallant Sydney's gory head!
By all that's dear to life!
They shall not supplicate in vain;
No longer will we bear the chain.

Souls of our mighty sires! behold
This band of brothers join:
Oh; never, never be it told,
That we disgrace your line;
If England wills the glorious deed,
We'll have another Runnimeade.'

The patriotic poet adds—

"Methinks I now observe my elderly reader first secure his spectacles, and then shaking his head, say, 'Ah! he is wide at sea again; with a strong mast, a heavy sail, and not so much as the breadth of a duck's foot for oar or rudder.—What next?—Doth he founder head down, or again break ashore?'—Let us see."—Vol. i. p. 167.

Mr. Bamford was at length called into action by the appearance of Orator Hunt in Lancashire.

Thou rais'd'st thy voice, and the people awak-
ing,
Beheld the foul source of corruption displayed;

And, loyal stupidity quickly forsaking,
They found themselves plunder'd, oppress'd,
and betray'd;
Then, loud as the storm in its fury out-rushing,
The shouts of the thousands for freedom arose;
And liberty only shall soothe them to hushing,
And liberty only shall lull to repose.

'Such were the sentiments with which Henry Hunt was received at Manchester, in January, 1819.'—Vol. i. p. 169.

From that time the plan of a 'monster meeting,' to take place in summer, was the one great subject of discussion—and of diligent preparation there was no lack. Mr. Bamford's blood was effectually stirred; and no man, by his own account, was so indefatigable in the drillings and trainings of the Middleton district. He alludes to the advantage they derived from the zealous superintendence of a few retired soldiers. Perhaps his brief early experience on board a man-of-war—(of which his language often reminds the reader)—may have given additional value to the exertions of the 'Middleton Captain.'

We are under no temptation to dwell on the Peterloo chapters of this biography. Mr. Bamford asserts and maintains that the drillings, flags of 'Universal Suffrage or Death,' &c., were all harmless in intention, and considers the forcible dispersion of the mighty host of (according to radical authorities) 100,000 or 130,000 reformers on the 16th of August, as the most heinous outrage against Liberty recorded in our nation's history. For our own view of the whole unhappy affair, we refer to an article in our 22d volume (pp. 493, &c.)—in the course of which a contemporary 'petition' by Mr. Bamford is more than once quoted.

He had taken too prominent a share in the business to escape the attention of the police. About ten days afterwards he was once more arrested at midnight—and conveyed to Manchester jail. We cannot but pause for a moment over his very striking salutation of those precincts.

'Reader! hath it ever been thy fortune, or misfortune, to pass from Bridge-street in Manchester to New Bailey street in Salford? Hath business, or pleasure, or curiosity, or charity towards an afflicted prisoner, or mercy, or a yearning love for some of thine own in trouble, or interest, or duty, ever led thee that way? If so, thou hast passed a very plain bridge, with high parapets of a dull red stone, and spanning, with two arches, a rather broad stream, which here flows torpid, black, and deep, betwixt the said towns. Venice hath her "BRIDGE OF

SIGHS;" Manchester its "BRIDGE OF TEARS;" and this is it.

'Who, that recurs to recollections during forty years, and cannot enumerate tragedies enacted hereabouts, and calamities witnessed, which have called forth tears enow to have washed these channels with their stream? Do not we still hear, as it were, the appalling cry, when, during a great flood, a scaffold, on which nine human beings stood, broke down, and they were swept away, whilst hundreds of their fellow-townsmen and relatives stretched forth their hands, and implored God and man to save them, but in vain? Who hath so soon forgotten the thirty-four fine fellows, who perished at the launch of a boat? and who still hears not the shout of horror which arose off this bridge at the dreadful sight? the heart-broken moans of wives and children, fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, as they came, distracted and weeping, to bestow an embrace which could not be returned?

'And thou, too, poor and beautiful, and innocent Lavinia Robinson—what heart but responds to thy affliction! It was midnight, and there came a deep moan, that told of grief not to be comforted—of a wounded spirit which could not be borne. Soft, but hasty footsteps approached—and, again, tones were heard almost too plaintive for human woe. Then there was a pause, and a plunge, and a choking, bubbling scream—and all was silent around that Bridge of Tears!

'How many hundreds of human beings have crossed this bridge, conscious they were never to return? What strings of victims have been dragged over it?—some in the serenity of innocence, some in the consciousness of habitual guilt, and others in a bowed and contrite spirit; but each followed by weeping friends, who still loved, when all the world besides was hostile or indifferent to their fate. *

'And now a sad spectacle occurs to my recollection. It was a fine sunny forenoon, and the church bells were tolling funereally, and Bridge-street was so crowded, that you might have walked on human heads. All eyes were turned towards this Bridge of Tears, and what came there? Ah! men on horseback, with scarlet liveries, and white wands; and trumpeters richly invested, who sent forth a note of wail that might have won pity from a heart of stone. Next came halberdiers, and javelin-men; and then a horseman of lofty, but gentle bearing, who, as he rode, turned, and cast a kind look towards one who followed, sitting high in a chair of shame, placed in a cart. And who is he? that youth so heart-broken and hopeless, that draws tears from all eyes? at whose approach all heads are bared, all expressions are hushed, save sobs and prayers? For though he was but "a poor Irish lad," they said "he was very comely," and "it was a great pity," and "hard that he could not be spared," and then, "might God support and comfort him!" High he sate, with his back to the horses, his whole person exposed, his feet

and well-formed limbs being incased in white trowsers, stockings, and pumps, as if he were going to a bridal. His vest also was light colored, and a short jacket displayed his square and elegant bust; his shirt was open at the collar, and his brown hair was parted gracefully on his forehead, and hung upon his shoulders. Despair, and grief beyond utterance, were stamped on his countenance, mingled with a resignation which said, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done. Receive my spirit." He seemed faint at times, and his color changed, and he tasted an orange, listening anon to the consolations of religion. Tears would gush down his cheeks, and as he stooped to wipe them with his handkerchief he was somewhat withheld by the cords which bound him to that seat of shame. A coffin, a ladder, and a rope, were in the cart below him; whilst by his side walked a dogged-looking fellow, whose eyes were perhaps the only ones unmoistened that day. This was, indeed, a passage of tears; and a day of sadness, and of contemplation on the mysteries of life and death; with the consoling, at last, that now "his troubles were ended," and "all tears were wiped from his eyes."

'Such was the spectacle of that "poor Irish lad," George Russel, who was hanged on Newton Heath for—stealing a piece of fustian! or, as the old ballad had it—

"To rob the croft
I did intend,
Of Master Sharrock's
At Mill-gate end."

'Far be it from my wish, friend reader, to palliate wrong of any degree; but let us hope, and, if necessary, entreat, that all waste of life, like this, may have now passed for ever from England.'—Vol. i. pp. 87-90.

From the scene of these rueful associations Bamford was transferred next day to Lancaster castle—where he remained for some space in durance, in company with Mr. Hunt, Dr. Healey, and eight others; but it was finally determined that their trial should take place at York, in the spring; and they were set free on bail during the interval, Sir Charles Wolseley being surety for the Lancashire poet. He had been introduced to that gentleman shortly before by Mr. Peter Finnerty, who then managed the Lancashire correspondence of the Morning Chronicle, and who had found Bamford useful in supplying him with notes of proceedings before magistrates, when the regular reporters were excluded. 'Such,' says Mr. Bamford, 'was my first connexion with the newspaper press:—how much or how little he has been connected with it in the sequel we are not informed. Sir Charles invited Mr. Finnerty and his hum-

bler coadjutor to pay him a visit at Wolsely Hall, and they did so immediately after the liberation from Lancaster. It was the Baronet's hope that Bamford, of whom he had formed a high opinion, might henceforth be regularly employed by the *Morning Chronicle*; and it had been arranged that, instead of returning at once to Middleton, he should make a tentative excursion to London under Peter's wing.

'I went over to the hall, and found Finnerty quite comfortably domiciled. Lady Wolseley was in the straw up stairs, so that Sir Charles had much of his own way below. Friend Finnerty, now that he had the run of a splendid suite of apartments, attendance of servants, and all hospitalities, was also somewhat changed in his manner. His place was in the parlour with Sir Charles; mine in the house-keeper's room, with the occasional company of that amiable, respectable, and well-informed lady. I dined with her in the servants' hall, and took my other meals in her apartment, in company with her, the lady's maid, a joking, smiling and modest young girl, and a Monsieur something, the French cook. I lived pretty agreeably amongst my kind-hearted new acquaintances, yet at times, I could not prevent gloomy sensations from pressing on my mind. Finnerty had become quite *condescending*, for which I could not prevail on myself to feel thankful. Sir Charles was always kind and affable, without pretension; but still I could not but feel that in his house I was only a very humble guest. I had read how "an Ayrshire ploughman" had once been deemed good company for a Scottish duchess; but I found that the barriers of English rank were not to be moved by "a Lancashire weaver," though he could say, "I also am a poet," and, quite as much as the Scottish bard, a patriot also. I lodged at the inn; and often on mornings would I stroll out solitarily to look at the deer on the moorlands. Those majestic and beautiful animals would toss their proud antlers—gaze a moment in surprise, as if they also knew I was a stranger.

'At length the glad morning came, when an end was to be put to this. I was to go with Finnerty to London, with a gig and horse which Charles Pearson had left at Stafford, I think, on his way down to Lancashire. Sir Charles made me a present of two pounds; Finnerty took the whip, and bidding good morn to our worthy host, we drove slowly from Wolseley Hall.'—Vol. ii. p. 29.

The gig journey is given at some length. Peter Finnerty, pink of philanthropy, was so savage in his treatment of the lent steed, that the poet often walked for miles in the mud rather than witness it; nor was he soothed by the great man's demeanor towards himself. 'I soon found,' says our

Lancashire *Burns*, 'that he wished me to be a useful companion on the road—that is, a kind of half-cad and half-comrade.'

'At Lichfield, Finnerty spent an hour looking at the cathedral, whilst I looked after the mare at the inn. At Birmingham, which we reached tardily, we dined, gave the mare a good feed, and, after resting two hours, my friend, unexpectedly by me, gave the word to proceed;—and with reluctance on my part, for I thought the beast had done enough for that day, we went on to some road-side inn, about nine miles further, where we got down, and the jaded thing was released and put into a warm stable. On looking over the luggage, it was discovered that a new silk umbrella, which Finnerty had bought at Manchester, was missing. He went into a passion, and stormed with all the wordiness and gesticulation for which his countrymen are remarkable; whilst I, sometimes provoked, sometimes amused, sat coolly and smoked a pipe until supper was ready.—He laid all the blame on me: he expected I would have seen that the luggage was safe; he had trusted all to me, and was thus disappointed, like a fool as he was for troubling himself about other people's welfare. He was sure it had been left at Birmingham, and it was my neglect in not putting it in the gig; and then again he repeated what it had cost him—two pounds, I think.

'On entering Oxford I was struck by the noble and venerable appearance of many of its buildings, which I concluded, in my own mind, must be its churches and colleges. The streets were occupied by a numerous and very respectable-looking population; and I was not long in descrying, by the peculiarity of their dress, some of those fortunate and ingenious youths who, "born with silver spoons in their mouths," are, as we are taught to believe, "designed by a wise providence," and are certainly permitted by a wise people(?) to spoon up the riches and superfluities, which else would, by their very grossness, render said people dull of intellect, and sluggish in action; and yet I didn't think the young fellows looked like "spoonies."—Vol. ii. p. 34.

At Oxford, Mr. Finnerty found a pretty young lady waiting for him—and in her presence the umbrella was again handled in a style so intolerable to Mr. Bamford, that he took his leave of the pair abruptly, and set off, late in the evening, to walk the rest of the way to London *solus*. Night overtakes him before he has got beyond Nuneham—and he seeks the shelter of a public-house on the way-side, where, among a group of village carousers, he finds a warm reception.

'Whilst we were chattering and enjoying ourselves comfortably with our pipes, some young fellows came into the next room, and

called for ale. They were in high glee, and from their conversation, which we could not but hear, we learned that there had been a kind of battle-royal in the village, betwixt some of the lads of the place, and a party of collegians, and that the latter, after fighting bravely, which they allowed them the merit of generally doing, had been soundly thrashed, and compelled to retreat. Some inquiries, on my part, elicited an opinion from the company as to the general conduct of the young gentlemen at college; and it certainly, like all other human emanations, had its dark side as well as its bright one, only rather more of the former than should be expected, considering they were to become exemplars to, and directors of, others.

'They were represented as courageous fighters, generous remunerators, and profuse spenders; all of which most of the company allowed were good English gentlemanly qualities; but then, in their intercourse with those not of their class, they were represented as being arrogant, wilful, and capricious; and too prone to lay on hard, when they got the upper hand.

'It was not to be wondered at, said an elderly person who sat on the other side of the room; it was not the young gentlemen's fault but the fault of their "Pa's" and "Ma's" at home, and of the institutions of the country. If Will was schooled to be an officer in the army, would he not begin by trying to domineer over, and command all who would submit to him? If Dick was to have his father's broad acres, how could he better prepare for the enjoyment of them, as things went, than by learning to drink, gamble, and box; by picking up stable-slang; and becoming a connoisseur in "dogs, horse-flesh, and women?" as they had it—and by an early imitation of that reckless self-willedness which he had seen practised by his class at home. If James is for the church, should he not learn to be combative when a boy; inasmuch as he would have to contend against "the world, the flesh," and—another antagonist; and in favor of tithes, preferments, and fat livings? And if Jack was preparing for the navy, what so natural as that he should practise with a bamboo, instead of a rope's-end, on the heads and shoulders of the King's subjects? Great folks, he said, sent their sons to college, and they came there tainted with the vices of their order, and the follies of their parents: they were here planted thick together like young trees; the rank and worthless dragged the others up; the vicious overshadowed the virtuous, and when they had become noxious or morally withered, they went back into the world, as their fathers had done, to prepare a new race to succeed them. All allowed that the elderly gentleman's remarks were about the fact; I begged leave to drink his health, the company followed my example, and the conversation then becoming general, and chiefly on rural affairs, I went to bed.'—Vol. ii. pp. 37, 38.

The lost umbrella, it turns out, had not

merely interrupted, but for ever destroyed, the friendship between Finnerty and the Lancashire poet. When he called at Peter's house in the suburbs of London, a few days afterwards, his reception was this:—

'He seemed, I thought, very mysterious and embarrassed in his manner; did not ask me to sit down, or take anything, but at last said, "Would you like a walk round the square, Bamford?" I, thinking he wished for more private conversation, said I would; and we went out, and walked round a large square hollow, like to those laid down for the foundations of houses, with a fence of deal boards all around. We paced once round this place, chatting about indifferent matters, I expecting him to introduce my business with the Morning Chronicle; and at last, on my mentioning it, he did say he had not been able to see Mr. Perry yet. We had then arrived at the angle from whence we set out, and were opposite his own door, when giving me his hand, he said, "Good morning, Bamford; I shall be seeing you in town some of these days;" and with that he went into the house, and shut the door. I was mute with astonishment: my first impulse was to send the pannel in with my foot; but then, I thought, neither the door nor its owner had done me harm, and at last consoling myself with the reflection that it was no place for a worthy honest man, and that I was better out of it than within it, I went away.'—Vol. ii. pp. 45, 46.

We hear no more of Peter. Nor did Mr. Hunt give himself much trouble about his partner in misfortune. The 'great man' presented him to his Aspasia, a 'Mrs. V.'—'originally one of the finest of her species'—entertained him once or twice at breakfast, when, instead of tea or coffee, the famous decoction of 'roasted corn' was produced, not at all to the weaver-poet's contentment—and gave him a letter of introduction to 'that worthy gentleman and scholar, Sir Richard Phillips,' with a view to a metropolitan publication of the Lancashire Hymn and other lyrics, already celebrated at Middleton: but no pecuniary assistance was forthcoming. Neither did he obtain any advantage from an application to Mr. Alderman Waithman, 'at that time a dissatisfied, bilious-looking man—mind and manners soured.' There were sundry similar disappointments. At last Mr. Charles Pearson, who, as Hunt's solicitor, had met Bamford at Lancaster, kindly offered him employment in copying papers at his chambers; but a week of this new sort of labor was enough. He felt that to persist would break his health completely—his spirits had already sunk to the verge of despair—and

he took to his bed in a nervous fever. A small supply from 'the Manchester Committee' set him on his legs again; and he then made the round of about a dozen publisher's shops, with his bundle of hymns and songs, which found no acceptance in any of these quarters. They 'did not suit' one Mæcenas—another said they were 'out of his line;' even the sympathizing Sir Richard Phillips would not meddle with them—'no volume of poetry could have any chance unless it were something astonishing;' which is, at least, as true in 1844 as it was in 1820. Before he made up his mind to return to Middleton, he was advised to state his views concerning the Peterloo meeting, and its results to himself, in the Parliamentary petition already referred to; and 'in connection with this,' he says, 'occurred an incident, which, as it affords a glimpse, as it were, of the outer-court etiquette of the great in London, I will narrate:—'

'Earl Grosvenor was the nobleman selected to present my petition to the House of Lords, and Sir Richard went with me to his mansion. His Lordship was not at home, and we were directed to call on a certain day. It happened that Sir Richard was then engaged, and I went to his Lordship myself. The great burly porter, who wore a rich livery trimmed with gold lace, would scarcely admit me within the door, when he found I had not a letter of introduction. I explained to him my business with his Lordship, but it was of no use, he could not send my message up. A fine table, with pens and paper, was near the window of the hall, and in my simplicity I made a move towards it, saying, I could soon write a note to his Lordship; but he said he could not allow me to write there, it was contrary to orders, and would cost him his place if the other servants saw me. I accordingly bundled out, and went to a tavern, and wrote a note, which I took back; the porter then took the note, and told me to come again in about twenty minutes, or half an hour. It was raining, and I had nowhere to go under cover, save the tavern, so I went there again—not much liking, however, this mode of noble housekeeping—and waited with impatience the time for the noble interview. I again went; and now the folding-doors were thrown open long before I arrived at the steps—the late surly porter received me with a respectful inclination and a smile, saying my note had been sent up, and his Lordship would see me. He then rang a bell, and a servant appeared, to whom the porter announced my name. The servant asked me to follow him, and he led me into a very grand room, where he left me, saying his Lordship would be with me in a few minutes. I had never seen any thing like the richness of this

place before—every thing seemed almost too sumptuous and too delicate for a human habitation—and to me it seemed a little museum of curious and costly things, arranged but to look at, and not to use. There were mirrors, and pictures, and cushions, and carpets glowing like silk; and delicate hangings, and curtains, as fine as gossamer in summer; then the tables shone like glass, and the chairs with their high cushions trussed up, quite tempted one to sit. Well, I stood looking about me some time, and no one appeared; and at last I thought, 'I'll sit down at any rate; if his Lordship should come in, he cannot be so greatly offended at one taking a seat in his house.' So I sat down, and was quite surprised—I almost sunk to my elbows in the soft downy cushion, and immediately jumped up again, thinking those seats could never really be meant for human bones to rest upon—and I would not for the world have been taken by his Lordship, sitting there, with the cushion up to my elbows, like a puff of soap suds. I began to make the thing right again, and was so busied, when I heard a slight creaking noise; immediately I resumed my posture of attention, and a tall, gentlemanly-looking person, forty or forty-five years of age, dressed in a blue coat with yellow buttons, undoubtedly of gold, entered and accosted me in a very courteous and affable manner, and immediately entered upon the business of my petition. I addressed him as "my Lord," which indeed he was, and told him somewhat about the subject of my petition, which I now showed him, and requested he would be so kind as to present it for me to the House of Lords. He looked at it a few minutes, and said he would present it. He then questioned me about the state of the country, and particularly of my own neighborhood, to each of which I gave him brief and true answers, according to the best of my ability. He then questioned me about our new rector, at Middleton, the Rev. John Haughton; and as I was bound in truth, though not at the time overpartial to him, I gave his Lordship a fair and honorable account of the worthy clergyman, whereat he seemed much pleased; soon after I made my final bow, and was myself bowed out by the porter; and so I took my leave of that grand mansion and its immensely rich owner.'—Vol. ii. pp. 42-44.

Mr. Bamford's petition having been duly presented and disposed of, he returned to Middleton, to prepare for the great trial at York. He and several of the other poor prisoners were without council; and though Hunt condescended to take plenty of assistance in private, he was too wise a man not to act as his own advocate in the court—over which Mr. Justice Bayley presided, Mr. Scarlett (then a leading Whig as well as leader of the Northern Circuit) conducting the case on the part of the Crown;

We shall not re-enter on the serious part of the business, but some of Mr. Bamford's minor details are not to be passed over:—

'Every night Hunt retired with his friends, discussing the occurrences of the day, and preparing for the next; consequently, he came into court ready at all points, and like a loaded gun, he only required a sudden impulse to make a grand discharge. Under these circumstances, it was no wonder that he performed so well; that he appeared to be so greatly talented, whilst his co-defendants had not credit for the talent which some of them really possessed. This was just the position which Hunt wished himself and us to occupy. He would be all in all, and he could not endure that the humblest of us should come betwixt the public and himself; that the smallest shadow should intercept one ray of his luminous presence. This intense selfishness was constantly displayed in all his actions. I saw it and was astonished; I could not account for it except by condemning him; and that was not to be thought of; though the facts came oozing out like water-drops; I could not harbor an unkind thought of our leader: "it was his way;" "it was the way of great folks;" "it was perhaps necessary that he should do so and so."

'Healey was one of the five defendants who had a seat at the barristers' table. On the second day, Mr. Scarlet had a smelling-bottle which he frequently used, and then laid on the table before him. Our friend the Doctor was seated nearly opposite to the learned gentleman; and I observed him once or twice cast very desirous looks towards the phial whilst the barrister was using it. Mr. Scarlet, however, did not, or affected not to notice our surgical friend, and at last, the patience of the latter being tried beyond control, he leaned across the table and very respectfully solicited the loan of the bottle, which was readily granted: "Oh yes, Doctor! by all means," said Mr. Scarlet, politely handing it to him, who immediately applied it to his nose, and evinced its pugnacy by very zestful sneezing, which obliged him to apply his handkerchief to his eyes. Of course there was some tittering around the table, and Mr. Scarlet was declared to have "taken the Doctor fairly by the nose." Hunt laughed till his eyes were brimful, whilst Healey sat quite unconscious and serious. Soon after the bottle was returned with compliments, and the trial claimed our attention. On the third day Mr. Scarlet did not bring the smelling-bottle, and the Doctor seemed disappointed. On the fourth day the Doctor lugged a long square smelling-bottle out of his pocket and laid it down before him. Mr. Scarlet took no notice. The Doctor smelled and laid it down. Mr. Scarlet took no notice. The Doctor smelled again. Mr. Scarlet did not see him. At length, determined not to be outdone in generosity, the Doctor thrust it towards Mr. Scarlet with a bow, and a request that he

would use it. Mr. Scarlet colored, but he good-humoredly took the phial, and, having smelled, he politely returned it with thanks, which the Doctor as politely acknowledged: the same ceremony was repeated once, if not oftener afterwards, and the Doctor then, perfectly satisfied, gave up the farce.

'It became apparent towards the noon of Monday, the fourth day of trial, that the prosecutors were about to close their case, and that the defence must be commenced on the afternoon of that day. Whilst we were talking of the matter, Hunt said, "Bamford, you will be called on to address the court the first of all the defendants." I said I thought that scarcely probable, as we should most likely be called in the order in which our names stood in the indictment. Hunt said he knew that was contemplated by the opposing counsel, and particularly by Mr. Scarlet, who wanted to bring him out in the evening when he was exhausted, the court wearied, and the public satiated and listless. But—with an oath—he said he was not to be taken aback that way; he was too old a bird to be caught by such a manœuvre. "Now, Mr. Bamford, by —," he said, "I'll tell you what you must do if called this afternoon." "Well, what should I do?" I inquired. "You must talk against time." "Talk against time!—what's that?" "You must keep possession of the court an hour and a half," he said; "you must talk to put on time, in order to prevent them from calling on me, under any circumstances, to-night. I know well that is what Scarlet is aiming at, and we must play our game so as to put it beyond his power." "But I am not prepared with matter for an hour and a half's speech—I should break down if I attempted it." "Don't mind that—don't mind any thing—only keep on." "I should make myself look like a fool; and they would be laughing at me, and stopping me."—"Pshaw! and suppose they did, you could listen, and, when they had done, begin again."—"But I should not know what to say."—"Say! say any thing—the d—est nonsense in the world; never mind what you say—only keep on until they cannot call me to-day." Something like a glimmer of the naked truth flashed across my reluctant mind; and I replied, "No, Mr. Hunt, I will not do as you desire; I will not exhibit myself before this court as a fool; I will speak as long as I can speak to the purpose, and with common sense. I would speak until dark if that would serve you, and I was prepared for the task; but I am not, and I won't make myself ridiculous." "Very well," said Hunt, and looked another way, quite cool and distant.—Vol. ii. pp. 75-77.

Bamford acquitted himself well. Mr. Scarlett complimented him, in his reply, on the talent he had exhibited, and also on the respectful manner of his defence. The jury, however, had not the slightest difficulty in finding all the prisoners guilty of a se-

ditions misdemeanor; and they were ordered to renew their recognizances, and appear before the Court of King's Bench in London, on the first day of next term, to receive judgment.

Poor Bamford had naturally expected that the well-drilled Middleton patriots would supply their laureate and leader with funds for his trip to London—but he was disappointed. The contributions amounted in all to *one shilling* :—

‘I took my way down Middleton and towards Manchester. I could not but reflect that when I went that way on the 16th of August, there were ten thousand with me ready to shout, sing, or do whatever I requested; now, as if they were afraid I should want something from them, not a soul came forth to say, “God be with you.” One or two whom I saw on the road did, as they passed, ask if I was “going off,” to which I replied by a nod. The words stuck in my throat; I was ashamed both for myself and them; ashamed of my past folly, and of their present faithlessness. Reader, that shilling was the only Middleton coin which I had in my pocket when I started for London to receive judgment. So much for the shouting, huzzaing, and empty applause of multitudes. A young aspirant to public notoriety may be excused if he feel a little tickled with the shouts of adulation; but whenever I see a grey-headed orator courting such acclamations, I set him down as being a very shallow, or a very designing person.’—Vol. ii. p. 106.

On this occasion he walked all the way to town, and most agreeable is his description of the journey. For two or three days he travelled in company with a sturdy brick-setter and his very pretty wife, who were bound for her native place, Loughborough. On the last of these days the bricksetter becoming footsore, accepts a seat in a wagon, and the young woman is left alone with our friend Bamford, who well knew how to shorten the way for his comely and intelligent fellow-pedestrian :—

‘We were now in a right farming country, where large stacks, barns, and cattle-sheds were quite common on the road-sides. The roads were broad and in good condition, and there were very often wide slips of good land on each side, apparently much trodden by cattle. Occasionally we came to a neat, homely-looking cottage, with perhaps a large garden, and a potato-ground attached, and with rose-shrubs and honey-bines clustered around the door. These were specimens of our real English homes; there was no mistaking them; in no other country do such exist; and he or she who leaves this land expecting to meet with like homes in foreign ones, will be miserably disappointed. In England alone is the

term home, with all its domestic comforts and associations, properly understood. May it long continue the home of the brave! and eventually become the home of the really free!

‘There had been some rain a few days before; the Trent had been flooded, and of all the verdant pastures I have ever beheld, none have surpassed the rich, vivid green of the meadows betwixt Shardlow and Kegworth. As the sweet air came across them, cooling one's dewy brows, one almost felt tempted to stop and seek an abiding place in that delicious valley.

‘During our walk we had a very agreeable chat: I entered into some particulars of my early life, and into matters always interesting to females—namely, the histories of some tender attachments which I had formed, but which had lapsed, either through my own indifference, or, as I was pleased to suppose, the faithlessness of the objects I loved. This seemed to touch a tender chord in my companion: she was all attention, and when I paused, she put questions which compelled me to resume my narrative. I spoke of the noble and exalted pleasures of true affection, and pictured the sickening pangs of love betrayed, and the unhappiness which must eventually haunt the betrayer, whether man or woman. I repeated some verses of poetry, which heightened the picture; and at last, on looking aside, I found that her cheeks were glistening with tears. She now became more communicative, and informed me that she had somewhat to accuse herself of with respect to a young man, the first indeed whose addresses she had encouraged; that she now often thought she behaved coldly towards him, without any just cause, and that in consequence the lad enlisted, and joined his regiment before his friends knew what had become of him; that she soon afterwards was married, and he was killed in battle. Weeping freely, she added, that at times she accused herself of having been the cause of his death. I consoled her as well as I could, by the reflection that her conduct appeared to have arisen more from youthful carelessness than want of feeling. She said he was an only child, and his mother was still living; and she thought if she could get settled down beside the old woman, it would afford her some consolation to assist her, and be a child to her in her old age. I approved of this with all my heart; and now being at Kegworth, we stepped into a public-house and waited the arrival of the cart, which soon came up; and after a cup or two of ale betwixt John and myself, and a whiff of tobacco, we set forward, and a short journey through a pleasant neighborhood brought us to Loughborough.

‘Nothing would satisfy my fellow-travellers but my accompanying them to the house of the old folks, as they called them. I was not much averse to going with them, especially as I knew that I must stop somewhere in the town all night. I accordingly accompanied them

along several streets and turnings, until we were in a humble but decent-looking thoroughfare, when, knocking at the door, the woman in a whisper told me her parents lived there. A tall, venerable looking dame opened the door, and in a moment our female traveller was locked in her arms. A cheerful, clear-complexioned old man at the same time got up from his chair and shook John heartily by the hand; and on John mentioning me as a fellow-traveller, he gave me a like frank reception. He then embraced his daughter; and when the first emotions of tenderness were over, we sat down to a very comfortable but homely refectio, and the family party became quite cheerful and communicative. Meantime, the news had got abroad amongst the neighbors, several came in, and in a short time we were joined by a fine-looking girl, a younger daughter of the old folks, who had been at work in one of the manufactories. In short, we had a joyful family and neighborly meeting; liquor was sent for; a young fellow tuned up his fiddle, and the old couple led off a dance, which was followed by others; liquor was brought in abundance, and the hours flew uncounted.

John and I, and the old man, were seated in a corner smoking and conversing, when I observed the younger sister come in somewhat fluttered. She took the old mother and her sister aside, and by the expression of their countenances, and the motion of her hands, I perceived that something troublesome and mysterious had occurred. In fact, she was explaining to them, as I afterwards learned, that in going to the public-house for more liquor, she had to pass a stage-coach which was stopped, and that, on looking up, she saw a young soldier getting off the coach, with his knapsack slung on one shoulder, and a foraging-cap pulled over his face; but she saw enough to convince her that he was Robert—the same who once courted her sister, and who, they had heard, was killed in battle. This news, as may be imagined, was soon known in the house, and caused a great sensation, particularly amongst the women. We had just learned the cause of their whisperings, when the door opened, and a young fellow, pale, slender, and well-formed, wearing regimentals and an undress cap, with a knapsack properly adjusted, stepped respectfully into the room, and, seeing the old woman, he put out his hand and took hers, and spoke to her affectionately, calling her mother. She gazed a moment on his face, as if incredulous of what she beheld. The company had drawn in a half circle at a distance around them; John, myself, and the old man, kept our seats; the younger sister stood beside her mother, and the married one was on a low seat behind her.

"I scarcely know what to say to you, Robert," said the old woman. "I am glad to see you have escaped death, for your mother's sake; but I almost wish you had not called here to-night."

"And why not, mother? my *other* mother"—he said, trying to force a smile. "Why not call at a house, where I left friends, and mayhap a little of something more than friendship?"

"Nothing beyond friendship now, Robert," said the mother, endeavoring to appear cool.

"Why, where is Margaret?" he said, "I hope nothing has befallen her?"

"Margaret is your friend," said the old woman; "but she is nothing more now. Younder sits her husband," pointing to John.

John advanced towards the young man and took his hand; and, looking towards Margaret, said he believed she had been his wife about two years.

"The soldier trembled, and staggered to a seat.

"Margaret got up and gave her hand to the young soldier, saying she welcomed him home with all the regard of a sister. She was now married, as he had heard, and was about to settle in Loughborough; and if he had never returned, his old mother should not have wanted the tender offices of a child whilst she lived.

"Thank you, Margaret," he said; "that is some consolation; you wouldnt neglect my old mother, I know." He put his hands over his eyes, and burst into tears.

"I would not, Robert," she said; "and if in former times I did not value you, as perhaps you deserved, I was willing to make the only atonement I could, by cheering the drooping years of your supposed childless parent."

"That is very good!" "very fair on both sides!" "very handsome!" said a number of voices. Neither of the interested parties spoke—they were both deeply affected.

"The old woman and youngest daughter then conducted Margaret into another room. The old man shook hands with the soldier, and endeavored to cheer him. Meantime, information had been conveyed to Robert's mother, and she now entered the room, shaking and leaning on a stick. The meeting was most tender; it was such as could only take place betwixt a parent and child equally affectionate. The dancing had at first been given up; a warm, substantial supper was in a short time spread on the board; Robert and his mother took some of the refreshment, and then went home; Margaret did not make her appearance. Shortly after supper I was conducted to lodgings at an inn, and spent most of the night in confused dreams of the strange scenes which, like those of romance, had passed before me.

"The following morning I breakfasted at the old folks', according to promise. I asked not any question, nor did I hear anything further. Margaret's eyes appeared as if she had been weeping. John was attentive to her, and she seemed as if she valued his attentions; but could not entirely cast the weight from her heart. I left the family, to pursue my way, and John accompanied me as far as Quorn, where we parted, and I never saw him afterwards."—Vol. ii. pp. 112-117.

This little Loughborough Episode would have pleased Crabbe; and there is another, in a more comical vein, which might well repay the illustrating graver of George Cruikshank. The whole chapter is most diverting. On reaching London, Bamford renews his attempts on the booksellers. One potentate frankly told him he would rather have a 16th share in a good new cookery book, than the copyright out and out of a new *Paradise Lost*. Another listened more leisurely—and at last said he felt interested and disposed to make a liberal offer—in short, he would run the risk of paper and print, and give the author ‘half the profits, if any,’ charging merely ‘the usual commission.’ These technical phrases conveyed to the weaver bard no idea except that some ‘artful dodge’ was meditated. He stepped eastward, westward, southward, and northward,—but Parson Adams with the portmanteau of Notes on the Supplices and Sermons for the Times, was but a type of the Middleton Tyrtæus. In general the shopman merely looked at him and said, ‘Mr, ——— was engaged.’

‘To be sure, the booksellers were not entirely blameable; my appearance was no doubt, somewhat against me. My clothes and shoes were covered with dust, my linen soiled, and my features brown and weathered like leather, which circumstances, in combination with my stature and gaunt appearance, made me an object not of the most agreeable or poetical cast. Still I thought these booksellers must be very owls at mid-day, not to conceive the possibility of finding good ore under a rude exterior like mine. And then I bethought me,—and comforted myself therewith—inasmuch as others had trodden the same weary road before me—of Otway, and Savage, and Chatterton, and of the great son of learning, as ungainly as myself—Samuel the lexicographer—and I might have added of Crabbe, and others of later date, but their names had not then caught my ear.’

He was reduced to extreme distress.—

‘I was half inclined to believe that the people I met seemed as if they knew I was penniless. I had become quite wolfish, and the sight of good substantial meats, and delicate viands in the windows of the eating-houses, all of which I stopped before and contemplated, tended to increase the pangs of hunger, which were no ways allayed by the savoury fumes arising from the cooking cellars. At last I wandered round Fleet-market, and coming to the prison, I found a poor debtor begging at the grate. “Please to bestow a trifle on a poor prisoner,” he said. “God bless thee,

lad,” I replied, “I am more poor than thyself.” “How is that?” “Why,” I said, “thou hast a room to retire to, and a bed to repose upon, but I have neither home nor lodging, nor food, nor a farthing of money towards procuring them!” “Why then God help thee!” he said, “thou art indeed worse off than myself, except as to liberty.”—“And that I may not have long.”—He asked me what I meant; and I told him that I was come up from the country to receive judgment for attending the Manchester meeting. “If that be the case,” he said, “come back in an hour, and if I get as much as three-pence or sixpence, thou shalt have it.” I thanked him sincerely, and gratefully, and promised I would come back if no better fortune befel me, and so, pleased that I had found one friend in the course of the morning, I bade him good bye, and went on towards Bridge-street.

‘At sight of the bridge I recollected a gentleman on the other side of the river, who had behaved very kindly to me the last time I was in London, and I thought I might as well call upon him, for, at all events, I could not be more disappointed than I had been. I therefore passed over the bridge, and soon found the shop of my friend in the main thoroughfare, called Surrey-road, I think. Several young men were busy in the shop, and I asked one of them if Mr. Gibb was within? “Oh yes,” he said: “Is that you, Mr. Bamford? Walk forward, he’s in the sitting-room at breakfast; he’ll be glad to see you; step in.” I thought that was like a lucky beginning at any rate, and without a second invitation I entered the room. A glance of one moment brought the gentleman to his feet. He took my hand and made me sit down, and rang the bell, and ordered another cup, and more butter and toast, and eggs and ham. “You have not breakfasted, I suppose,” he said. I replied that I had not; it was just what I had been wanting to do the last hour and a half. “Bamford,” he said, as we went on with our repast, “What’s the matter with you? you don’t seem as you did the last time you were in London.”—“How am I changed?”—“Why the last time you were up, you were all life and cheerfulness when I saw you, and now you seem quite thoughtful. Are you afraid of being sent to prison?” “No,” I said, “I was not.” “What’s the reason you are so serious?”—I said, “I could not help being so.” “What’s the cause?” he said; “Tell me the reason of this great change?” “Well then, to tell you God’s truth,” I said, “I have not a farthing in the world, and I could not have had a meal if I had not come here.” “Oh! if that’s all, man,” he said, “make yourself easy again. Come! take some more, and make a good breakfast,” and I took him at his word—I did make a good breakfast. When we had finished, he took me to his dressing-room, where were water and towels to wash. He also ordered the servant to clean my shoes, and found me a clean neckerchief, and a pair of stockings. When I re-

turned to the sitting-room, I was quite smart, comparatively. "Now, Bamford," he said, "this is my breakfast hour; at one we dine, at five take tea, and supper at eight; and so long as you are in London, my table is yours, if you will attend at meals. Take this one pound note," putting one into my hand, "and if there is not a change in your circumstances for the better, when that is done, come for another." I thanked him most sincerely. I never was more affected by an act of kindness in my life. He was, in truth, "a friend in need, a friend indeed."

Before this kind baker's one pound note was expended, Bamford received a remittance of £10 from some Reform fund—and thenceforth expected with resignation the day of judgment.

'The detection of Arthur Thistlewood and his companions took place, if I mistake not, during our trial at York; it caused a great sensation at the time, and the conviction of the same misguided men occurred soon after our arrival in London. It was the subject of general conversation, and particularly the intrepid bearing of the prisoners during their trial. Mrs. Thistlewood had an asylum with the family of our friend West, the wire-worker in the Strand, and I frequently saw the unfortunate woman there. She was rather low in stature; with handsome regular features of the Grecian cast; very pale, and with hair, eyes, and eyebrows as black as night. Still she was not what may be called interesting; she had a coldness of manner, which was almost repulsive. She seemed as if she had no natural sensibilities, or as if affliction had benumbed them. She wore her hair very long, and when she went to visit her husband, which she did with devoted attention, she was strictly examined, and amongst other precautions, her long hair was unbound and combed out. Hunt frequently indulged in imprecations against Thistlewood and his party. He aspersed their courage, the fame of which seemed to have hurt him. But the worst thing I ever knew him do was his slandering of Mrs. Thistlewood, whom he represented as carrying on a criminal intimacy with West, during her husband's incarceration. A baser, more unfounded, or more improbable slander was never uttered. Its atrocity was its antidote. In fact, he would have said any thing of any one against whom he entertained a pique. My blind adherence to Hunt could not but be much shaken by such oft repeated instances of an ignoble mind.

'On the morning of the execution of the conspirators, I remained in my room, earnestly praying God to sustain them in their last hour; for though they professed not to believe in a future existence, I did, and could therefore sincerely say, "Father, forgive them! they knew not what they did." At noon, when all was over, I came down stairs.'

Bamford was shocked to learn that Dr. Healey, though as poor as himself, had paid a guinea for a seat in a window commanding a good view of the Debtors' door at the Old Bailey.

On the 15th of May—when all Hunt's affidavits, &c., &c., had been disposed of—sentence was pronounced: Hunt to be confined for two years and a half in Ilchester jail—and Healey and Bamford, among others, for one year at Lincoln. Mr. Bamford seems still to think he might have been more leniently dealt with, but for the peroration of his speech in mitigation of punishment, in which, after reasserting strenuously that he had preached forbearance and orderly behaviour to the Middleton men on the 16th of August, he added with fervor, that he would never again preach in such a strain until every drop of blood shed at Peterloo had been 'amply revenged.' At all events, this language could not have tended to the mitigation of his doom.

He met it like a sensible man. By the kindness of Sir Charles Wolsely (who was himself in trouble enough at the time) he was set at ease as to his pecuniary matters during confinement. He procured books, and read diligently—among other things he fagged at a Spanish Grammar—and by his submissive and regular behavior conciliated the sympathy and esteem of the Lincoln magistrates,—insomuch that, when he was assailed with a threatening of a pulmonary disorder, they allowed him to send for his wife, and allotted him and her a comfortable room to themselves in the jail. This indulgence had the best effects on Bamford's health, moral as well as physical. It, however, was heard of with bitter dissatisfaction at Ilchester—for Hunt had been refused the society of Mrs. V——; and he now turned against poor Bamford as if the kindness shown to him were an aggravation of the cruelty to himself. 'Surely,' says Bamford, 'there is some difference between being permitted to have one's own wife with one, and being permitted to have another man's wife with one, in a prison.' But Hunt could not see the reasonableness of this distinction, and Bamford prints sundry blustering, ungrammatical epistles, which at last 'dissolved their friendship.' It had been in a thawing condition for some time. It is impossible to conceive of a shabbier creature on the whole than Mr. Orator Hunt, as depicted in these volumes.

The cordiality between Bamford and Healey also came to a close during an early

period of their confinement; but the details about the doctor are too dirty for quotation. It is obvious that he could not away with the superior talents and wiser demeanor could not but command from the visiting magistrates.

The hour of delivery came at last. Mr. Bamford's parting with the authorities at Lincoln was an affecting scene—he had been treated like an erring brother, and he felt accordingly. This over, he exchanges gifts of kind remembrance with jailer and turnkey, and in company with his faithful helpmate—the ever-tidy, ever-pleasing Jemima, turns his face once more towards Middleton—a sobered man, with a fixed resolution to eschew demagogues and agitation. Of the last and happiest walk here recorded we must take a paragraph or two.

‘We continued our journey through a level country, full of woods and plantations, till the broad waters of the Trent suddenly appeared before us. A shout and a signal brought the ferryman over, and after some persuasion, with fear and trembling, my wife at length went on board, and we were ferried over, and landed in the county of Nottingham. A short and very agreeable walk through a rural country, with pretty English cottages embowered in gardens and fruit-trees, brought us to the village of Great Markham, where we entered a snug little public-house, and took up our quarters.

‘We sat chatting over our tea until it was nearly bed-time, and when I requested that we should be shown to our room, the landlady gave an inquiring and dubious glance at us, and retired, evidently to take a second thought upon the subject. The servant-woman next came into the room, pretending to fetch something, but once or twice I observed her taking side-looks at us; and as I perceived there were misgivings of some sort, I ordered a glass of liquor and a pipe, resolved to amuse myself by watching the shifts and manœuvres of these simple country-folks.

‘The mistress brought the glass, and the girl brought the pipe, and each gave a scrutinizing glance, which we seemed not to notice. We were both ready to burst into laughter, only my wife was a little apprehensive lest we should be turned out of doors. I thee'd and thou'd her in their presence, as a man might do his wife—and talked to her in my ordinary careless way; and at last the landlady came, and begging we would not be offended, asked if the young woman was my wife? I now laughed outright, and my wife could not refrain, though she covered her face.—I assured the good woman that my companion had been my wife many years. “Nay she had no ill opinion of her,” she said—“only she looked so young.”—“But young as she appears, she reckons to be my

age within about three weeks, I said; and she was mother to a fine girl, now in the ninth year of her age.” “Oh! she was sorry to have mistaken us,” she said; “we should have a comfortable bed ready in a few minutes.” And so saying, she left the room, satisfied, no doubt, with the explanation which had set at rest her troublesome qualms of conscience. We had most excellent lodgings; and in the morning we rose early and commenced our journey by lanes and shady foot paths—sweet with the breath of flowers and echoing the music of birds.’—Vol. ii. p. 221.

‘. We stopped not at Whaley Bridge, for the sun was getting low, but hastened to Disley, and after a brief rest there, we again started, though neither I nor my fellow-traveller were so alert as in the morning. In fact, our feet began to be worse for our two days’ travel, and when we got upon the paved causeway betwixt Bullock Smithy and Stockport, it was like treading on red-hot stones. Thus, long after night-fall, we went limping arm in arm into Stockport. We found the dwelling of our friend Moorhouse, at the lower end of the town, and knocking at the door were received with every hospitality.

‘My friend and his wife bustled about, and did all they could to make us comfortable. We got a supper of good refreshing tea, and then essayed to go to rest, but my poor little companion had to mount the stairs on her knees,—she would not be carried up—and when her stockings were removed, her feet were found covered with blood-red blisters. I got some hot water and soap,—washed her feet well,—wiped them carefully, till quite dry,—wrapped them in her flannel petticoat, and put her to bed. I then washed my own feet, for they were not much better than hers, and committing ourselves to divine care, we were soon oblivious of all weariness and anxiety, and on awaking the next morning, our feet were as sound, for any thing we felt, as they were when we set out from Lincoln.

‘Our walk to Manchester the next morning was a mere pleasure trip. We scarcely stopped there, but hastening onwards, we entered Middleton in the afternoon, and were met in the street by our dear child, who came running, wild with delight, to our arms. We soon made ourselves comfortable in our own humble dwelling; the fire was lighted, the hearth was clean swept, friends came to welcome us, and we were once more at home.

“Be it ever so humble,
There’s no place like home.”—Vol. ii. p. 230.

We have reason to believe that since 1821, Mr. Bamford has adhered to the good resolutions with which he left Lincoln—that his quiet course of industry has not been unrewarded, and that he is now look-

ed up to as one of the most respectable seniors in Middleton. The little work, which we suspect has not until now been noticed in any journal likely to come before our readers in London, has, we see by the title-page, had a considerable circulation in his own province—and it has even attracted notice, by whatever accident, abroad. It has been translated into German, and made such an impression that a highly-distinguished Prussian traveller some weeks ago repaired to Lancashire, chiefly, as he assured us, for the purpose of spending an evening with Samuel Bamford.

We have in a sense enabled others to do so—but we hope our extracts will not satisfy very many of these. Mr. Bamford's narrative ought to be read as a whole; and however widely we must dissent from some of the political opinions even of his sedate retirement, there is a very great deal in his ultimate reflections on the state of England, and especially of English society, which deserves the most serious attention. We have quoted purposely not a few passages in reference to the manners of the wealthier classes, which must amuse, but ought not merely to amuse them. Let them see and consider in what aspects they are regarded by thousands upon thousands of their fellow countrymen—and—granting that these aspects are extremely distorted—ask deliberately whether there is no remedy within their own power for what they must feel to be about the worst mischief that could befall a nation—the habitual misunderstanding and misappreciation of certain comparatively fortunate orders of society by those less fortunate, but infinitely more numerous, and including a great and rapidly increasing proportion of not merely vigorous natural talent, but talent cultivated and directed in a degree and a manner of which former generations could scarcely have anticipated the possibility.

Of Mr. Bamford's poetry we have read only the few specimens interwoven in this Autobiography; and we are forced to acknowledge that, judging by them, the London booksellers acted prudently in declining his advances. His verse is not 'astonishing.' He is no Burns—he is not even to be named with the living weaver-poet of Inverury, Mr. Thom.* But his

* We are sorry to confess that we have not seen Mr. Thom's book—but only some most touching stanzas of his, given in a generous article of the 'Examiner' newspaper for September 15, 1844.

prose surely is remarkable. With a sufficient spice of the prevailing exaggeration, and here and there a laughable touch of the bathos, his language is, on the whole clear, lively, nervous—worthy of the man. That such English should be at the command of one who, it must be supposed, seldom conversed during his prime except in the dialect of Doctor Healey, is a fact which may well give pause to many of those whose 'houses are like museums.' But the great lesson is to be drawn from the incidents themselves of his story—the small incidents especially—and the feelings and reflections which these are seen to have excited in the narrator. No kindness, no mark or token of human sympathy and good-will, appears ever to have been thrown away upon Bamford. He was betrayed by youthful vanity into unhappy and all but fatal delusions and transgressions: he still, according to our view, labors under the misfortune of a false political creed. But he never was, never could have been, at heart a *Radical*. We see no traces in him of any thing like a cold, rooted aversion for the grand institutions of England. There are, we sincerely believe, among the more intelligent of his class, few, very few, whose minds would not be found open to salutary impressions on the subjects as to which they have been most generally led astray, were they but approached and dealt with by their superiors in worldly gifts, with a little more of that frankness and confidence which made Samuel Bamford take leave of the Lincoln magistrates 'with tears in his eyes.' He himself admits in his closing chapter, that things are in this respect mended since 1820; and surely his book ought to accelerate the improvement which it acknowledges.

LIGHTING THE METROPOLIS.—The following curious statistics, prepared by one of the principal gas companies, will give some idea of the means at present employed for lighting London and its suburbs:—There are 18 public gas-works, conducted by 12 companies; their capital amounts to upwards of £2,500,000, employed in pipes, tanks, &c. The revenue derivable therefrom is estimated at £450,000 per annum. There are about 180,000 tons of coal used annually; there are 1,460,000,000 cubic feet of gas made; 134,300 private lights, 30,400 public lights; 380 lamplighters, 176 gasometers, several of them double, and capable of storing 5,500,000 feet; and about 2,500 persons are employed in various ways.—*Times*.

ENGLISH OPINIONS ON GERMANY.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review, (October.)

1. *The Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.* By William Howitt. London: Longman and Co.
2. *German Experiences: addressed to the English; both Stayers at Home, and Goers Abroad.* By William Howitt.—London: Longman and Co.

THERE are no two countries in the civilized world so similar in some aspects, and so dissimilar in others, as Germany and England. And the points of resemblance are so close, as to make the points of contrast absolutely glaring—perhaps even to produce a painful sense of uneasiness or distrust upon the detection of them. It is to this sort of strange antagonism, expanding amidst family affinities and sympathies, that we must mainly attribute all the vexed problems into which our English writers upon Germany are constantly falling.

There is no country so difficult of access in its real inner character as Germany.—We must know the people long and intimately, and become ourselves habituated to their usages and modes of thinking, before we can reconcile their surface contradictions, and discover the true harmony that lies beneath. It is the most difficult of all countries for a foreigner to write a book about, that shall be both faithful and comprehensive.

And of all book-writing people the English are the last to produce works upon the domestic life of other nations in the right, unbiassed, universal spirit. It is not that they do not possess in a very high degree the requisite qualifications,—knowledge, keen observation, sagacity; but that they are afflicted with serious disqualifications, which do not exist elsewhere in such paramount force—insular prejudices, a perpetual tendency to think every thing wrong that does not assort with their own modes and notions, a constant recurrence to the one rigid self-elected judgment. The English cannot go out of themselves: they cannot enter into the circumstances of other races. They can hardly comprehend a people existing without such an eternal pressure upon their faculties as shall literally absorb out of every-day life all traces of poetry and romance. There cannot be a greater enigma to them than the silent influence of tradition in moulding living customs and manners. Every thing that is new to them jars against their habits. Pleasure itself

offends them when it is not cooked to their palate. Even the unalterable elements to which so much of the fashioning of human institutions is unavoidably adapted, will sometimes excite a biliary derangement in the English. They will make little or no allowance for the inevitable effects of climate. They would carry their own climate every where—that sullen climate which destroyed poor Weber, that yellow climate, loaded with sulphur and human steam.

Conceive then an Englishman writing a book upon social Germany, the most intractable of all men sitting down to a subject which, of all others, demands the most patient investigation, and the most complete suppression of previous theories.

It must not be supposed from this prelude that we are about to analyze the works whose titles we have placed at the head of this paper. They are too well known to require any such process at our hands.—The well-merited reputation of the author has already secured to them a large and admiring circle of readers, and every body who feels any interest in Germany, or the Germans, may be presumed to be already tolerably familiar with their contents. But we propose to touch upon a few of the salient opinions expressed in them, not for the sake of criticising Mr. Howitt's writings, but merely to indicate some of the points upon which, as it seems to us, our countrymen are apt to entertain erroneous impressions.

We have observed that Englishmen are not the best adapted by constitution, or temperament, or hereditary position, for writing sound books of travels—carefully confining the observation, however, to the social and domestic phases of the subject. We must be frank enough to say that we do not consider Mr. Howitt an exception to the general rule. He is a thorough-bred Englishman in his tastes and habits; in his likings and his dislikings, in the uncompromising energy of his mind, his education, and the aims and produce of his whole life. Were we to select the writer who, in our estimation, was best qualified to penetrate the recesses of our society, and portray faithfully the actual life of our people, we should unquestionably name William Howitt. But it may be fairly doubted whether one who is thus deeply imbued with English feeling, and whose modes of thinking are so thoroughly English, is exactly the fittest person to undertake the delineation of foreign life. Such a book in such hands

must insensibly become a book of contrasts. The more English the writer, the less likely is he to form independent opinions. Freedom from national predilection is at least as necessary as mental activity and honesty of intention.

The effect of this strong nationality is palpable in these volumes. Mr. Howitt is ever yearning towards his English home-stead; and while he is depicting German characteristics, cannot restrain himself from reverting to customs endeared to him by early associations. The comparison under such circumstances cannot be otherwise than unfavorable to Germany—be it in reality just or unjust. Thus in speaking of the aspect of the country, he cannot resist the recollection of the trim hedge-rows and picturesque cottages of home:

"Here you look in vain," he says, "for any thing like the green fields and hedge-rows of England, with their scattered trees, groups of beautiful cattle and flocks grazing in peace, and sweet cottages, and farm-houses, and beautiful mansions of the gentry. It is all one fenceless and ploughed field."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

It cannot escape the reader that in this description Mr. Howitt employs a variety of the most captivating terms. When he speaks of England, the fields of necessity must be green; nor is he satisfied with mere groups of cattle,—the cattle must needs be beautiful; nor will he allow the flocks simply to graze—to heighten the sylvan charm he must make them graze in peace; and the cottages must be sweet, and the mansions of the gentry must be beautiful. Of all intention wilfully to convey an unfavorable impression of Germany, by exaggerating the pastoral beauties of England, we fully acquit Mr. Howitt. It is quite evident to us that he never meant any thing of the kind; on the contrary, he wrote of such things, of which there are numerous instances, unconsciously, out of that irrepressible love of country which comes in full flood upon the heart in remote and strange scenes. But we refer to the passage for the sake of illustrating the insensible coloring such feelings inevitably impart to books of this class.

Were it a matter of much practical importance, it would be easy enough to turn this enchanting picture inside out, and show how much misery and want are frequently found lurking under all this beauty and sweetness, and to draw from thence a contrast with the social condition of the people

of Germany;—which would prove to the satisfaction of all the world, that if their cattle are not so prettily grouped, nor their trees so agreeably scattered, they possess this material advantage, that they are content in their condition, and always have enough to eat. Mr. Howitt himself fully acknowledges this. He says that when an Englishman visits Germany, he sees many things from which he might derive valuable hints for improvement at home.

"He sees a simple and less feverish state of existence. He sees a greater portion of popular content diffused by a more equal distribution of property. He sees a less convulsive straining after the accumulation of enormous fortunes. He sees a less incessant devotion to the mere business of money-making, and, consequently, a less intense selfishness of spirit; a more genial and serene enjoyment of life, a more intellectual embellishment of it with music and domestic entertainment. He sees the means of existence kept by the absence of ruinous taxation, of an enormous debt recklessly and lavishly piled on the public shoulders, by the absence of restrictions on the importation of articles of food, cheap and easy of acquisition."—*Experiences*.

We ask any man possessed of an average share of common sense, which of these pictures is the more substantially attractive—the sweet cottages and the misery, or the bald, fenceless landscape with content and an equitable distribution of means? Alas! it is grievously to be feared that the inhabitants of the sweet cottages would gladly exchange conditions with the German peasantry, and compound all their hedge-rows and white gables for a little ease of mind and a sufficiency of wholesome fare.

But is it quite true that the external aspect of country life in Germany is so unpromising? Is it quite certain that distance in this case, as in many others, has not lent a little enchantment to the view? The close pastoral landscape of England is undoubtedly very charming. It is a thing not to be met with anywhere else. The whole of Europe contains no parallel for the garden beauty of the Isle of Wight. But is there no other kind of beauty worthy of admiration except hedge-rows and cattle, cottages, groups of trees, and green lanes? Let us imagine a German visiting England, and giving vent to his poetical spirit in this fashion:

'Here you look in vain for any thing like magnificent ancestral forests of the growth of ages, and richly wooded valleys, and vast

mountains, with their weird solitudes and solemn forms, their swooping eagles, their torrents, and their rocks. It is all one tame region, pranked out with neat houses and cropped trees.'

Yet this would be quite as reasonable and as well founded as Mr. Howitt's regrets for the absence of English scenery in the broad champaign of Germany. It is curious enough that Mr. Howitt should expressly recommend the traveller on going to Germany, to 'cast away as fast as possible all *Arcadian* ideas! all dreams about graceful youths and maidens, and bands of music' (*Experiences*, 6, 7); yet that he should himself forget to profit by his own advice, so far as to retain in his mind all the time the most *Arcadian* visions of the beauty and comfort of England, which he is perpetually drawing into contrast with the rugged features of German life. It is not alone that he falls into the ordinary injustice of setting up the English standard to test another people by, but that he sets up the poetical side of England against the prosaic side of Germany. It is certain that when a traveller is far from his own country, he is apt to carry with him vividly only the most agreeable recollections of it—the pleasant memories, the sunshine, the roses, the happy faces, and so on; dropping wholly out of his calculation the thousand and one petty drawbacks, the small inconveniences, the abiding discontents of all kinds. And all this, the aromatic essence of the distant and the past, is urgently opposed by his imagination to present discomforts, whatever they may be, the unaccustomed ways, the disappointments occasioned less by any deficiency or unfitness in the elements of things, than by his own strangeness in the use or enjoyment of them, and the innumerable obstacles of the present which he stumbles against in unfamiliar scenes. The comparison, consequently, is taken at the utmost conceivable disadvantage. It is not merely England against Germany, but the England of an excited fancy, relieved of all its *disagréments*, against the real work-a-day Germany, disenchanted of all its romance.

Such comparisons are false in principle. Countries ought to be judged as they are, not as they are not. It proves nothing to show that Germany is not England. We knew that before. What we want exactly to be informed about is the place itself, as it is; but if we are to be reminded incessantly of its inferiority to England, or of

the odd differences between it and England, it seems as if the traveller were going about, not to collect facts, but to flatter the national vanity at home.

This is certainly not the general tendency of Mr. Howitt's first book upon Germany; for, although it is full of laments for the rural English sights and usages he misses in the fatherland, it must be accepted upon the whole as a most able exposition of the actual condition of the country, bearing high and honorable testimony to the character and industry of the people. It is in his second and smaller book that we find his dissatisfaction break out; and it is in this volume chiefly we discover those statements which we hold to be objectionable.

Upon the whole, there is a marked discordance in the spirit of the two volumes, not very easy of illustration or solution. The larger and more tolerant work was published while Mr. Howitt was yet residing in Germany—the other since his return to England. He reserved his final indictment against the country until he had left it, a course which is perfectly justifiable in itself. But this will not account for the startling opposition, not so much in matters of mere statement as in matters of feeling and judgment, presented by these two books. When the first book appeared, Mr. Howitt was absolutely attacked for its Germanic enthusiasm and anti-English tendency. The impression made by the second is precisely the reverse. How is this?

Mr. Howitt was singularly unfortunate in his location. He got into a house where the people were prying, curious, gossiping, designing, and roguish. They seem to have entered into a regular system of annoyances, and to have taken extraordinary pains to make him and his family uncomfortable. This was an unpropitious beginning, and its effects appear to have lingered with him to the last hour of his residence at Heidelberg. He never quite got rid of the feeling of distrust and vexation with which that intriguing landlady inspired him in the first instance. The conclusion at which he arrives, drawn of course from his own experience and observation, is not only that the German lodging-house-keepers constitute a genus of sharpers, but that they are actually sustained, assisted, and protected in their rogueries by an extensive combination amongst the surrounding population! The wholesale imposition is accomplished in this way. Arriving a

stranger in one of these German towns, and requiring lodgings, you are supplied with a *commissionaire*, who takes you round from house to house where lodgings are to be let. This fellow is in the pay either of the lodging-house keepers, or the hotel keepers, and he will inevitably deceive you; that is to say, he will try to secure you for his own client, who may in all human probability be just as respectable and as honest as any body else. So far as this part of the *commissionaire's* scheme is concerned, it does not go for much. It is nothing more than happens every day in the year in every town in Europe. But Mr. Howitt adds, that the *commissionaire* carries the deception still further. He not only cries up his direct employer, but never cries down any body else. There is a sort of national pride in the fellow (we suppose) which will not allow him to betray even the worst of his countrymen. No matter how notorious the character of a lodging-house keeper may be, the unsuspecting stranger is sure never to hear of it. The *commissionaire*, says Mr. Howitt, is bribed to silence; from which we are left to infer that in fact the *commissionaire* is bribed by all the lodging-house keepers, in addition to that particular member of the fraternity whom it is his especial duty to recommend.

"In the second place," continues our author, "it is the interest of too many other people for any stranger to receive a warning. The shopkeepers will, of course, say nothing, because they wish you to settle and be customers, and many of them hope to fleece you well too. Even if you have letters to German families, they will not breathe a word. It is not their business; and it is a part of German caution not to offend their townsmen, especially the knavish, who may do them mischief."—*Experiences.*

The last important part of this machinery of deception is supplied by the domestic servants, who are in league with all the rest to keep their employers in utter ignorance of the true state of things around them; so that, according to Mr. Howitt, the moment a stranger enters a German town for the purpose of going into lodgings, the *commissionaire* of the hotel, with the hotel-keeper himself in the background, the servants of the house, the owners of the house, the tradespeople of every kind and degree, and even the private families, however respectable they may be, to whom the stranger may happen to carry letters of introduction, instantly confeder-

ate and become engaged in a mysterious conspiracy to cheat him.

If we were to treat statements of this description as Mr. Howitt himself treats most of his German topics, we might make a descent upon some of the bye-streets of London, and draw a picture of an English lodging-house keeper, which would show how far inferior in skill, boldness, and magnitude of ambition, these poor German combinators are in comparison with the same genus in this country. It takes a whole town in Germany, private families and all, to cheat a single lodger; while in London a single lodging-house keeper is quite enough to cheat a whole colony of lodgers. The London scale of profit, too, is considerably higher, and, we need not add, that the London mode of extortion is considerably more systematic. But as we do not see how the case of the Germans would be improved, by establishing the undeniable fact that the case of the English is worse, we will not waste time with the useless contrast.

Personal experience is the test people usually apply to matters of this nature. No test can be much more fallacious; but it affords a popular, conventional, and easy escape from the responsibility of any graver method of procedure. In this very town of Heidelberg then, we can confidently assert that we have known sundry instances of the utmost honesty, frankness, and cordiality on the part of lodging-house keepers towards their inmates. The town is not very large. It occupies only a single street running between the river and the hills. There would be no great difficulty in acquiring in a couple of months a passing acquaintance with the character of every individual in the town; and we assume at once, that this circumstance is in itself an abundant protection against the class of frauds indicated by Mr. Howitt. There are people who have resided at Heidelberg, and who speak of the inhabitants in terms the very reverse of those employed by Mr. Howitt. We state this simply as a piece of common justice. Here are two opinions founded on opposite experiences. Both may, both must be right up to a certain point; but that part of the inquiry in which alone the public at large, either of Germany or England, can be supposed to be interested, lies beyond the limits of individual instances, and can only be reached by the more philosophical process of generalization.

What is the national character of the Germans? Is it that of a sordid, knavish, over-reaching race? No. Mr. Howitt himself explicitly asserts that they are not slavishly devoted to money-getting. He even admits in this very book that they are honest. 'The Germans,' he says, 'as a people, are a very honest people.'—*Experiences*, p. 11. Now it is only as a people we have any interest in the investigation of their character. Let pettifogging chicane-ry thrive in Heidelberg, and, if our author will have it so, in all the small university towns; let the tradespeople and the servants conspire to the crack of doom; the Germans, as a people, are a very honest people—and we take that to be a very complete and sufficient answer to all the accusation in detail that may be brought against them. It is much to the purpose that this answer should be furnished by the author of these books; since, however, we may differ from him on some points, or he may differ from himself on others, Mr. Howitt is an unexceptionable witness.

The thieving propensities of the Germans appear to have struck Mr. Howitt most forcibly on board the Ludwig steamboat plying on the Rhine. He says that the Ludwig 'was a regular den of thieves;' that his carpet-bag was cut open on board and plundered, and that several of the people connected with that vessel were afterwards sentenced for similar depredations to six years' imprisonment. He tells us, also, that at Cologne a case of eau-de-Cologne, which he had left on the table at his hotel, was rifled during his absence, and that the landlord, treating the affair, strangely enough, *as a matter of course*, replaced it at his own charge. It is pleasant to perceive in all these cases that, if there be robbery in the country, there is also a compensatory principle resident somewhere; that the law overtakes the depredators on the steamboats, and that, although theft is a matter of course in the hotels, it is also a matter of course on the part of the landlord to make restitution in full for the inevitable wrongs committed in his premises. So far, therefore, no great harm is done. The river rogues carry on their speculations under the wholesome fear of six years' imprisonment, and the hotel-keepers are always ready to make good the losses to which their guests are unavoidably exposed. We know no country where the evils of misappropriation of private property is more successfully grappled with.

But we owe it too many delightful recollections, not to say of the Rhine, that we never heard of these numerous and daring robberies until we read of them in Mr. Howitt's book. Many thousands of strangers traverse the Rhine daily during the fine season in these steamers. The deck is piled up with trunks and carpet-bags, and writing-cases and hat-boxes. We confess we often wondered that where there was so much temptation, there should be so little theft; and we were not very much surprised to find that some thefts were committed at last. But is it fair to draw these items into the indictment against Germany? It is all very well for Mr. Hood to call out to the travellers on the Rhine to 'take care of their pockets.' Mr. Hood is a humorist and has the license of a motley; but it is only right to advertise such of his readers as do not happen to know better, that the whole region of the Rhine is much more English than German. It is the frontier where the various races mingle; it is the high-way where extravagant foreigners are always to be found setting an example of dissipation and vice of every kind: it is the last place where one looks for German virtue or German simplicity: it is in fact repudiated by the Germans themselves, as being no longer distinguished by the German character in its native integrity. The best vindication of the people from the imputations which these malpractices might seem to cast upon them, is furnished with his invariable candor by Mr. Howitt himself.

"Vast numbers of our country people flock into the Rhine country, because it is easy of access, because it is a very charming country so far as nature goes; but it is at the same time, with the exception of Prussia, the very dearest part of Germany, and what is worse, it is the most corrupt and demoralized. It is not in the cities of the Rhine that you will find the genuine German character in its primitive truth and simplicity. It is a great thoroughfare of tourists, and that of itself is enough to stamp it as corrupt and selfish. True, it is a lovely country, and if you are content with the charms of nature, you cannot well have a pleasanter. But if you seek either the highest state of German social culture in the purest state of its moral simplicity, you must go farther."—*Experiences*.

All this while, then, we have been looking at the Germans through the glasses of our own deformities. It is clear enough that the 'genuine German character' is something very different from the German char-

acter which is brought into contact with tourists and migratory lodgers; and that if we would ascertain what that genuine character is, we must 'go farther.' So that, after all, it is we, the tourists, who are to blame for all the chicanery and fraud; we who introduce the temptation, we who diffuse around us a taste for profusion and luxury, who inspire the simple and plain-dealing tradesman with new desires, and open to him new vistas of acquisition: it is, in fact, our more highly refined civilization, with its attendant train of hypocrisies and intrigues, which is begetting in Germany all these fraudulent practices, against which Mr. Howitt so eloquently warns the innocent English public!

We sincerely believe this to be the exact truth—neither more nor less. We sincerely believe that our civilization has been working in Germany much the same sort of results—making the necessary allowance for difference of circumstances—which it has worked in a more frightful excess amongst the aborigines of our colonies. If we would see the people in their true national development, we must 'go farther,' as Mr. Howitt says; we must go beyond the reach of these blighting and pernicious influences.

And what do we find in those remote districts? A primitive and laborious race—simple in their manners, calm, persevering, affectionate, unostentatious. A people free from the vices of a false refinement—placing no stress upon money, even as a means to an end—intellectual and grave, earnest and independent. We hardly understand this sort of character, it is so unlike any thing to which we are accustomed. We can hardly comprehend a whole people without some strong, low, worldly motive power stirring up their passions and agitating them into action. We are apt to disbelieve in the phenomenon or to turn it into ridicule. We recognize, it is true, in the absence of frivolity, in the weight and seriousness of the Germans, something more closely resembling our Saxon qualities than we can discover in any other part of Europe. German temperance, German phlegm, German industry, are perfectly intelligible to us; but we have no notion of a solid man who places poetry and metaphysics above worldly substance, above the daily struggle for riches and personal ambition. This puzzles us, and so by way of getting out of the difficulty, we turn him into a joke. We pitch upon his

dull routine of habits, and secure a laugh at the expense of his simplicity. His cookery is atrocious, *sauer kraut* is a species of elaborate barbarianism, dawn-of-day breakfasts, twelve o'clock dinners, long evenings, and suppers of sliced sausages and potato salads, make up a tableau of human life which may well excite the risible muscles of an Englishman. It is impossible to conceive or invent any thing more completely opposed to his notions of the art of living. He is scarcely at breakfast when the German has done dinner—he has hardly sat down to dinner when the German has done supper! What sort of humanity can reside in these people? Let us see.

We will go to Mr. Howitt's first book for the answer. He is here describing what he designates the 'singular moral characteristics of the Germans;' and singular they are in comparison with the moral characteristics of May Fair on the one hand or of our great, moving, bustling, money-grasping population on the other.

"There is not a more social and affectionate people than they are. They are particularly kind and attentive to each other; sympathize deeply in all each others's troubles and pleasures, successes and reverses. They form the strongest attachments and retain them through life. Young men entertain that brotherly feeling for each other that you seldom see in England. They go, as youths, often walking with their arms about each other, as only school-boys do with us. They put their arms over each other's shoulder in familiar conversation in company, in a very brotherly way.—I say nothing of that hearty kissing of each other on meeting after an absence, that to an English eye, in great, rough-whiskered and mustached men, has something very repulsive in it. They make presents of memorials to each other, and maintain a great and lasting correspondence. The correspondence of many Germans is enormous. Ladies who spend the morning in household affairs, will also in the afternoon be as busy in writing to their numerous friends. It is in private, social intercourse alone that the Germans display the genuine vivacity and heartiness of their character. In the social and select circle of approved and approving friends, they throw off all formality, and become as joyous and frolicsome as so many boys and girls. These same young men that in the street will go by you as swift as a steam-engine, and as dark as a thunder cloud, there become the very imps of mirth and jollity. They are ready to enter into any fun, to act any part—to sing, to romp, to laugh, and quiz each other without mercy."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

He adds that they have the faculty of becoming children without becoming ridiculous. None but children in other countries can give themselves up to the full flow of their spirits, and throw themselves headlong with safety into their enjoyments. Yet the grave, phlegmatic Germans can do this! They can retain their boyhood and girlhood to the end of their lives, without even, says Mr. Howitt, 'leaving go for an instant of the saving guidance of a manly discretion.' This is something to compensate for the cheating at Heidelberg; this is something worthier of record and remembrance, and of standing out as a prominent and distinguishing attribute of the country, than the carpet-bag burglaries on the Rhine!

And these people, so natural, so festive in their domestic circles, so grave and earnest in their demeanor and their thoughts, understand the cultivation of pleasure—of pure pleasure—and enjoy it as thoroughly as any race under the sun.

"One thing is certain, that there are not in the world more attached, affectionate, and domestically happy people than the Germans; and if their wives are not qualified to solve a mathematical problem with them, to discuss some point of history or politics, to enter into the religious questions of the day, or to decide on the excellence of some new work of taste; yet, on the other hand, they do not so much pester them with demand of expensive pleasures, huge parties, splendid dresses and equipages, and all the unsatisfying and greedy dissatisfactions of a more luxurious state of society.

"The simple and unexpensive manner in which they entertain their friends, and pass away the winter evenings, might be introduced with infinite advantage into England. A simple cup of tea at six o'clock, music, perhaps a dance, and then as simple a supper of sandwiches, slices of sausage, a potato or other salad, a cake ornamented in various ways, but generally a sponge, a chocolate, or a fruit cake, a snow tart, with a few bottles of cheap wine,—these form the staple refreshments of these social evenings, which break up about ten or eleven o'clock.

"The young people on these occasions amuse themselves also with a vast variety of games, which in England would be thought rather adapted to children than to grown-up people; but which, however, occasion plenty of mirth, and indicate a state of society much more homely and ready to be pleased than ours. Among these stand eminent in favor 'Die blinde Kuh,' the blind cow; another name for blindman's buff. They have various other games of forfeits. They write romances; each person furnishing a sentence without knowing what is written before him, so as to produce the most ludicrous medley."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

And so he goes on, enumerating the endless little innocent entertainments which fill up the evening. This way of life would kill a fashionable circle in London. At the first glance it seems to bring ennui, and the spleen, and the headache, and stupors, and vapors, and all oppressive social maladies along with it. And in like manner, a German house looks as if it were the place of all the world where an Englishman could do nothing but die. Yet it is astonishing how a little use reconciles us to these things; how, after a little time, we begin to find out, not only that they are really more endurable than we could have believed, but that they are preferable in the long run to the old modes in which we have been all our lives indulging—rugs and champagne, and suppers included. German life, like a German house, which Mr. Howitt must describe for us, improves wonderfully upon close acquaintance.

"The interior of German houses have, to English eyes, always a somewhat naked look. This arises, in a great measure, from the absence of carpets: you approach by uncarpeted stairs, and then find yourself on naked boarded floors. These floors are generally made of broad boards of pine, laid in squares of a large size in framework of oak. The pine is generally kept clean scoured, and the framework dark with paint or oil. In others, the floors are colored of a reddish yellow, with preparation of wax, which is kept bright and clean with a hard and heavily weighted brush. And here, contrary to the condition of the houses of the common people, and of too many of the lower grade of the burgher class, all is extremely neat and clean. The floors, though of deal, are so white, or are so bright when colored, that they give a very agreeable feeling of cleanliness, and the furniture, though often plain, is equally clean and neat too. There is an air of elegance about a good house, which makes up, in some measure, for the richness and wealth of ornament that we are accustomed to in England. In many cases, again, the floors are of hard and handsome wood, laid down in squares, or in graceful patterns of different colors, in a mosaic style, and richly polished. In the palaces and houses of the nobility and wealthy gentry, in winter, carpets are laid down, and in summer these inlaid floors are very tasteful, agreeably cool, and sometimes of singular classic beauty."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

We take these descriptions from Mr. Howitt for the sake of showing how Germany in its best and noblest aspects is estimated by a writer who has not scrupled to show it also in its worst.

One or two other points deserve to be specified.

In the second book, Mr. Howitt cautions the English traveller how he deals with German servants. We suppose it must be allowed that German servants are no better than other servants. But Mr. Howitt here insists that they are considerably worse.

"The servants who speak English are a class who have learned it on purpose to live with the English, and are generally arrant thieves. They expect English wages, and have a per centage on all the bills they pay for you. Your cook rises at five o'clock in the morning, and goes to market. She buys the worst articles there, and charges you something more than for the best. She has often her kitchen below while your rooms are above, and you have no control over her actions, or a staircase serves her purpose. She and the other servants, who are commonly in league, have their connexions, who expect a good harvest out of the rich English, and are always coming and going with their covered baskets. If you do not take good heed, and it is almost impossible to have sufficient precaution, unless your wife do as the German ladies do, wear a great bunch of keys at her apron strings, lock every thing up, and get up at five o'clock too; without this, your stores of all kinds will flow freely out of the house, and your very wood for fuel will be sold by these rapacious servants. You are, in fact, in the hands of the Philistines, and you must get rid of them as fast as you can."—*Experiences.*

Upon this vivid outline of the rogueries of the German servants it is not necessary to make any other commentary than that which Mr. Howitt supplies us with in his first book. The system of abstracting things in covered baskets, and of levying contributions on the house-stores for the benefit of friends out of doors, is a system, we believe, which has been carried on from time immemorial all the world over, wherever there are lodgings to let, and for which the German servants ought not to be held much more culpable than English, or Scotch, or French servants. But it would appear from a statement in the *other* book, that these very servants are not only amongst the most laborious domestics on the face of the earth, but that they are kept under such strict surveillance as to render misconduct of any kind rather a hazardous luxury amongst them. First, of their laboriousness.

"Of German servants we may here say a word. The genuine German maid-servant is

one of the most healthy, homely, hard-working creatures under the sun. Like her fellows who work in the fields, barns, and woods, she is as strong as a pony, and by no means particular as to what she has to do. She wears no cap or bonnet at home or abroad. Has a face and arms as stout and red as any that our farm girls can boast; and scours and sweeps, and drudges on, like a creature that has no will but to work, and eat, and sleep. She goes to market with a bare head, and in a large cloak. She turns out on a Saturday afternoon, with all the rest of her tribe, with bucket and besom, into the street, and then, about three or four o'clock, makes a perilous time of it in the city. Before every door, water is flowing, and besoms are stirring the dirty puddles about. Each extends her labors, not only to the pavement, if there be one, but to the middle of the street: so that they are, in fact, the city scavengers."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

Next of their characters.

"The conduct of servants, as well as every thing else in Germany, is kept strictly under the surveillance of the police. Each servant is furnished with a character book, which contains all legal regulations respecting servants, and the engagements between them and their employers, being quite a little code of menial services. In this book, when a servant leaves his or her place, the master or mistress writes his or her character. This book is then laid up at the police-office, and before a servant can procure a fresh place, this book must be fetched, and the character written in by the party whom the servant is leaving, and the book with all its characters must be taken to the party with whom the servant wishes to engage. Thus a powerful check is kept on the conduct of servants, and it is not easy for a bad one to get employ, or to avoid the sharp notice of the police-officers."—*Rural and Domestic Life.*

Does the reader detect any inconsistency between the two statements? We confess we find a difficulty in understanding how a class whose conduct is so strictly watched and registered, and who depend upon the excellence of their character for their livelihood, can carry on with impunity such systematic depredations. At all events, if the disease be grievous, the remedy is easy, and no person, English or German, need submit to be plundered, if he will only take the trouble to ask a simple question of the police.

It was remarked by Madame de Stael, that there was no public opinion in Germany. The political institutions of the country have the inevitable object of suppressing that spirit of agitation which elsewhere

assumes the functions of what is called public opinion. The press is restrained. The petty princes exercise complete authority. The public mind is calm and passionless. Mr. Howitt, speaking of the political condition of Germany in one book, refers indignantly to the arbitrary control of the government, and says that the people are sunk into a state of contemptible slavery.

"Their situation presents the most singular and most admonitory spectacle in all history. A people of sixty millions in number; a people of all others most sensitive; a people singing brave songs, and using brave words, and cherishing brave thoughts of liberty,—yet without the daring and the moral firmness to set themselves free. The parents of liberty in Europe, and at the present day the most thoroughly enslaved. They have fallen from the high estate of the freest and most high-spirited people of ancient Europe, to the most pliant, crouching to the yoke of the diplomatist of present Europe. One shout of actual resolve from these millions, would scatter every throne, and make every bond crumble into dust; nay, closely woven as the net of diplomacy is around them, were there but the lion within it, a mouse were enough to set it free; but the habit of acquiescence has become the really enslaving chain of this great and intellectual people."—*Experiences*.

It would appear from this that the Germans were really in a miserable slough of despond, and that they were wholly deprived not only of the power to move, but of the desire to improve their political situation. In the other book we have the following picture of the actual state of the people in reference to the government, from the opposite tendency of which we leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

"The prosperity of the nation is inimical to its emancipation. The princes, though despotic, are not surrounded by a splendid and powerful aristocracy, like the monarchy of England. These were swept away or reduced by the revolutionary war. The princes, therefore, with no such body-guard to stand between them and the people, are obliged to govern with mildness. They are isolated and responsible, at least morally, for their own actions; and no prince in modern times has once dared to run violently counter to the sense of an educated people. If we make the King of Hanover the exception, the German sovereigns are popular in their own persons, and this is a great persuasive to obedience and acquiescence in a form of government not the most favorable to real freedom. Then, there is no distress in the country; no mighty body of destitution and misery, as in our own manufacturing districts—millions in desperation, and

menacing change. Here, as in all Europe, exists a certain degree of poverty, a certain pressure of population, which seeks relief in emigration; but, on the whole, there is no country where the great mass of the people live in greater comfort and content. Such an extent of luxury, such a glittering aristocracy before their eyes, the restless ambition of mounting from rank to rank, have not, as with us, destroyed the ancient spirit of quiet enjoyment. All live well, but not splendidly. The greatest portion of the people, the peasantry, live on their own property,—live in the country all alike, and fully occupied with their labors. The middle classes again depend, in great numbers, on government for offices in the state, in all departments of the administration of justice, collection of duties and taxes, in colleges and schools. When, therefore, there is no great mass of distress to create a bitterness and coalition against the government, but on the contrary, a great body deriving substantial benefits from it, who shall be the first to sacrifice his present enjoyments for the more intellectual liberties of a free tongue and press? Who shall quarrel first with the constitution which affords him solid advantages, because it does not extend to him and others still more? The country is not commercial enough to have created such a wealthy middle class, as shall be independent enough of government, shall have cause of grievance enough and influence enough to lead the multitude to an attack. On the other hand, the government police is so complete, its cognisance is so extended to every part and into every matter, that a habit of obedience is induced which it is very difficult for any individual to break through."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

We believe this latter review of the political circumstances of the country to be the true one. We believe that freedom in Germany consists in the enjoyment of useful rights—rights which confer substantial prosperity upon the people. It is seen that every man has enough—that there are no great burdens to complain of—no misdeeds consummated in high places at the cost of the blood and treasure of the bulk of the people—that there are no idlers pampered at the public expense—that, in short, the material progress of the people keeps pace with the power and progress of the government and the national institutions, and that thus harmonizing, thus moving onward equally and together, or if it suit the case better, standing still together, the people have no present cause for discontent, no sufficient excuse or necessity for popular revolt, while the government wisely maintains the security of a position which it could not relax without risk of disorganization, and durst not render more rigorous

without danger to the established rule. We believe that such are the relations between the governed and the governing power in Germany—and that this relationship, however inapplicable to such a country as England, is, upon all accounts, the best that could be devised for the conservation of the multitude of small interests which intersect the surface of the Germanic empire.

Having spoken so freely concerning those passages in Mr. Howitt's books which we deem open to objection, and having endeavored to show, for the satisfaction of the national sentiment, in some sort compromised by such passages, that Mr. Howitt elsewhere qualifies them all, more or less, we think it nothing more than justice to that gentleman's labors to add, that we consider his larger work on Germany to be the most valuable publication we possess in English on the general subject of which it treats. It does not need any recommendation at our hands; but we would not have it supposed that in pointing out a few slight faults, we are insensible to the merits of diligent research and sound feeling so conspicuously displayed in its pages.

Our object is to testify to the people of Germany the regard in which they are held in this country—to show them that, differing as we do in a variety of small social usages, we are prompt to recognise the more important features of resemblance and sympathy which exist between us; and which in some measure, give us a sort of common interest in their welfare and happiness. In conclusion, we beg to express our hearty concurrence in every syllable of the following passages—the truth and importance of which will be responded to, if we are not much mistaken, by every right-thinking man from one end of Germany to the other.

"Of all the continental countries, it is with Germany that we have been oftenest compelled to alliance by the intrigues and assumptions of other nations. It is with Germany that, least of all, through our whole history, have we had wars and rivalry. . . . By the union of England and Germany must peace be achieved, or war successfully waged. . . . But besides this there is no other continental nation with which, spite of our national dissimilarities, we have so many points of coincidence, or so kindred a character in literature, science, and social life. . . . For the present we may safely assert that there is no country in Europe in which there is so great an amount of comfort and contentment enjoyed. All are industrious, moderate in their desires, and dis-

posed to enjoy themselves in a simple and inexpensive sociality; music, books, the pleasures of summer sunshine and natural scenery, are enjoyments amply offered and widely partaken. The hurry and excitement of more luxurious countries; the oxygen atmosphere of such overgrown cities as Paris or London, have not reached even their largest capitals. Between the wild extremes of manufacturing misery and aristocratic splendor, their life lies, like one of their own plains, somewhat level, but full of corn, and wine, and oil; and however the track on which they are advancing may lead them nearer to national greatness, it cannot add greatly to the national happiness."—*Rural and Domestic Life*.

EGYPTIANS SENT TO FRANCE FOR EDUCATION.—Mr. Bonomi, who, as our readers know, accompanied Dr. Lepsius to Egypt, is now on his return to England. A letter from Marseilles, of the 23d ult., mentions that he arrived there on board the *Ehrashit*, and was about to proceed with the Egyptian students, sent by the Pasha to complete their education at Paris. The mission includes the *élite* of "Young Egypt"—Huseyn Bey, son of the Viceroy, Ahmed Bey, son of Ibrahim Basha, and the sons of several other Bashes, with about nineteen young men selected from the military schools,—in all thirty-six individuals. "The son of Mohammed Ali," says our correspondent, "is a young man of about eighteen or nineteen, of elegant appearance and intelligent countenance. The son of Ibrahim is about the same age as his uncle, short, with fair complexion, affable manners, and a good deal of naïveté in his conversation. The chief of the expedition, Stefan Effendi, is a man of most prepossessing appearance; there is a modesty and intelligence in his conversation quite remarkable. Among the students, I should distinguish, as the man of highest mark and capacity, a young Turk, Shakur Effendi, destined for the army, but of considerable literary attainments. The Princes and some of the Beys are likely to visit England."—*Athenæum*.

PURCELL'S ANNIVERSARY.—The anniversary of Purcell was celebrated last week in Westminster Abbey, which holds his mortal remains. Purcell's epitaph records that he is "gone to that blessed place where only his harmony can be exceeded." If this were true in Purcell's day, it is not so now, for it must be confessed that the harmony was sadly inharmonious in various parts of the service. The performance throughout was little better than a sort of annual "practice." The music of Purcell, Tallis, and our old English composers, demands the smoothest precision, delicacy, and thorough feeling in its performance, qualities all of which were wholly wanting on the occasion. The solo parts were generally feeble and hesitating, the tenor in the second anthem especially—his voice scarcely audible. Altogether, the result was very unsatisfactory and disappointing to the crowds who assembled on the occasion.—*Athenæum*.

BURNS AND BYRON.

From Tait's Magazine, (October.)

THE late festival—an unprecedented one in Scotland—has not made the name of Burns better known, or more celebrated than it was before. His fame was independent of any such public recognition. But we cannot help regarding it in a very important light, considering the many different opinions which have been expressed of his character. The festival was a formal national acknowledgment, both of his poetical genius and his social worth; not only unopposed by any one having a right to be heard on the subject, but ratified by the eager consent of many illustrious, many enlightened, and many honest, moral, and respectable inhabitants of the country. There was no effort required to make this acknowledgment. The proposal, of course, came at first from one individual, but the feeling of its justice and its propriety was universal; and we are glad that cant and hypocrisy were disregarded, and that so many Scotsmen had the moral courage to despise the cold sneer of the professing rigidly righteous; and to recognise, honestly and openly, claims which no other Scottish poet ever put forth so strongly to the admiration and affection of his countrymen. We mean not to say that there are not other names of which Scotland has good cause to be proud—names which are justly honored both in this country and throughout the empire; but no Scottish writer has presented so vividly the sturdy independence of his countrymen as Robert Burns. It was his own strongest characteristic; and the sympathy with it is deep and national. It is more of his *character*, as developed in his poetry, than of the poetry itself, that we wish to say a few words; and to contrast it with that of another man of genius, between whose works and those of Burns, however, either as regards fancy or creative power—the two great elements of poetical genius—we do not intend for one instant to institute any comparison. It is simply with the *character* of the two men of genius, as shown in their respective works, that we intend to deal; and we know of no more striking contrast than that which these characters, so exhibited, present. Though we had never read one word of the private history of either, we are inclined to think that our remarks would have been the same.

Burns and Byron—the Peasant and the Peer! Save the alliteration, there is little parallelism between them. In station, studies, aims, and objects, no two men were ever more widely different: in tone, expression, sentiment, and manner, no two poets ever presented a stronger contrast. They were both reared in Scotland: they died at nearly the same age: both were determined enemies of cant, in all its shapes and disguises: and we know few other elements of thought or character in which they resembled one another.

Burns was the robust poet of health, Byron

the fevered prophet of disease; and their works are as different as the glow of the one and the fire of the other. The song of the one was the charm by which he escaped from the pressure of worldly calamity; that of the other was the passion by which he immortalized his affliction, and rendered mental agony doubly poignant. Burns dipped his pen in oil, to smooth with verse "the carking cares" of life; Byron plunged his in gall, to poison himself and mankind. The one looked at the best view of an indifferent prospect, and he brightened it with the sanguine hues of his own fancy; the other would see nothing but darkness in his splendid career, and his whole life and genius were devoted to deepen the shades. The poetry of the one resembles a *pastorale* of Haydn; that of the other is like a *sinfonia funebre* of Beethoven.

Burns was conscious of his own natural ability—knew perfectly well that his talents were far higher than his birth—and felt, at the same time, that, as a man, he had nothing to regret. While he made a true estimate of his own genius, asserted it, and gloried in it; he had no repinings at his humble station, no heart-burnings for higher. He was there, and he was there for good. He felt no petty enmity at those of a higher grade; his was none of the vulgar democracy which sneers at all above it. Where rank was united with worth, no one admired it more: where the union was embellished with wit, and learning, and genius, he was ready to worship. There was much honest admiration in him; there was little envy. He would not have exchanged his bardship for a coronet. The "holly round his head," bound by the Scottish muse, was a diadem which he esteemed higher than the "round and type of sovereignty." And as his crown was from Nature's hand, his treasures were drawn from her choicest stores:

No vulgar metals fused from common ores,
But gold to matchless purity refined,
And stamped with all the Godhead of the mind.

His subjects had the worship of his heart and the allegiance of his genius—honesty, valor, love, friendship, truth, independence. Manliness in all its forms, whether in the field, the senate, the sheiling, or the grove, was his favorite theme; and if for a moment his verse was tinged with misanthropy, the blot was speedily effaced by the healthy reasoning which a moment's reflection suggested. There is little of the effeminacy of poetry about Burns; and, much as has been said about it, there is little licentiousness, properly so called. It is true he is often coarse, indelicate, unscrupulous in his phrases; but he is so, purely for the sake of the humor or the satire—not for the sake of indelicacy. There is no gloating over vice, as in Juvenal—no painting of it for its own sake. "Holy Willie's Prayer" and "The Jolly Beggars" may be too strong for refined tastes; but the one is a richly-deserved castigation of

a class too numerous in this country, and the other is life, real life, though it be the dregs of it. But his highest efforts are his purest, and they show the natural bent of his mind, which was virtuous and honorable. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" is a picture of piety, benevolence, love, affection, and contentment, which, we believe, could only come from a pious and benevolent mind. No radically vicious man could have so ardently delighted in the description. It came fresh from an honest unsophisticated heart. His "thoughtless follies" have been rather too often harped upon. With his festive soul—his adoring companions, it is wonderful they were so few. But he has himself immortalized them by his touching confession. There was at least no hypocrisy in his character. He would have pleaded guilty at once at any bar of morality. He would have given judge and council no trouble in searching for evidence. They and the world were welcome both to the full knowledge of his sins, and his manly repentance of them. His works have toned and improved the feelings of his class.

Byron's weakness was, to be thought strong. This desire shines through the most of his poetry. He wished to appear above prejudices, and opinions, and rules. He was too high to be guided by them. He despised the vulgar elements of human composition, and looked upon himself as "half dirt, half deity." Byron was a weak man, and the weakness of his nature was the strength of his poetry. His works were the diction of his passions. He was their intellectual bondsman. It was his slavery to their mandates—his entire devotion to their gratification—his intimacy with their operations—his intense concentrated experience in their indulgence and contemplation—his long obedience to their slightest impulse—that enabled him to paint and shadow, and compare and contrast them so vividly. He was a poetical gladiator, exhibiting for fame and gold the nakedness of "a mind diseased." His feelings were passions, and his passions crimes. Under their command the voyage of his life was made with a false compass, and a false chart. He read history and used it, not for healthful instruction in the ways of man—not for great, or 'correct, or useful views of legislation—not for philosophical analysis—not for the sake of tracing to its source any art, or any science, or any profession: he read it to illustrate his passions—his own passions—pride, revenge, love, fear, hatred, jealousy. Often he lauds highly and enthusiastically, the wise, the brave, the virtuous, the patriot, of a past era; but it is to gratify his scorn of the fool, the coward, the libertine, the traitor, of a later time. He draws an angel of light; but it is to contrast the angel with a demon. He looks into the grave of the father for a scourge wherewith to lash the son. He raises the dead, to mock the living. He holds up

The most glorious productions of the globe are used by him to make men look more hideous. He places his heroes in the gardens of the earth, where they spread pestilence and death. How he looked at the beauties of nature!

"Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?"

In his highest work, the sublimest description of the sublimest scenery, the most melting pictures of natural feeling, are followed by the ready sneer and degrading comparison of Childe Harold. He cannot emancipate himself for any length of time from his bondage. He never escapes from the curse of seeing all things with "the evil eye." He would not know gold without its alloy; and he used it to make false coin. Unlike the alchemists of old, who tried to transmute baser metal into gold, he reversed the process. Virtue and beauty in themselves seemed tame. He could speak of love, but it must be followed by pollution; of courage, but it must be allied to crime. He could paint the bloom of the rose; but it was to watch it till it withered. He could sing, in tones of magical sweetness, of female tenderness and manly feeling; but the deformity must appear in opposition—lust, bloodshed, and saturnalian licence. The glow of innocence must be chased by the flush of shame; the heroic achievement must be paid by the guilty reward. He held up virtue as a light for exhibiting vice: he seduced his readers by sanguine descriptions of valor, and loveliness, and truth, and impassioned devotion, to follow him to contemplate their alliance with the foulest subjects of the mind. He created chastity to deflower it; honor, to break it; religion, to turn it into contempt. He was a poor miser; for he had inestimable wealth, and knew not its use; he placed his jewel in the head of a toad. He had precious mines; but his diamonds never saw the light of day: they must be shown in their earthly bed by the lurid glare of a torch,—their own lustre showing their dark setting,—their natural dyes dimmed by unwholesome vapors. Unlike other authors, who describe crime that it may be followed by repentance,—who paint virtue, to show its reward,—Byron exhibits the one, to exult at its desperation: and the other, to sneer at its loss. His judgment was wrong, and his hand was cursed: every thing he touched took the taint of his disease. He used the prism, not to show the dyes and the beauties of light: the colors of his spectrum all blended into black. His subjects are chosen for this color: he cares not much for peccadilloes. His favorite topics were deep, damning, dangerous, maddening crimes. In a light mood he penned "Beppo;" but the evil spirit

"——the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one."

of his genius was strong upon him when he fancied "Manfred." He joked at adultery; but he devotes his whole soul to exhibit the foul and maddening fruits of incest. He delighted in anatomy only when there was disease; and he dissected with a poisoned knife.

Whom have his works made better?

PUNCH'S LETTER-WRITER.

FROM A WIDOWER TO A WIDOW, WITH AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE.

From the Charivari.

MY DEAR MADAM—Your kind looks and cordial words have accompanied me all the way home, and—the truth is, I write this before going to bed—I shall sleep the more soundly for having the matter off my mind. It is true, we have met but once; but we are both of us at that rational point of life, when people know the most value of time; and as all ceremony is but an idle waste of existence, I beg herewith to offer you my hand, and, with it, though I have been married before, an entire heart. There are hearts, madam, allow me to say, all the better for keeping; they become mellow, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things, too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them. I have been married to one wife, and know enough of the happiness of wedlock to wish it to be continued in another. The best compliment I can pay to the dear creature now in heaven, is to seek another dear creature here on earth. She was a woman of admirable judgment; and her portrait—it hangs over my chimney-piece—smiles down upon me as I write. She seems to know my thoughts, and to approve of them. I said, madam, she was a woman of excellent judgment.

My means are tolerably good; more than sufficient for my widowed state. Of the truth of this, your solicitor shall have the most satisfactory proof. I have also heard—casually heard—that fortune has not, my dear madam, been blind to your deserts, and has awarded you more than enough to keep the wolf from the door. I rejoice at this, for whatever might be my disappointment, I would not entail upon you the inconvenience of marriage unaccompanied by an agreeable competence. What is enough for one—it has been said—is enough for two. But this is the ignorance of Cupid, who never could learn figures. Now Hymen—as you must know, dear madam—is a better arithmetician; taught as he is by butcher and baker. Love in a cottage is pretty enough for girls and boys: but men and women like a larger mansion, with coach-house and stabling.

You may urge against me, that I have incumbrances. By no means. My daughter having married a beggar, has ceased to have any natural claim upon me. If I am civil to her, it is solely from a certain weakness of heart that I cannot wholly conquer; and something too, moreover, to keep up appearances with a meddling world. I have told her that she is never to expect a farthing from me, and I should despise myself not to be a man of my word.

I have, too, a son; but when I tell you that I have once paid his debts, incurred in his wild minority, you will allow that, except my blessing, and, at times, my paternal advice, he can expect nothing more. I know the duties of a father, and will never satisfy the cravings of a profligate. Nevertheless, he is my own son; and whatever may be his need, my blessing and my counsel he shall never want.

My health, madam, has ever been excellent. I have worn like rock. I have heard of such things as nerves, but believe it my fate to have been born without any such weaknesses. I speak thus plainly of essentials, as you and I, madam, are now too wise to think consumption pretty—to tie ourselves to ill-health, believing it vastly interesting. I can ride forty miles a day, and take the hedge with any fellow of five-and-twenty. I say I speak of these things that you may know me as I am. Moreover I assure you I eat with my own teeth, and grow my own hair. Besides this, I am only two-and-fifty.

What do you say, madam? As for vices, as I am an honest man, I do not think I can lay any to my charge. I may have my human weaknesses—such, indeed, as I have touched upon above; but, madam, it has ever been my study through life to be respectable. I have the handsomest pew in the church, and don't owe any man a shilling.

Well, my dear madam, it is getting tale, and I must conclude. I hate to be out of bed after eleven—it is now past twelve. Hence, you must perceive how very much I am interested in this business. In another ten minutes I shall be asleep, and dreaming of you. May I wake to find my dream—for I know what it will be—a reality!

If our solicitors are mutually satisfied, will you name the day? I am superstitious about days—say, then, say Thursday week and believe me your devoted lover, till death,

NICHOLAS BLACKTHORN.

P. S. May I see you to-morrow?

THE WIDOW'S ANSWER.

SIR,—Your favor of last night has, I own, surprised me. What! after one meeting and that at a card-party, to make such an offer! Well to be sure, you men are strange creatures! What, indeed, could you have seen in my conduct to think I could look over such boldness?

As for the rational point of life you speak

of, I must confess I know not when that exactly occurs; do you think it—at least with women—at two-and-thirty; or if not, may I beg to know what age you consider me? Perhaps, though, my early and irreparable loss may have brought a look of premature age upon me. It is very possible—for what a man he was!

As for what you say about hearts, sir, I know but little; I only know the one I have lost. If I did pluck it green, like the winter apples in my store-room, it grew riper and riper in my care.

You say your wife's portrait smiled while you wrote. *His* dear miniature is now before me: I think I see the tears starting through the ivory as I look upon the precious features. If he ever could have frowned, surely he would frown now to think—but I will not pursue the theme.

As to your means, sir, I am happy to hear they are sufficient. Although I can by no possibility have an interest in them, nevertheless I myself too well know the blessings of competence not to congratulate you. True it is I know but little of the ways of money; but am blessed in my solicitors, MESSRS. GRIP and NIP, No. —, Furnival's-inn.

You speak of your incumbrances; my husband dying, left me without a single one. That your daughter should have forgotten her duty, is an affliction. I am glad, however, to find that you know the true source of consolation, and refuse to lend yourself to her improvidence. Truly, indeed, do you say it is a meddling world. I have found it so; as some of my lamented husband's poor relations will answer for me. However, as I could not endure the sight of any thing that reminded me of my dear lost treasure, I have left them for ever in Cornwall. It is now some months since they have ceased to distress me.

Your son may mend. If you will allow me, as a stranger, to speak, I think you should still act with tenderness towards him. How very little would pay his passage to Australia.

Health is, indeed, a treasure. I know it. Had I not had the robustness—pardon the word!—of a mountain nymph, I had never survived the dreadful shock that cruel death has inflicted on me. As it was it struck me down. But, as the poet says, "the bulrush rises when the oak goes crash."

You are partial to hunting? It is a noble recreation. My departed lamb followed the hounds, and, as sportsmen say, would ride at any thing. He once broke his collar bone; but with good nursing, we put him in the saddle again in a month. Ha! you should have seen him in his scarlet coat!

In this fleeting life, how small and vain are personal gifts compared with the treasures of the mind! Still, if there is anything I admire, it is fine teeth. A wig, at least in a man, is detestable.

You say you are two-and-fifty. Well, I must say you don't look *that* age.

You speak plainly of vices, and say you have none. It would be ill manners in me, on so short—I may say, so very trivial—an acquaintance, to doubt you. Besides, it has been my faith—and what I have lost by it I hav'n't time to tell—to think well of everybody. Weaknesses we all have. One of mine is, a love of a pew. We think but very little of religion, when we forget proper hassocks.

I have, however, delayed you too long; and indeed, except for politeness' sake, know not why I should have written at all.

I therefore remain,

Your obedient Servant;

RUTH DOUBLEKNOT.

P. S. I shall be out all day to-morrow. At present—I say at present—I know of no engagement for the next day; no, not next day—the next day after; for I hate a Thursday.

METALLIC SAND CEMENT.—We reported briefly in No. 1405, a paper on this subject, read at the Society of Arts; the increasing estimation, however, of this material as substrata for wood-pavements, for subaqueous works, and more especially for stuccoing public and private edifices, has induced us again to bring the metallic sand cement to the notice of our readers. The great tenacity with which it adheres to brick, stone, and iron; its freedom from cracks and flaws; its pleasing tone of color, and its acquisition of extreme hardness from exposure to atmospheric influences, render it of value both for internal and external architectural decorations. It has been extensively applied to these purposes at Silverton Park, near Exeter, the seat of Lord Egremont, and more recently at the new Gresham Club-house. Its appearance resembles the Chunan stucco of Indian buildings. As a ground for fresco it will doubtless be much used.—*Lit. Gaz.*

DR. WOLFF.—We are informed that, after much correspondence, and obtaining from our own Government all the interference and aid it feels authorised to undertake for the release of Dr. Wolff, Captain Grover a few days since started for St. Petersburg, personally to interest the Emperor Nicholas in the same humane and holy cause. We doubt not of his success with that great monarch, to whom we feel certain, from all lately seen or heard of him, it will afford no small degree of gratification to employ his utmost influence in Bokhara to liberate the missionary from his perilous situation. Of Captain Grover's own exertions and sacrifices we cannot speak too highly; they do honor to human nature: and if from the mystery still hanging over the fate of our countrymen, they should be beyond the reach of help, there may be other Europeans in life who will reap the benefit of this proceeding. We put the "if," because we have only the assertion of the barbarous king of the fact—no public execution has been witnessed; and immediately after he forced Dr. Wolff to write the letter announcing their deaths *only last year*, he immediately altered his course of conduct towards him, and threw him into prison, where he had no means of proving or disproving the truth. This does create a doubt, though a fearful and remote one.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PHYSIOGNOMY OF SERPENTS.

From the Athenæum.

Essay on the Physiognomy of Serpents. By H. Schlegel. Translated by T. S. Traill, M. D. Edinburgh: MacLachlan & Co.

THE work commences with the account of the osseous system of serpents. The bones of the head and jaws are easily separable one from another, and this to enable them to carry whole into their stomachs whatever prey they seize. The common snake in this country can thus gorge a large frog; but the stories of boa constrictors swallowing oxen are pure fictions. The teeth are not used for mastication, but for prehension. In the venomous serpents, two of the teeth are tubular, being seated over a gland or bag containing the poison, and which, on being pressed, exudes through the tubes of the teeth, and thus passes into the body of a grasped animal. In some of the species, the ribs indicate development in particular parts of the body, being the commencing existence of upper and lower extremities. It is by means of the ribs that serpents crawl, each rib in its turn becoming the point of resistance which enables the animal to move on. Most serpents are enabled to ascend trees by twisting themselves round them: they descend by dropping down; but this process never injures them, on account of the elasticity of their ribs and their want of any high amount of development of the nervous system. They seize their prey differently, but most of them make a hissing noise previous to the attack. They never attack man but as an act of self-defence.

The poison of serpents has from the earliest times excited attention, both on account of its deadly effects as a poison and its supposed medicinal power. In a fresh state, it is a transparent limpid fluid, and when taken into the stomach produces no ill effects; but its injurious action is developed, like that of most animal poisons, by being introduced into the blood through a wound. These wounds are always dangerous—sometimes fatal; and amidst all the vaunted remedies for destroying the effect of the poison, it appears that nothing short of immediate excision of the wounded part is of any avail. The poison has been frequently used as a remedy in disease, and even at the present day enters into one of the most popular remedies on the continent:—

“We have stated above, that the practice of extracting from serpents the remedies against their bite, dates from remote antiquity: Antonius, physician to Augustus, employed vipers in several diseases; but it was not until the time of Nero, when the physician Andromachus of Crete, invented the *theriaca*, that the practice became general. The theriac was an arbitrary compound of heterogeneous medicaments, and was afterwards employed in maladies of the most opposite nature: it was compounded in the middle ages in almost all the cities of Europe, particularly in its south-

ern parts. At this day, the practice of including the snake in the composition of this medicament is only retained in Italy, where the theriac is still made in various places. In Sicily it is prepared at Palermo. That of Venice is very celebrated: there they use millions of the *Vipera aspis*, which is common in the vicinity of that city. The great manufacture of theriac which exists at Naples, under the protection of the government, is a private speculation, at the head of which stands the learned Professor Delle Chiaje; there they use indiscriminately every species of serpent, although they prefer the vipers named *viperiere* by the peasants, who bring them alive in baskets. M. Siebold assures me that they frequently employ a species of theriac in China and Japan; the inhabitants of the Lioukiou Isles extract medicaments from the *Hydrophis colubrina*; and at the Isle of Banka, the Chinese reckon the bile of the Great Python a precious remedy against many diseases. I pass over the use made in the middle ages of different parts of the snake, to each of which was attributed salutary qualities; in our days they are wholly laid aside.”

The author exposes many of the strange stories that are told of serpents, and does not even spare modern authors of repute in science, for giving currency to erroneous notions on this subject:—

“One is astonished to hear of sea-snakes of monstrous size; of boas from forty to fifty feet long, that attack men, oxen, tigers, and swallow them whole, after having covered them with a frothy saliva: absurdities that bring to recollection those fables of winged monsters or dragons, of which the mythology of the ancient people of Asia has preserved the remembrance, and of which the wayward fancy of the Chinese has multiplied the forms. What shall we say on reading in modern works of great reputation, descriptions of the marvellous effects produced on serpents by music; when travellers of talent tell us they have seen young snakes retreat into the mouth of their mother, every time that they were menaced with danger! Unfortunately, naturalists, in classing such fables with the number of facts, have often embellished with them their descriptions, and thus have contributed to give them universal acceptance. Who, for instance, will not be struck with the description which Latreille and Lacepede have drawn up of the habits of the boa, and of other serpents of great size? How many qualities have not these philosophers attributed to those beings, which have never existed, except in their own imaginations!”

Amongst these strange stories told of serpents is their power of fascination, and we have seen this argument advanced in favor of animal magnetism. The explanation given by the author in the one case might, we think, supply hints for exposing absurdities in the other:—

“Many causes might have given rise to the

origin of the pretended *power of fascination* of serpents. It is true that most animals appear absolutely ignorant of the danger which menaces them, when they find themselves in the presence of enemies as cruel as serpents; we often see them walk over the bodies of those reptiles, pick at their head, bite them, or lie down familiarly beside them: but we need not also deny, that an animal unexpectedly surprised, attacked by so formidable an adversary, seeing his menacing attitude, his movements performed with such celerity, may be so seized with fear as, at the first moment, to be deprived of its faculties, and rendered incapable of avoiding the fatal blow, which is inflicted at the moment when it perceives itself assailed. Mr. Barton Smith, in a memoir expressly written to refute all that has been advanced on the fascination of the rattlesnake, relates several instances which prove that birds do not show themselves afraid, except when the serpent approaches their nests to seize their young. Then one may see the terrified parents fly around their enemy, uttering plaintive cries, just as our warblers do when any one stops in the vicinity of their nests. It may also be, that the animals which it is pretended had been seen fluttering around the snake, and at last falling into his mouth, have been already wounded by his poison-fangs; a supposition which perfectly corresponds to the way in which venomous serpents master their prey. Many tree-snakes seize their prey by twisting their slender tails around their victim. Dampier has several times been a witness of this spectacle: observing a bird flapping its wings, and uttering cries, without flying, this traveller perceived that the poor bird was locked in the folds of a snake, when he attempted to lay hold of it. Russel presented one day a fowl to a Dipsas, and the bird in a short time gave signs of death; not conceiving how the bite of a snake not poisonous, and so small, could produce such an effect, he carefully examined the fowl, and found the folds of the tail of the snake around the neck of the bird, which would have perished had he not disengaged it. Many birds of small size are accustomed to pursue birds of prey, and other enemies of their race, or fly about the place where the object of their hatred lies concealed: there is reason to believe that this phenomenon, known in Europe to every observer, also takes place in exotic regions; and perhaps this is also one of the circumstances which have contributed to the invention of the stories which have been related of the power of fascination in serpents."

The chapter on fables and prejudices connected with serpents gives an account of the various traditions, &c., connected with the serpent. The following extract will convey an idea of the mode in which this department of the subject is treated:—

"In the mythology of most ancient nations, there are traces which attest that the idea of the serpent as the *evil principle* prevailed from

the most remote antiquity. The serpent is represented as the cause of the first transgression and fall of man; and Arimanes, assuming the form of a serpent, seeks in vain to overcome his antagonist Orosmandes, who represents the good principle in the idealism of the ancient Persians. It is believed that the ancient Greeks made choice of the allegory of the great serpent killed by the arrows of Apollo, to represent the pestilential vapors emanating from the marshy slime which covered the earth after the deluge, or after annual inundations, and which could only be dissipated by the rays of the sun; afterwards, this Python became the attribute of Apollo and his priestesses at Delphi, and it subsequently served for the emblem of Foretelling and Divination. Analogous circumstances probably gave rise to the fable of the Lernean hydra, exterminated by the labors of Hercules and his companion Iolas. Among the ancient Egyptians, the serpent was the symbol of fertility. They represented under the form of a serpent, enclosed by a circle, or entwined round a globe, the Cneph of their cosmogony, who is the same as Ammon, or the Agathodemon, the spirit or soul of creation—the principle of all that lives, who governs and enlightens the world. The priests of that people kept in the temples living serpents; and when dead, interred them in those sanctuaries of superstition. As an emblem of prudence and of circumspection, the serpent was a constant attribute of Æsculapius, and the same veneration was paid to those reptiles, as to the father or the god of medicine and magic. The Ophites were Christian sectaries, who, towards the second century of our era, established a worship which was particularly distinguished from that of the Gnostics in this,—that they adored a living serpent; conforming themselves to the ancient traditions of their race, they regarded that animal as the image of wisdom, and of the sensual emotions which it awakens. The monuments of the Mexicans, of the Japanese, and of many other nations who owe the foundation of their civilization to the ancient inhabitants of Asia, attest that the serpent played also a part more or less important in their religious mysteries: but time and the relations which exist between those nations and Europeans, have partly abolished these usages; and at this day it is only among negro tribes, and on the west coast of Africa, that the serpent figures among divinities of the first rank."

The generic and specific characters of all the known species of serpents are given at length. The work concludes with an essay on the geographical distribution of serpents, a valuable contribution to this department of science.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—We hear that the Rev. Mr. Highton of Rugby has secured a patent for telegraphing by means of the hydro electric machine.—*Lit. Gaz.*

IRELAND AND O'CONNELL.

From the Spectator.

Our last Postscript indicated the tumult of excitement created among the people of Dublin by the intelligence of the judgment reversed by the House of Lords, which reached that city on the Thursday afternoon. Mr. O'Connell's rooms in Richmond Penitentiary were at once invaded by a crowd of noisy congratulators. He is said to have borne the intelligence "with the same calmness that it was manifest he would have shown had it been of an opposite nature." The Repeal Association held a special meeting to concert measures for giving éclat to the occasion; and it was resolved to escort Mr. O'Connell from gaol in procession. It was then uncertain what day he would be discharged, but Saturday was fixed upon as the most probable.

The formal record of the reversal of judgment, however, was brought to Dublin on Friday evening, by one of the traversers' agents, and handed to the Sub-Sheriff; on which the order of discharge was made; and at seven o'clock Mr. O'Connell left the prison privately and on foot, supported by his sons John and Daniel, and accompanied by Mr. Steele and some others. O'Connell was soon recognized; and as he passed along, a crowd collected and followed him, forming a great concourse when they all reached Merriam Square. Having gained his home, he came out into the balcony, and made a short speech; containing little besides an expression of thanks for the tranquillity which the people had maintained during his incarceration. On being dismissed, the crowd quietly dispersed.

Although the Liberator had left the prison on the Friday evening, the good folks of Dublin were not to be disappointed of their procession; and, that it might have all due effect, early on Saturday morning Mr. O'Connell *went back* to the prison. It has indeed been suggested that he went back "in order that he might finish one of the devotions of the Catholic Church, which, continuing for a certain number of days, terminated that day. This devotion, entitled the 'Novena,' it seems was offered up for the purpose of beseeching Heaven that justice might be done. In this devotion it seems that all the Catholic traversers had united." The hour of public departure was fixed for noon, but the very size of the procession caused a delay of two hours; for although the head of the body reached the

prison-gates at noon, and went past, it was two o'clock before the triumphal car drew up; and words of impatience escaped from the hero of the pageant. All the city seems to have been in motion, either marching in the line, or standing to see it. The procession comprised the trades of Dublin, each trade preceded by its band; several Repeal Wardens, and private or political friends of O'Connell; many members of the Corporation, and the Lord Mayor, in full costume; and then, preceded by wand-bearers, and "Tom Steele" with a branch in his hand, as Head Pacificator, came the car bearing the Liberator. This car was constructed for the chairing of Mr. O'Connell some years ago; but out of Dublin its plan is probably unknown. It is a kind of platform on which are three stages, rising one above the other like steps: profusely decorated with purple velvet, gold fringe, gilt nails, and painting. Six splendid dappled grays slowly drew the cumbrous vehicle along. On the topmost stage, elevated some dozen feet above the crowd, and drawn to his full height, stood O'Connell. Although grown rather more portly since his confinement, and wearing that somewhat anxious expression which has been often noticed of late, he looked well. His head, thrown proudly back, was covered with the green gold and velvet Repeal Cap. He bowed incessantly to the cheering multitude. On the second stage was seated the Reverend Mr. Miley; on the lowest were, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, junior, two of Mr. O'Connell's grandsons, dressed in green velvet tunics, and caps with white feathers, and a harper, in the ancient dress of his craft, inaudibly playing on his instrument. Then followed the other traversers, some with their ladies, and a few friends, in three private carriages; the subordinate Repeal martyrs, also bowing and smiling on all sides; and finally, the lawyers in a coach, carrying the "monster-indictment." The procession traversed the greater part of Dublin, and did not reach Merriam Square until half-past five o'clock.

Having entered his own house, Mr. O'Connell mounted the balcony, and addressed the people. He began with—

"This is a great day for Ireland—(*Tremendous cheering*)—a day of justice! All that we ever desired was justice; and we have got an instalment of it at any rate. The plans of the wicked and the conspiracy of the oppressor—the foul mismanagement of the jury-panel—the base conspiracy against the lives, the lib-

erties, and the constitutional rights of the public—have all, blessed be God! been defeated. Justice has thus far been attained; and Ireland may, if she deserves it, be free. But do I doubt the people of Ireland deserving it? If I did, I would be the most stupid as well as the most base of mankind. How could I doubt them?"

After a brief allusion to the monster meetings, he remarked that one meeting alone remained unassembled, that of Clontarf—

"Some of the minions of power laid, I fear, a scheme to dye that day in gore—to deluge the soil with the blood of the people; but we disappointed them. I issued my counter-proclamation, and it was obeyed. The people did not put themselves in danger. But the law has since declared that we were acting illegally? Oh, no, it dare not do that; but it spelled out illegality out of a number of legal meetings. Our Clontarf meeting has not taken place as yet; but it will be for the Repeal Association, which has the confidence of the Irish people, to determine whether it may not be necessary for the sake of public principle to decide whether that meeting may not be hereafter held. (*Great cheering.*) I hope they may arrive at the conclusion that it is not necessary to have that meeting; but if the cause of liberty requires it, we will all go there—peaceably and unarmed; and we shall return with an increased determination that Ireland shall be a nation. My own opinion is, that it will not be now necessary to hold the Clontarf meeting, because I think the principle which would call for it has been abundantly vindicated already. Even the trials vindicated it."

But if they did not take that step, what were they to do?—

"We will do every thing that can be necessary to procure Repeal. We will adopt no detail without being perfectly advised as to its propriety and legality. Why, they said that I was not a lawyer, or that I had grown old and forgotten all my law; but I am young enough in law and in fact for them yet. (*Cheers.*) They said that I, who had so often boasted that no man who followed my advice had ever been brought into jeopardy, or found himself within the fangs of the law—and I often did make that boast—but they turned round upon me and said, 'Doctor, cure thyself.' They alleged that I, who had advised others well, had misadvised myself. They said I was guilty of a conspiracy. But I tell them they lie. (*Cheers.*) And I will tell you who says they lie—Lord Chief Justice Denman, in the House of Peers. (*Great cheering.*) If I wanted to indulge my vanity, and to have my legal skill tested, I could not have devised a better plan for having my object effected, than that which has taken place throughout the entire of these proceedings."

He finished by promising to attend in the Conciliation Hall on Monday; when he would announce all his future plans.

On Sunday, the liberation was celebrated by a high religious ceremony in the "Metropolitan Church" of the Irish Catholics, that of the Conception, in Marlborough-Street. The structure is of hewn stone, on the model of a Greek temple, of the Doric order; divided within, by fifty columns, into three parallel aisles; the high altar, which rises at some distance from the east end of the church, after the manner of cathedrals on the Continent, is composed, with the "tabernacle," of white sculptured marble; the "sanctuary" or space round the altar, being railed in. On the left side of this space was a lofty throne, with crimson canopy; on which, gorgeously robed and mitred, sat Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. At the altar stood Dr. Laphen, the officiating priest, with assistant priests in attendance, and boys in scarlet robes bearing tapers and censers. On the opposite side, beneath the pulpit, were "chairs of state," on which sat Mr. O'Connell and his companions of "the captivity." Several members of the Dublin Corporation were present; and the church of course was crowded. In that state was offered "pontifical high mass," with "a solemn Te Deum, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the deliverance of the beloved Liberator of his country, and of his fellow-martyrs, from their unjust captivity." A sermon was preached by the Reverend Dr. Miley; whose discourse was full of allusions to Repeal politics, and to Divine interposition in favor of O'Connell, at the instance of the Virgin Mary! After the service, O'Connell was followed on his return home by a crowd, hurraing.

The Conciliation Hall was perhaps never so crowded as it was on Monday: estimated to hold 4,000, the people were packed so close together, that, says one writer, a pin could not have dropped between them; and a still greater crowd remained outside, unable to squeeze into the building; the doors of which were closed at eleven o'clock. At one o'clock, the leaders began to enter; each loudly cheered: Mr Steele was the first of the "martyrs"—Mr

Barrett, Dr. Gray, and then Mr. O'Connell, with his son John, and a body of friends. A hurricane of cheers and felicitations, in Irish and English, saluted them, with immense waving of hats and handkerchiefs: and here a little scene was performed, which is thus described—

"For nearly ten minutes, cheering and applause, which was not surpassed in intensity either at Tara or Mullaghmast, continued to peal through the hall. Mr. O'Connell acknowledged it by repeatedly bowing around him, kissing his hands to the ladies in the gallery, and placing the crown of his hat on his heart. As he was thus engaged, Mr. Smith O'Brien rushed to the front of the platform, causing if possible an increase in the clamor; and, seizing Mr. O'Connell's hand, shook it vigorously for some moments. Mr. O'Connell then caught Mr. S. O'Brien's hand, and placed it on his heart; *whereat the very building trembled and quaked beneath the redoubled cheering and stamping.*"

At length the tumult was hushed; and, on the motion of Mr. O'Connell, the Lord Mayor was called to the chair. Mr. Thomas Mathew Ray's appearance was the signal for renewed applause: in acknowledging which, he declared that "it was with the most thrilling delight that he resumed the honorable office of *Secretary for Ireland.*" The next business was to admit some new members, whose presence and enrolment were hailed with loud gratification—Mr. Somerset Butler, M. P. for Kilkenny; the Honorable George Hely Hutchinson, brother of Lord Donoughmore; and Captain Mockler, described as being an Orangeman, but dismissed from the commission of the peace for declaring against the Union.

Mr. O'Connell rose to hand in some money, and thus began his great speech for the day; perpetually interrupted, as usual, by responsive cheers—

"As I am upon my legs, I believe I may as well proceed at once to address you. It would be utterly impossible for me to find language adequate to describe the sensations of delight with which I once again appear before this assembly. I had imagined that my voice was to have been suspended at least until the month of May next; but the 'merry month of May' has come upon us eight months too soon, and we can now rejoice as merry as May-birds. (*Cheers and laughter.*) But, seriously speaking, we have the most important reasons for rejoicing. A victory was never yet more worthily won, a triumph was never yet more honestly earned. We have had a triumph over combination and foul conspiracy. We

have had a triumph over the crime of packing of juries. We have had a triumph of the constitution; and we are therefore entitled to enjoy the pleasure and satisfaction of that triumph. The words of the hymn readily suggest themselves to our minds in our present position—'*Sit laus plena, sit sonora, sit jucunda, sit decora, mentis jubilatio.*' Yes, it is a moment in which the jubilation of the mind should, with proper decorum, but with entire fervor, rejoice in the flood of our triumph and in the victory that we have obtained. I am, as I have stated, utterly unable to describe the sensations that overpower my mind. The first thing that comes upon me with all the force of an absolute certainty is, that the Repeal must be carried—that nothing can impede the Repeal but misconduct on our parts—that recent events prove that the Repeal is in its progress too awful and too important to be retarded by any means but by our own misconduct alone. It is not by man's effort that we have achieved this victory over fraud, and conspiracy, and injustice. It is not by man's means that so great a change has taken place in one week. Last week every thing was triumphant on the part of the prosecutor and the oppressor—he had been until then allowed to enjoy his triumph; but the shout of exultation is now on our side. (*Cheers.*) No, it was not man who did it. We were defeated in every part of the progress of our case. The Judges refused every thing that we demanded for conducting our defence. Every motion that was made on our part, was sure to be negatived by the Bench. Every attempt that we made for our defence, was counteracted by the Judges. Every right given to us to insure an acquittal, was taken away by the selected Jury. (*Groans.*) We appealed to the House of Lords; but even there we found the same unfavorable auspices. We found seven out of the nine English Judges giving the most astounding absurd opinions that ever were pronounced by mortal man; but they were not the less against us for being absurd. If I ever entertained any hope—and really I did not—it has been long since banished away; and when the account came to me of the decision in our favor, though the attorneys rushed into my presence, and one of them did me the honor of embracing me, still, notwithstanding that kiss and the words that accompanied it, and with the full knowledge that it was so, or the attorneys would not be there, yet for a full half-hour afterwards I did not believe it. Yes, I repeat, it is not the work of man. It is a blessing bestowed by Providence on the faithful people of Ireland. There is no superstition in representing it as the gift of Providence, no submission in bowing before the throne of God and accepting it as His act. I would not introduce such a topic here if it were contrary to the principles or doctrine of any religious sect represented here. But it is not. It is the doctrine of the Protestant church as well as of the Catholic church, that God interferes with the concerns of man.

As Christians they all believe that; and the Book of Common Prayer contains in every part proofs that it is one of the tenets of Protestantism, for it contains prayers for rain in time of drought, and for other variations in the seasons, as well as for every temporal advantage. I cannot, therefore, hurt an individual prejudice by referring to this subject; and I would not do so if it were possible that any such prejudice could exist. What I have been describing is clearly the doctrine of the Catholic church also. And let us recollect, that millions of the faithful people of Ireland had lifted up their hands to God—that the priests of God offered up the holy sacrifice of the mass—that the holy secluded Sisters of Charity united their prayers with those of the priests at the altars. The Catholics of England joined with us on the occasion. The entire Catholic population of Belgium offered up similar prayers; and along the shores of the Rhine the same voice of supplication has been heard. Oh yes, it has been heard, and we stand free before you, thankful to God, and blessing all good men.” (*Loud cheers.*)

The cause of the defendant Repealers, he said, was identified with the great principles of the British constitution and the interests of liberty, as involving the right to meet in great numbers—the only method of bringing public opinion to bear upon redress of grievances. And what chance would there have been for the Repeal movement if the law-proceedings had been affirmed?—

“There is no impediment now in the way of the peaceable and triumphant termination of the Repeal movement. There is nothing to prevent us, by keeping ourselves within the law, from meeting, and resolving, and organizing, and fortifying ourselves by the increase of our strength at the registry, and by every other legal means—to bring petitions before the legislature until we make the table of the House of Commons rock beneath the load of the collected complaints of the people of Ireland. The constitutional right is free—the guaranty of trial by jury is secured, and will protect us; and, standing on one and on the other, I here announce, that the universal feeling of the Irish people, from the Giant’s Causeway to Cape Clear, and from Connemara to the Hill of Howth, is in favor of the great national cause of Repeal, and must, to any man of common sense and common honesty, appear too strong to render any amount of resistance to it permanently successful.”

He proceeded with a long argument, to prove that the decision of the House of Lords was not a crotchety decision upon technicalities, but one founded on the merits—

“The sixth and seventh counts charged us

with holding public meetings for the purpose of intimidating. These were held by all the Judges here, including even Judge Perrin, to be good counts, and the judgment of the court was given upon them. The Judges of the Irish Court of Queen’s Bench gave their judgment on these counts, declaring that they contained charges or offences of a most criminal nature, Judge Burton, in passing the sentence of the court used the words ‘on these counts,’ in allusion to me expressly, and to the other traversers also, but he directed himself expressly to me in that part of his address. He referred directly to these counts as being good counts; and yet, all the English judges have, without an exception, declared them to be bad counts.” [Here Mr. O’Connell digressed, to tell how the Irish judges had consulted on the term of imprisonment: Judge Perrin was for six months; Judge Burton for twelve; Judge Crampton and Chief Justice Pennefather for two years: Judge Perrin, finding that he could not do better, joined with Judge Burton, and the Court passed a sentence of twelve months. He then returned to the legal fiction about the bad counts.] “It was as clear as the sun at noon-day that the judgment had been pronounced against us on the bad counts; but the seven wisecracks of Judges in England presumed otherwise, and decided against us on that presumption. Their decision is, in fact, founded on a lie. (*Cheers.*) There is no other way of calling it. They call it a presumption of law. I will not waste so much of my breath as to describe it in so roundabout a manner. It was a lie, and I will call it so. It was known to be a lie; and yet the judgment so founded was sought to be supported by Lord Lyndhurst and that indescribable wretch, Brougham, —(*Groans*)—on this footing, that the lie was supposed to be true, and that we were to be punished against the fact, and in contradiction of the record itself; for the sentence was set forth in the record, ‘for the offences aforesaid.’ That, of course, included all the offences charged, and, of course, the two bad counts among the rest: so that the record told the truth, but Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst said it told a lie. But then, blessed be Heaven! there were found three men honest enough to speak the truth; and therefore it is that I call upon you to rejoice, because judgment has been given in our favor on the merits, and the technicalities were on the other side. They attempted to confound truth with a fiction of law, or a lie, but truth, and justice, and the record were with us, and we can make them a compliment of the lie for their portion.”

He made atonement to the whigs, a set of men whom he had often and deservedly assailed—

“After all, how infinitely superior are they to the tory party! The principle of toryism is double: it takes away as much of public right from each individual as it can, and it amalgamates all together for the benefit of the aris-

ocracy; but where toryism is most terrific, is in its anxiety to do the great injustice of putting partisans upon the bench of justice. The opinion forced upon us from history is, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the most prejudiced men have been made judges by the tory party; and though in England, during the last thirty or forty years, we have seen but little of party-spirit approaching the bench, we all know that in this country the spirit of toryism remained in full life. I ask you, if the support that I gave the whigs could have been effective for one year more, whether a very different state of things would not now be observable on the bench in this country? Should we not have Chief Baron Brady at this moment the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, with Mr. Pigot the Chief Baron, and Mr. Moore and Mr. Monaghan in the room of Jackson and Lefroy? Now, I ask any man who might be inclined to blame me for having supported the whigs, whether he thinks if Chief Baron Brady had been the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench would we have ever heard of this prosecution?

Having succeeded by the merits of their case, and by the merits and prayers of faithful Christians, the question arose, how they were now to conduct themselves?—

"It is of the utmost importance that we should act discreetly; it is absolutely necessary that we should act firmly. We ought to act in the full spirit of conciliation. We ought to endeavor to succeed in augmenting our numbers by every becoming means. We ought to struggle with renewed energy for the Repeal cause by such means; and that struggle should either end in our graves or in having an Irish Parliament once more in College Green. We ought to be encouraged by what has passed; and we are encouraged. The Anti-Irish party—I will not call them the Orange party any longer—should look with hope on our efforts, and no longer absent themselves from our ranks. They should look with forgetfulness on bygone views, and unite with us now for the good of our common country. But how shall we act in future? Conciliation should be our first duty; and I think the best way of our insuring it is by asking those who absent themselves from us, to look to the manner in which we have acted up to this period. Have we, in this struggle, injured a single human being? Has a single assault been committed? Has the least violence been done to any person? No; miraculous to speak it; millions have met and assembled together, and yet not even an accident has occurred. Such is the spirit of forbearance towards each other that has been exhibited by the Irish people, that that moral miracle has been witnessed, of countless multitudes meeting together without a single act of violence, without a single accident occurring to man, woman, or child. I now turn to my Protestant fellow-countrymen—those among them who have not yet had the

spirit of manliness evinced by the gentlemen near me to unite with their Catholic countrymen for their common interests. And I ask them, are they timid, or doubtful of our integrity, after all that has hitherto been done by us to show them our real feelings? Oh, if we were strong enough to shout, ought we not to be strong enough to do some violence? or rather what but the reanimating spirit of affection and conciliation towards each other could have brought them together without some violence taking place? Nay, more, were we not in the midst of our strength, with more power than any monarch in Europe possesses in his hands? How did I acquire that power? My lord mayor, I never could attain that power without the assistance of the Catholic clergy; and they would not have given that assistance to me if they had not known the use which I would make of it. Oh, my Protestant fellow-countrymen, listen to this—they knew that I was the first apostle of that political sect that proclaims the possibility of effecting all great changes by moral means alone, and that there is no human revolution worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood to obtain. * *

* The Catholic clergy saw these were our principles, and that there was no danger of the laws either of God or man being violated by those who united with us. Protestants of Ireland, what objection can you have to our principles? and why not seek to carry them out?"

He now grappled with the question—"What are we to do?" considering it in three parts, respectively concerning the expediency of holding the Clontarf meeting, the assemblage of three hundred gentlemen as a Preservative Society, and the impeachment of the Judges—

"The Clontarf meeting was called legally; it was illegally suppressed. We are bound to adhere to principles; and it is now to be considered whether that rule extends so far, or whether it has been sufficiently vindicated without calling the meeting. For some time I did think that it was absolutely necessary to call it, to vindicate a great principle; but on reflecting deeply on what has occurred in the House of Lords, and the vindication of its legality put on eternal record by Denman, Cottingham, and Campbell, I began to doubt that it was necessary. It might create ill feeling, and be construed into a wish to insult; and it might alienate friends. What I mean to do is, upon this day week to propose that it be referred to a select committee whether or not it is necessary to hold the Clontarf meeting. I do not wish to prejudice their decision, but I must say that my opinion is against the calling of that meeting.

"The next point I wish to lay before you, is with reference to a plan which I frequently proposed last year. I mean the collection of the Preservative Society for Ireland, consisting

of a body of three hundred gentlemen sitting in Dublin. This point is surrounded by legal difficulties, and must be approached with serious considerations, which we were last year prevented from applying to it by the proclamation and subsequent proceedings. My plan, which I have deeply considered, is shortly this—that three hundred gentlemen from the various counties in Ireland should meet on a certain day in Dublin, and that their title to meet should be the handing in of 100*l.* each; that they should have a treasurer of their own, and have the working of their own funds. I do not intend that they shall initiate anything, but that they shall control everything; and that the Repeal Association shall be completely governed by them, and not venture upon any act without their previous sanction. A body of this kind would comprise so many of the wealthy and influential of Ireland, that it would be an effectual check to any rash revolutionary outbreak, and would be a steady drag upon the wheel of the movement. It would be of that bearing on society and high station, that it could enter into treaty with Government. It could arrange its own plans with Ministers, and stipulate terms; no hand-over-hand work, but steady, deliberate agreement. And here let me say, that I quite agree in making the experiment of a Federal Parliament. I want any Parliament which will protect Ireland, and ask for no more. If we arrive at the period of Repeal without some body of this description, Government may dictate a plan to you, perhaps, which may fall short of justice, though it satisfy some of you. They can never do so with this Preservative Society of three hundred. The terms of any treaty must be well considered—financial as well as political; and it seems to me that we shall here have the workmen to build up the palace of justice to Ireland. I will this day week move for a select committee to consider the possibility of such an assemblage, and to prepare cases to have laid before the most eminent lawyers of England and Ireland. We will take care not to bring a single individual within the power of the law; and we will see whether we cannot get a second managing body for the people—not a House of Lords, indeed, but a body possessing more power, as representing the whole Irish people. Three hundred wealthy Irish gentlemen would make such a body as would bring about the repeal of the Union with the greatest ease. I am not a person of overweening confidence in my own judgment, but I have so matured this plan in my own mind, whilst in prison, that I rely strongly on it, although prepared to abandon it on the instant if found to be at all dangerous or impracticable, whilst it must be embraced if found calculated to bring back our Parliament to College Green. I have addressed you at great length, but I owed you for three months rent. (*Much cheering and laughter.*) I am now, like an honest man, paying my debts.

“And now I come to my third plan, and it

is one to which I am greatly attached. But I want to procure impeachments of the Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench and of her Majesty's Attorney-General in this country, on these grounds—(*Great applause for some moments*)—on these grounds, which I shall set before you as briefly as I can consistently with clearness. The first ground is that of the monster indictment which was preferred against me—thirty-six yards of an indictment! Lord Denman has well described it as a document calculated to prevent a man from defending himself. Such an indictment no poor man could escape from. We were backed by the Repeal rent; but if such an indictment were preferred against a poor man, where could he get a brief of it for his counsel? Why, it would cost him ten times more money than ever he saw, to do so. My excellent friend, Richard O'Gorman (the dissentient Grand Juror), ought to be a proud man this day. He alone was right as to this unjust indictment, and had the manliness and honesty to maintain his opinion in open court. He said, ‘We have spent five days over this bill, and not one of us can understand it.’ To be sure they did not care much for that. (*Groans.*) They found it a true bill. I am much obliged to them. Now, this is no idle act of the Attorney-General. Sugden planned it; Peel has adopted it. (*Groans and hisses.*) Impeachment, I say then, is our only remedy. (*Loud cheers.*) No man is safe from such a monster indictment. What ought the Court to have done with it? I say, an honest Court should have quashed it again and again, if necessary; and have said to the Attorney-General, in the words of Lord Denman, ‘Pick out your counts, and do not suffocate them beneath the number of your accusations.’ The Judges of the Court of Queen's Bench did not refuse to receive it: nay, more, they countenanced it; and, proceeding as they commenced, refused us copies of the witnesses' names, the caption of the indictment, and other privileges which we should have received as a matter of course in England. By their conduct they made this monster indictment a babe of their own luck; and I say there is no use whatever in the doctrine of impeachments if we have not the Judges of the Queen's Bench brought before a proper tribunal to answer for their conduct. I assert this, and I shall be able to prove it by competent witnesses, that the Lord Chief Justice had the air of a counsel for the prosecution throughout the trials, and might have been taken for such, but for the place he occupied. It may be said I am rash in taking this up. Ah! I do not fear their prisons. (*Tremendous cheering.*) I am a free-born British subject, standing in this place defending my rights; and I do accuse those men of injustice. I am here to call upon the people of England to aid me in impeaching those men.” (*Cheering.*)



FEAST OF THE POETS FOR SEPTEMBER 1844.

From Tait's Magazine.

PART III.

POETRY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

THE BUSH OF SOUTHERNWOOD.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Sunny is life's path at first,
When the flowers Romance hath nurs't
With Hope's early dews,
Cluster round us thick and fair,
Shedding fragrance on the air
From a hundred hues :
Dearer then, to me, than all
The brightest gems in Flora's hall,
In my father's humble garden
Was one Bush of Southernwood !

But no sooner doth life's track
Leave youth's glowing shores for black
And bitter manhood's sea,
Than earth turneth dark and bare ;—
So with me it led to where
Few sunny things there be ;
Yet still, with mem'ry's eye I view'd—
Dearer for its solitude—

In that northern Scottish garden
One dear Bush of Southernwood.

Now, when downwards bends life's road—
I too bending 'neath the load
Age and sorrow lend—
Stormy gloom that path besets ;
And for Hope's gay coronets,
Thorns with sad thoughts blend ;
While I know that, distant far,
New hearts, new hands, new faces are,
In my dead old father's garden
Near that Bush of Southernwood.

Oh, how oft will fancy flee
To those merry days, when we
In that garden play'd !
Then my sisters twain were there—
"Dimpled cheek," and "golden hair,"—
Laughing lips that made
Merriment whene'er they smiled :—
Happy was I, as a child,
In Ardersier's dear garden
With its Bush of Southernwood !

Brothers, too, would sometimes come
To fill our little sitting-room
With loud jest and glee ;
Kinsmen flocking from all parts,
With clasping hands and bounding hearts,
There would gather'd be ;
For they loved to fare a-field,
Where the blithesome reapers wield
Their sickles near that garden,
And its bush of Southernwood.

While we scamper'd o'er the braes,
Where the sheep turned out to graze
In the Autumn morn—
Shone like snow, we'd pause to pick
Wild flowers, berries black and thick,
Spite of gorse and thorn ;
And returning, red of lip,
Freighted well with haw and hip,
Sought the green trees in the garden,
Round that Bush of Southernwood.

Sometimes, too, the seaward track
Tempted us—though fast the rack
Scudded overhead—
To search the shore for weeds and shells,
Or loiter 'midst the heather-bells,
Scaring from moss-beds
Panting hares that, through the night,
Pilfer'd salads, fresh and white,
From that fruitful Scottish garden,
With its Bush of Southernwood.

Often, too, with reckless glee,
Garments kilted to the knee,
'Mid the wave-wet sands—
Shoes and stockings cast aside,
Waded we, none nigh to chide—
Gathering with glad hands
Cockles, lurking 'neath green weed,
Muscles, 'mid the rocks that breed,
Far from that humble garden,
And its Bush of Southernwood.

Happy, happy days of youth,
When there was no dark untruth,
Sorrow, sin, nor shame !
When my gentle mother's look
Was too me a loveful book,
Where I read no blame ;
And my eldest sister's smile
Lured me homeward many a mile,
To our father's simple garden,
With its Bush of Southernwood.

Oh ! the dear flowers of that place !
Now I see them fill the space
Which they filled of yore ;
Honeysuckles here and there,
Sweetbriar, wallflower, every where,
Mignonette, rich store,
Columbine of every hue,
Orange turk's-cap, monk's hood blue—
All in my father's garden,
Next that Bush of Southernwood.

Primroses by ranks and rows,
Marigold, a flower that grows
Freely, where you will ;
Beds of healthful chamomile,
Hyssop, mint, and myrrh, that wile
Bees with natural skill ;

Costmary, and roses many,
Peonies, and, dear as any
In, ah! that old Manse-garden,
That one Bush of Southernwood.

Shall I never wander more
Where I sowed such ample store
Of those simple flowers?
Shall the rich laburnums shed
Golden bunches on my head,
'Mid those hawthorn bowers?
Shall the lilacs give their bloom
And their gentle soft perfume
To the walks of that old garden,
With its Bush of Southernwood.

Strange masters now are there;
New halls, new walls, new hedges fair,
Near that parsonage:—
Father, mother, sister, brothers,—
Graves for them, and for dear others,
Rise upon the page
Of certainty:—and now 'twould be
A task as sore as death to me
To visit that loved garden
And its Bush of Southernwood!

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF
THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE," AND "GERTRUDE
OF WYOMING."

BY JOHN WALKER ORD.

"And Campbell's epitaph shall be,
Sparta possessed no worthier son than he."
Bard and Minor Poems.

Another light hath faded from the sky,
Another flower hath vanish'd from the earth;
Hot tear-drops fill each sympathizing eye
For him, the pearl of genius, wit, and worth.

Ten years, ten weary years have glided o'er
When first this faithful hand rehearsed his
praise,
Since then the Bard of Ettrick is no more,
Sweet Coleridge, Southey, circled with his
bays:—

And Campbell!—from the blue hills of Argyle
Each forest, and deep glen, and misty vale,
From every mountain, continent, and isle
Shall ring the loud lament, the bitter wail.

How large that soul! how noble was the man!
What glorious visions kindled in his brain:
Like sunlit waves each beauteous image ran,
Bright, rainbow-hued, as drops of April rain.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe,"
He stalk'd, or sported, merry or sedate,
Now as a Fairy's song he charm'd the ear,
Now as a Titan was he fierce and great.

O, how divinely tripp'd the joyous hours,
Those festive moments, that harmonious glee,
What Protean colors gleamed through Fancy's
bowers,
What heavenly hues adorn'd Philosophy!

I see him now! the orb'd majestic head,
The polish'd brow, the Phidian nose, blue eyes.

The Patriot-look, the ever-playing smiles,
The thoughts inspir'd, and language of the
skies.

Yea, proud was I to worship at thy feet,
Gamaliel, Poet-father, Fancy's guide;
A critic thou, enthron'd on highest seat
A Poet placed by Shakspeare's, Milton's side.

In prose, or honey'd verse alike a king,
Renown'd in Grecian, as in Roman glory,
Thou, eagle-like, couldst soar, or lark-like sing,
Now crown'd immortally in British story.

He is not dead! O, say he is not dead!
"Fair Wyoming" records to endless time
The Poet's fame, and binds his laurel'd head;
"By Susquehanna's shore" he stands sublime.

He is not dead! the Paradise of Hope
Blooms with victorious garlands, heavenly
flowers,
With fresh delight shall future poets ope
Each page inspired among the summer bowers.

He is not dead! old England's Mariners
Shall own the heart-quake, and the shouts of
war—
Red Linden quiver to his martial airs,
Nile, Copenhagen, tremble from afar!

He is not dead! whilst Poland is alive—
And Poland's heart still leaps to Liberty—
In Poland's blood-stained annals he shall live
A meteor-light in Freedom's cloudless sky.

He is not dead! whilst Scotland's mountains
stand,
Loch Awe, Loch Katrine glow with burnish'd
gold,
His name shall hover star-like o'er the land,
Link'd with her Burns,—her proudest sons of
old!

Her woodlands shall lament him,—the deep grove
Is musical with songs of lyre and lute,
All her broad forests murmur notes of love,
At his rich voice the nightingale is mute.

Her streams hear "music sweeter than their
own,"
Stars in their spheres, a melody more sweet—
Angels might listen to each heavenly tone
And earthly lovers holier raptures greet.

And when he died, the nobles of the land,
They who derided or had scorn'd his lot,
Clasp'd round his corpse, who had refus'd his
hand,
And crowded to that consecrated spot.

Immortal! ever! more immortal yet,
When Kosciusko's dust was mix'd with thine:
O, proudly would the poet's heart have beat
In foretaste of a union so divine!

Farewell, true poet—most beloved friend—
Accept this earthly offering in the skies;
To the bright mansions let this tribute wend,
With heart-wrung tears, and agonizing sighs.

Gally Hill Farm, Cleveland, 1844.

CAMPBELL'S FUNERAL.

LINES WRITTEN IN POET'S CORNER, WESTMINSTER,
JULY 4, 1844. BY A LADY.

From east and south the ripen'd noonday sun
On each carv'd stone and aisle doth quaintly
lie—
All tints from out the casement blend in one
Broad sanguine dye.

Behind, before, above, about, around,
On priest, on poet, on the funeral pall,
On tomb, on altar, on the hallow'd ground,
This type of Faith doth fall.

Like as it hung above the mortal fight
Of Naseby, or Dunbar; or shone upon
That field of Poland, where the cause of Right
Made it a second Marathon.

Shrining this Poet, who by tongue and pen
Laughed at the little hour of tyrant laws;
Who pleaded for oppress'd and noble men,
Great Kosciusko's cause.

Hark! they come onward with firm even tread,
Like men who know the hallow'd dust they
bear;
Some few redeeming tears, perchance, are shed,
But those not of despair.

For not the tree is blasted, but the leaf
Has sear'd and fallen in its winter time;
The fruit is garner'd, and the drooping sheaf
Has shed its golden prime.

The dust around is sentient, and the air
Is glorious with the spirits of the brave,
Who hover o'er the bier with gentle care,
And guard the narrow grave.

The drooping watcher in his fancy sees,
Not the dark grave, but thou, sweet Wyoming,
With mossied hillocks, and o'erarching trees
In Susquehanna bending.

The kneeling chieftain sees on Warsaw's plain
Thy real grave by Kosciusko's side,
Wrapp'd in the sacred banner of the slain
In pomp and warrior pride.

The prayers of men and angels are as one
As on thy corse, with reverend hand, they
strew
The sacred dust of Poland's noblest son,
Mingling the Brave and True.

Instead of anthem or lamenting dirge
"Ye mariners of England" steals along,
Whilst to the Fancy's ear the ocean's surge
Makes musical the song.

The good achiev'd on earth by one so just
Falls on the heart like prayer in this sad hour,
Teaching that truth springs upwards from our dust,
That mind is real power.

Whilst Britons hold dominion of the sea,
Whilst they deserve the glory of their fame,
One word shall nerve the weak and prompt the
free—
'Tis Campbell's name!

A MOTHER'S WAIL AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Oh! gentle moonlight, rest upon our fields—
Oh! peaceful moonlight! leave to light our
shields,
That all too long have boldly braved the sun;
Oh! soft nocturnal sky, oh! starry sky,
Weep thy sweet tears where our slain warriors
lie—
Their gallant race is run!

Oh! black and dismal grove, oh! sombre grove,
Where buried lie the children of my love,
With songs of gleeful birds no longer ring;
Let wild and wailing strains fall on the ear—
A mother's dirge for all her heart held dear
From thy dim alleys spring!

Oh, sunny summer's heat, oh! new-come heat
Thou hast returned and with thee peace, whose
seat
So long had war usurped; thou bring'st my
frame
Nor warmth, nor strength, nor hope; for ah!
from life
My two brave boys have passed, 'mid cruel strife,
And *they* my spirit claim!

PART IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ADDRESS TO SOME BEAUTIFUL SEA-SHELLS LEFT BY THE TIDE.

I.

Hail! bright shells of an ocean home!
Freshly borne through light and foam:
Hail! to your sea-tone, wild and free,
As music, fairy strains should be.
Your wave-worn crust, and purple curl
Rival the ruby, and vie with the pearl.
There's lustre in each couch-curved aisle,
As rich as the light of beauty's smile;
And wonders ye are, come how ye may,
In the breaker's whirl, or the wavelet's spray.

II.

Are ye the homes where the nereid dwells,
Or have tritons sported in your cells?
Say, were ye washed from the merman's halls,
Crystal grotts, or coral walls?
Have ye been where the grampus rolled,
Or icebergs shone like burning gold?
Sprung ye from enchanted caves,
Fathoms below the noisy waves;
Or kept ye watch in the sunless deep,
Where the wreck'd ones slept their lasting sleep?

III.

No matter the office ye've held, or where—
Heaven formed you, and pronounced you fair!
Had ye moved with the jewel or gem,
What brighter had been your gleam through
them!
And the mellow tread of sea-nymphs' feet,
Were vain to make your song more sweet.

Beautiful shells! of the dark blue wave,
Floating o'er shingles, or flushing in cave;
Ye're the fairest in form, and the purest in tone,
That Neptune may boast of, or ocean may own.
H. R. B.

THE STAR AND THE ANGEL.

I mused upon the silent stars,
One eve, when glory out was welling
From all the founts of light, and long'd
In one fair orb to fix my dwelling.

A modest star, not wildly bright,
In its own calm blue field alone;
For quiet, holy, happy thought,
An Eden of the stars it shone.

Its ray, a beam of holy love,
Was imaged in the fount within
Of feeling—to its own bright source,
In deep serenity, akin.

To that fair orb my soul was knit
By sympathy's mysterious spell,
And long'd to pass the gates of life,
O'er all to roam, but there to dwell.

I mused upon its distance vast,
Its peopled planets, glorious sky.
The myriad life its radiance warm'd,
Its origin and destiny.

A sudden shade obscured its ray,
A form of dread yet lovely might
Before my eyes, colossal stood,
And dimm'd, not veil'd, the trembling light.

And thus he spoke in mournful tones:
"Thy eyes have drunk the glorious beam
That left, a thousand years ago,
Of light an overflowing stream.

"I was the angel of that star,
With twice ten planets round it roll'd,
A system fair as ever flamed
'Mid night's unnumber'd spheres of gold.

"A million years its stately march
Through the wide infinite it kept;
Around the central depths of space,
With all the host of heaven it swept.

"Its planets teem'd with myriad life,
Whose beings, generations, Time
Had oft renew'd as oft decay'd,
While sped the star its course sublime.

"Its cycle round the centre past,—
'Twas girt with bright consuming flame—
Vanish'd, nor left within the sky
A relic of its wondrous frame.

"And still a thousand years shall wing
Their flight before the latest ray
That left its orb, a parting smile,
On earth at midnight hour shall play.

"Upon its orbit's utmost verge,
It seems but yesterday, when I
Beheld thy system's earliest light,
And hail'd its giant infancy.

"But, since its angel's choral note
First swell'd the universal hymn,
Strange things have marr'd his melody,
And scared the void with aspects dim.

"Thy earthly orb, six thousand times
Has wheel'd around its central fire,
Since shudderings ran through boundless space,
And shrieks from every angel choir.

"And twice a thousand cycles past
Of earthly revolution—roll'd
A wilder shriek, as though the knell
Of Time, and stars, and space, had toll'd."

It scarce had ceased when swell'd a note
Of joy, beyond the loudest tone
That e'er the universal harp
Has peal'd around Jehovah's throne.

That ecstasy of joy and pain
So fill'd the mansions of the sky,
As made thy speck of solar light
The marvel of infinity.

And ever since, when systems fade,
And star by star in darkness dies,
Their angels cleave the depth of space,
To scan the solar mysteries.

To this lone planet isle they bend
Their eager wing and wistful gaze;
For here the springs of wonder lie,
Here spread the fields of long amaze;

And here, when change o'er all shall sweep,
Eternity shall still behold
Myself and brother angels kneel,
Where God was wrapt in mortal mould.

G. P.

SONNET TO THOMAS CARLYLE,

ON READING HIS "PAST AND PRESENT," AND
"HEROES AND HERO WORSHIP."

The beacon sign-light storms and tempests braves,
And, from the distance high, streams forth its
light
In scintillations through the haze of night,
Warning where evil, hid beneath the waves,
Holds direful watch within her rocky caves,
To crush the ribs of ships, and shipmen's
might,
And sailors' thrilling hopes of home to blight,
And whelm them down into her deep sea-graves:
So Carlyle, shining o'er the gloomy way,—
The dull, drear realms of *Sham*, that surges o'er
Men's sunken hearts and souls with hollow roar,
Tow'ring, and streaming forth, the red light ray
Of thy bold genius warns of dangers dark,
That fearfully surround the social barque.
Mile End. H. B.

SONNET.

THE WIND AND THE LEAF; OR, ELOPE-
MENT.

O, listen, Ladies, and I'll tell you brief
A touching tale, and true as history

The Wind and Leaf held dalliance :—" Gentle Leaf,"

Began the Wind, "awake and fly with me !
For thee I pass'd the beds where roses are ;
And though their breasts half-open woo'd my stay,

And every little bud shone like a star,
I thought on thee : Arise, and come away !
Thy sisters dark are sleeping in the dew,
I would not rouse their coldness with a sigh.
But thou—the Beautiful, and I—the True,
Were meant for common passion : Let us fly !"
The Leaf complied ; and, ere a day was gone,
Was flung away—a thing to tread upon.

G. M.

SOUNDS : A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *
Have you e'er sat beneath a greenwood-tree,
And listened ?

A strange music floats around,
Such as man's so-call'd music mocketh not ;
'Tis not the stream of breakless melody,
Nor harmony, the many-billow'd tide : * * *
'Tis a commingling of all sounds in one. * * *

There's not a stir within Earth's atmosphere,
That does not some note vibrate to your ear ;
The cloud-high crackling of the northern lights,
The fearful crash of southern hurricanes,
Fire-mountains' belchings, — Father Ocean's surge,—

The booming earthquake and the cannon's roar,
Plaudits of Spanish bull-fights, and war-whoops
Of red men rushing on their sleeping foes,
The life-blood gurgling 'neath a Malay creese,
The widow wailing o'er her husband's corse,
—Each groan of pain, each sob of agony ;
—Each loud or stifled sound of joy and laughter,
The uncouth noise of sportive elephants,
The scream of eastern parrots, and the twitter
Of pairing chaffinches above your head ;
Christmas-fires blazing,—merry-plashing oars,—
Fountains that bubble in their marble cups,
Jagg'd plantain leaves, that whistle as they wave,
Sweet-tinkling bells on necks of ambling mules ;
Italian singers in the theatre,
Slim nautch-girls dancing to the harsh tom-tom,
Shepherds on Scottish or Sicilian hills ;
The infant's crowing, and the lover's kiss ;
—The lowest breath of each most tiny thing,
The slightest ripple of the smoothest brook,
The gentlest rustle of the lightest leaf,
From pole to pole :

All these sounds, dimly heard
(The small things near more than the biggest far,
The insect's hum stifling the battle's din,)
Make that World-music, whereof our dull ear
Can but the smallest part discern and follow ;
Yet in that smallest part, how many sounds
Seem opposite and jarring,—distant mills
Droning their ceaseless rounds, a rattling coach,—
Hoarse country-loons croaking their homeward ditty ;

The measured caving of some ancient rook,
Aping St. Stephen's midnight prose ;—the shriek
Of some field mouse, caught in an adder's fangs,
The stock-dove's gasping struggles with the hawk ;
And buzzing wasps, and tapping wood-peckers !

Nay, if you listen only to the birds,
You'll find far more that wrangle, than that sing ;
And even if you can fasten your ear
On some one sweetest warbler,—lo ! how soon
Some unseen incident breaks off his song,
—A grub, perhaps, that wriggles in the bark !

Essex.

LATOURE D'AUVERGNE :

ENTITLED PREMIER GRENADIER OF FRANCE DURING THE WARS OF THE REVOLUTION.

The rarest elements combine
Of airs from heaven, and lights divine,
To form the noble mind ;
Whose godlike aim is to dispense
The graces of beneficence,
And succor human kind.

When Gaul's avenging sons arose
Her fierce invaders to oppose,
With indignation stern ;
Majestic on the embattled plain,
The lode-star of the marshall'd train,
Appear'd Latour d'Auvergne.

The post of honor he assumed,
Wherever death, with horror plumed,
In conflict shook his dart ;
The champion urged his onward course,
Himself a tower of matchless force
To execute his part.

Like Hector* in defence of Troy,
His nation's pride, his parents' joy,
He led the thund'ring van ;
While myriads follow'd to contend
For life and freedom, and defend
The sacred rights of man.

But to accept priority
Of rank, in office or degree,
He deign'd not to consent :
The champion of the common weal,
He vow'd to prosecute with zeal
This prime and sole intent.

Retired with laurels from the wars,
And mark'd with honorable scars,
At home he sought relief :
But there the wailings of despair,
That rent with doleful sounds the air,
Allow'd him respite brief.

He witnessed on a wedding morn,
The bridegroom, as a conscript, torn
By warriors, from his bride ;
"Halt ! fellow-soldiers : set him free ;
And I his substitute will be :"—
He said ; and they complied.

Pre-eminent in many a feat
Of valor, he endured the heat
And burden of the day :

* Homer, in the Iliad, B. 24, introduces Priam extolling Hector as singularly good: *σφαιρα ην αγαθος, ουδε εωκει Ανδρος γε θνητου παις εμμεναι αλλα θεοζο.*

Until, alas! a fiery ball,
Wing'd like a meteor, wrought his fall,
Amid the bloody fray.

His heart was in a casket laid,
And as an amulet conveyed
In jeopardy to save:
Exulting at the glorious sight,*
The host, triumphant, gather'd might
To emulate the brave!

BRITO.

PART V.

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATED
POETRY.

THE LITTLE MAID AND THE FLOWERS.

THE MAID.

Sweet flowers, ye are welcome
In the year's golden time;
Ah! so late have ye come,
Soon the summer will shine.

Say, my voice can ye hear,
And my glance can ye see?
Your sweet language to know,
Oh, who will teach me?

Say, whom shall I choose
As companion in May?
To the bright father-land
Who will point me the way?

THE LILY.

Choose me, said the Lily, for with a white robe
The hand of the Mother deck'd me;
My jewels they are even innocence pure,
And thus I'm related to thee.

THE VIOLET.

Choose me, said the Violet sweet, a desire
Dwells soft in my delicate blue;
Yet gratefully cooling the warmth of my cheek,
From above falls the pure tender dew.

THE ROSE.

Choose me, said the Rose, for truly to guard
Thy youth's tender blossom aye free,
Through modesty holy, without a regret,
Sweet maiden, this will I teach thee.

* "Allons, eufans de la patrie, arrivé
Le jour de gloire est!"—*Hymne des Marseillois*.

"Parle, demande, disait le représentant en mission auprès de l'armée où servait Latour d'Auvergne; tu connais mon crédit; que me demandes-tu? Moi? répondit négligemment le brave Latour. Oui, toi même. Eh bien! fais moi donner une paire de souliers; j'en ai qui ne valent plus rien."

It seems obvious to remark, that the fame of Latour d'Auvergne, like that of Chevalier Bayard, Sir William Wallace, Washington, and other patriots of renown, is not qualified by the circumstance of his maintaining the independence of his country; but it is solely derived from the lustre of his own uniform disinterestedness and magnanimity in his arduous career.

THE ROSEMARY.

Choose me, said the Rosemary, for in her hair
The young bride, expecting, me binds;
Choose me, for, in tears, around the sad bier
The mourner me hopefully winds.

THE LITTLE MAID.

Oh! all, friendly, encircle
My young May, for ye
The most lovely in life
Or in death will teach me. A. J. S.

"THE SOUTHERN WIND."

[From the Swedish.]

O Southern Wind, com'st thou from leafy nooks,
Silvering, with thy sweet breath, the willow
leaves,

Turning them upwards to the gladdened sky?
Oh, didst thou gently pass the violet by,
Honoring the tears she grieves?
Oh, hast thou, Spirit, beautiful unseen,
Wander'd from valleys green,
Ruffling the starlit brooks,
Startling the lily, till, beneath the tides,
Her head she hides?

Oh, pause one moment; *here* are leaves and flowers,

And all sweet things, to gladden thee on earth;
Then do not hasten to yon gloomy bowers,
For they will mad thy mirth;
Amid those fir-trees, and their fettering boughs,
Thou wilt as captive be,
And moan to the faint stars thy lonesome vows—
Oh, who will pity thee?

O Southern Wind! over thy wings have sighed,
Young honeysuckles, thyme, and violets rare;
Didst thou not kiss the frail things ere they died,
Vowing their parting spirits still to bear
To gentle slumber in some mossy urn?
Or didst thou leave them, half in their despair,
Waiting thy spring-time promise of return?

O Southern Wind! oh, haste thee not away
Whither the desolate ivy yearly climbs
Higher and higher up the turret gray;
In her defiance of all years and climes,
She will but send thee sadly on thy way,
With some old legend of her mournful times.
But if, sweet pilgrim, onward thou must stray,
Oh, murmur through yon limes,
Or by the willows, *they* will bend aside
Their boughs, nor check thy pride. J. B.

A SONG FROM AFAR.

BY FREDERICH VON MATTHISON.

When thou at eventide art sitting
Amidst the forest's lonely shade,
And seest there a shadow flitting
With smiles to thee across the glade,—
Oh think the spirit of thy friend
Hath travelled there with thine to blend!

When moonlight in the sky is beaming,
And thou art musing of thy love,
While music from the birds is streaming
All up and down the leafy grove,—

Then when thy thoughts swell to a sigh,
Believe my spirit hath come nigh.

When thou in dreamy thought art straying
Far back in memory's fairy land,
And feeblest breezes round thee playing,
With Zephyr's kiss, on lip and hand;
And if thy taper's flame doth bend,
It is the spirit of thy friend.

When resting in thy cot at even,
As many stars above thee shine,
Thou hearest whisper'd in the heaven
Our plighted words,—“For ever thine,”—
Then, in thy slumberings, believe
My spirit is with thee that eve. W.

THE TWO AND THE THIRD.

[From the German of F. Rückert.]

Fantasy, the giantess, did sit
On a hill;
Near beside her came the dwarf called Wit,
Time to kill;
A doubtful glance
Was cast askance
By Common-sense, a decent man,
Waiting till the game began.
Fantasy rose half up in the sky,
Seized a star;
Swung it till the sparks began to fly
Near and far;
Then came Wit,
Pounced on it,
In his pocket at a dash
Clapped it, quick as lightning-flash.
Fantasy then with her hand took hold
Of a cloud,
And its vapors round her shoulders rolled
For a shroud;
Wit doth go,
Hides below,
Twists a corner all awry,
Laughs outright and wipes his eye.
Fantasy with thundering voice doth shout;
Wit is dumb;
Then she stops; the dwarf then whistles out,
And doth hum:—
Common-sense
Hurries thence,
And says he, This won't suit me,—
It's going to end in Poetry. W.

SONG OF BERANGER.

ON THE CRADLE OF A BARK.

“Voyez, amis, cette barque legere,
Qui de la vie essaie encore les flots,” &c.

See, Friend, this little bark, it scarcely dares
To try the untravers'd waves of life's wide sea;
Frail is the passenger, methinks, it bears;
Come, let us guide it in its first assay.
Mark how the waves around it dash and foam!
Mark, from the shore they bear it light along;
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

Already blows the breeze of Destiny,
Already Hope has sped the swelling sail,
Bright are the stars that twinkle in the sky,
And calm the sea, unruffled by the gale.

Fly far away, ye birds of evil doom!
All in this boat to Love and Joy belong!
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

The Loves hang wreaths of flowers in joyfulness
Around the mast, and ply their busy hands;
To the chaste Sisters we our vows address;
And, at the helm, see, gentle Friendship stands.
Bacchus himself, with all his train, is come,
And sportive Pleasure hastes to join the throng;
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song.

And see! while thus we speed our voyage on,
Thus Fortune comes and blesses Virtue mild,
And prays that all the good that she has done
May be repaid upon this gentle child.
Sure, then, from this, that, wheresoe'er we roam,
Just heaven will guard our favor'd boat from
wrong;
Come, comrades, we who see it leave its home
Will cheer its voyage by our joyous song. E. B. C.

THE GRAVES OF GENIUS.

From the Literary Gazette.

WHERE sleep the dead, whose living tones fill'd
earth with dreams of heaven—
Where to their loved and precious dust has dust
at last been given—
Where do they rest whose honor'd names breath'd
ever of renown,
They of the burning heart and mind, they of the
laurel crown?
Some lie beneath the sculptured tombs, beneath
the holy shade
Of England's old cathedral-walls, wherein our
fathers pray'd,
And marble statues stand around, and o'er them
banners wave,
And chisell'd flowers in beauty bend above each
hallow'd grave.
And some lie on a foreign shore, far from their
childhood's home,
And only by their place of rest the stranger's step
may roam,
And only the dark cypress-tree is left to mark the
spot
Where one may sleep whose blessed tones can
never be forgot.
And many lie beneath the sod, the village-church
around,
Without a stone to tell us where their green beds
may be found;
Neglected and alone they seem, and yet it is not
so,
Though seldom to their quiet graves earth's wan-
derers may go.
Where sleeps the dust of those whose thoughts
are not by death laid low?
Where are the tombs of genius seen?—what mat-
ters it to know.
Think rather of the place of rest the mighty dead
must find,
And shrines that never may decay, in every
thoughtful mind.



SCIENCE AND ART.

PRIZES OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.—The annual sitting of the French Academy, for the distribution of the prizes in its award, was held on the 29th ult., when the prize of Eloquence proposed by the Academy itself,—the subject of which on the present occasion was a *Discours sur Voltaire*, was awarded to M. Harel,—known, hitherto, in the literary world only as the author of some dramatic attempts. This discourse was highly spoken of by M. Villemain, who reported on the prizes; and is still more highly praised in other and very competent quarters. The first of the historical prizes was continued to M. Augustin Thierry (who already held it, for his *Recit des Temps Merovingiens*); and the second was also confirmed to its present possessor, M. Bazin, for his *Histoire de France sous Louis XIII.* The great Monthyon prize of 6,000 fr. was given to the pere Gregoire Girard, a Franciscan monk of Friburg, for his work entitled *De l'Enseignement regulier de la langue maternelle*; and prizes were awarded of 3,000 fr. to M. Egron for his *Livre de l'Ouvrier*; 2,000 fr. to M. Halevy for his *Recueil de Fables*; and 2,000 fr. to M. Vander-Burch for his *Carriole d'Osier*. Other minor literary prizes were distributed, and the Monthyon prizes of Virtue we do not report. In our opinion, though unquestionably reflecting on their author the honor of the highest intentions, they are objectionable in principle. Virtue is made, in their ordination, far too theatrical a matter, and taught to look for her rewards in the wrong direction. A trade exposition, with its medals and prizes, is a useful institution, proposing such stimulants as are appropriate to the subjects with which it deals. Operatives labor, and manufacturers invent, for the express sake of the temporal benefices which they can earn; but an annual exhibition of the virtues, competing for honorary rewards, would be one of the most offensive and demoralizing things possible. It is not that some of the cases, in particular, which the Academy has crowned, are not well deserving of such rewards and encouragements as governments or

individuals have to bestow—nor that the example of such encouragement is without its uses. But our objection is to the *institution* of such rewards as motives to the practice of the virtues. The virtue which has no better foundation changes its character at once, and will gradually degenerate till the community suffer seriously by the mixed sense and low standard of morality introduced. The society that cultivates its virtues for a price is not far enough removed, for safety, from the community that takes the price of its shame. The common motive is a dangerous approximation; and it will be found, in the end, that circumstance will decide too often on the direction in which the reward, so made common, shall be sought. It may be well to honor David Lacroix, who has saved 117 lives, and reward Pierre Thian, who has lost the power to labor in rescuing persons from the Tarn and the Gironde. These are exceptional cases, and cases in which pecuniary assistance was directly needed and had been nobly earned. But the Academy should not be called on to crown a man for being honest, or a woman for being chaste. That must be a sickly state of society, in which such qualities merit crowns. To parade virtues like these is to degrade them at the time, and endanger them afterwards; and some curious examples have been mentioned, in which the act of crowning by the Academy has led to the immediate tarnishing of the crown which it had conferred. The virtue, which had simplicity for its character and privacy for its fitting element, dragged into a stage-light, and covered with tinsel, forgot its quality, and was not strong enough to resist the seduction to which it had been exposed by the very fact of its exhibition "i' the Capitol." In all cases, even where the reward is legitimate, the theatrical exhibition were best avoided. The material reward should be considered but subsidiary honor, whereas the parade and circumstances with which it is bestowed, put it in the first place. If it be proposed to answer us with an allusion to the prizes given

by bodies like our Royal Humane Society, we say they are not cases in point. The Royal Humane Society is an institution, having an economic object, and working with such materials as it can find. Its purpose is, not to blazon virtue, but to save life; and it addresses itself to such mixed motives as are known to exist and likely to help it in carrying its useful object. Its meanings are positive, and the services it pays prescribed; and in giving its own testimonial it makes no pretension to place an academical crown (in France it may almost be called a national one) on the head of some hardy mariner or village-girl, summoned up to play the part of *Peasant-Virtue*, in a masque performed before the loungers of the metropolis.—*Athenæum*.

MANUFACTURE OF IRON.—The application of electricity, to supersede several of the expensive processes in the manufacture of iron, has, it is stated, been tried in the Welsh and Derbyshire furnaces with satisfactory results. It appears that the costly fuel and labor required for the purification of the ore from sulphur, phosphorus, and subtle elements, create its high market value, and these being all electro-negative, have induced the new process, whereby the impure stream of metal, after flowing from the blast in the moment of consolidation, is subjected to a powerful voltaic battery, which so disengages the impure components that in the process of puddling they are readily extracted.—*Newcastle Advertiser*.

CASSINI.—The Comte de Cassini has presented to the library of Clermont the statue of his ancestor, Jean Dominique Cassini. The illustrious astronomer is represented meditating the composition of the Memoir in which he gives an account of his recent discoveries of the satellites of Saturn.—*Athenæum*.

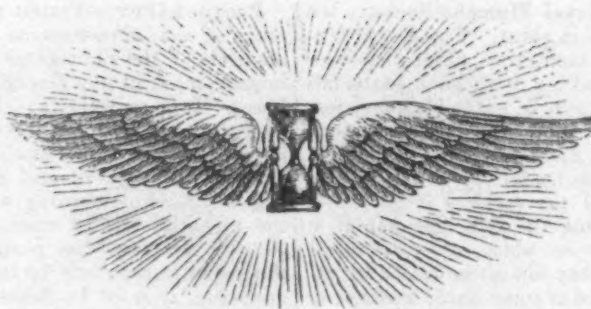
GAMBIA AND SENEGAL.—A commission sent out, last year, by the French Governor of Senegal, to explore the course of the River Falémé, and the gold mines lying in the lands watered by that stream and its tributaries, having completed its labors by an examination of the upper course of the Gambia, the Ministry of the Marine, in France, is preparing for publication a memoir of M. Raffenet, a member of the Mission, which is said to resolve, on data quite new, the question of the alleged junction between the upper streams of the Gambia and Senegal.—*Athenæum*.

BRIDGE AT WARSAW.—The progress of the great bridge over the Vistula, which has been retarded from the deficiency of funds, has received an accelerated movement, owing to a very curious circumstance, which, in the days of superstition, must have conferred a character of great sanctity on the work; the Saints themselves have provided the needful. In proceeding to the demolition of a small and very ancient catholic chapel, to clear the approach on the Warsaw side, two barrels filled with bars of fine gold have been discovered. The value is estimated at a million and a half of florins (upwards of £150,000 sterling), and the whole has been appropriated to the completion of the bridge.—*Athenæum*.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Permit me, through the columns of the *Athenæum*, to make known to the admirers of the Photogenic art a most brilliant improvement in the Energatype process of Mr. Hunt. It is as follows:—Having prepared the paper according to his directions, and submitted it to the action of the sun's rays in the camera, it must be removed and dexterously immersed into a vessel containing a spiritous solution of the essential oils of cassia and cloves; and as soon as the spirit has permeated the texture of the paper, which will be in the space of a few moments, it must be taken out, and, with the quickness of thought, laid flat on a piece of plate glass, and kept pressed in that position by means of blotting paper saturated with the same solution for an hour or two. The result is, as doubtless you will have anticipated, a picture beautifully delineated, with brilliant metallic lines of silver, for wherever the nitrate remains unacted upon by the light and other reagents made use of, the oils (as in the new process lately published in your periodical for the manufacture of mirrors, and which, by the way, suggested the present application,) throw down the silver in the metallic state. Not having time to carry out the thing myself to any extent, I beg leave to present it to the public.—And remain, &c.—*Athenæum*. J. D.

EDE'S NEWLY INVENTED ROYAL HERALDIC INK—of which a packet, with the requisite accompanying apparatus of stamp, &c., has recently been submitted to our inspection—meets with our hearty approbation, in consequence of the distinguishing properties of this valuable chemical preparation, which are, its brilliancy of color, its freedom from all corrosive effects on every fineness of linen, and its absolute indelibility. By means of a peculiarly executed stamp, the impression of names or cyphers (in fac-simile, if wished), crests, &c., is produced with surprising facility, and with a degree of neatness and precision unattainable by pen or pencil. The compactness and elegance of the apparatus, combined with economy of cost, recommend it equally to the aristocracy, to the lady in her boudoir, and to the public at large.—*Lit. Gaz.*

COW-FEED.—M. Dumas made a report on some experiments made by M. Boussaingault, relative to the feeding of cows with beet root and potatoes. M. Boussaingault, states that two cows which were fed exclusively on beet root, fell off in flesh in seventeen days nearly one-sixth, and their milk diminished from eight to ten litres per day to five litres. They were then turned into pasture, and soon resumed their former weight, and gave the former quantity of milk. They were next fed exclusively on potatoes, when they fell off still more in flesh than they had done with beet root, and the milk was reduced to two litres each per day. On being placed on a mixed food of hay, chopped straw, beet root, and potatoes, they again recovered their flesh, and gave the former quantity of milk. The conclusions of this gentleman are, that beet root and potatoes do not perform the part usually imputed to them, of fattening cattle, or increasing the quantity of the milk of cows. His experiments show that this is the case, when this food is given to the exclusion of all others.—*Athenæum*.



OBITUARY.

DR. HEINROTH.—At Leipsic, aged 70, Doctor Heinroth. He was a pupil of the celebrated Pinnel, whose views and those of the Esquirol, as to the substitution of moral treatment for physical coercion, in the cure of madness, he was the first to introduce into Germany, both in his own practice, and by his publication and annotation of the works of those two eminent physicians. On his return from France, the Saxon government created a chair, for the teaching of this class of medical science, expressly for him, and appointed the new professor head physician to the St. George's Hospital for the insane—the functions of both which offices he discharged till his death. He was the author of many works of reputation, connected with his own specialty—besides some popular novels and romances, published under the pseudonym of Tremund Wallentreter—and member of most of the learned bodies in Europe, including the Royal Society of London.—*Gent Mag.*

On Friday, the 9th inst., at an advanced age, died that gallant Officer REAR ADMIRAL GALWAY. He entered the navy the 19th Feb., 1786, and has seen considerable service in his profession. At the Battle of the Nile he ably distinguished himself under the eye of the immortal Nelson, being senior lieutenant of the Vanguard, that hero's ship; at Walcheren he commanded the Dryad; and in 1811 was actively employed on the north coast of Spain in co-operation with the "patriots," or national party. He captured the Clorinde, French frigate, in 1814, that vessel of war having previously had a severe action with the Eurotas.—*Ibid.*

DEATH OF JOSEPH BUONAPARTE, EX-KING OF SPAIN.—The news of the death of the head of the Buonaparte family, Joseph Buonaparte, Count de Surveilliers, reached Paris on Monday. He expired at Florence, on the 28th ult., at the age of seventy-six. On the assumption of the Imperial Crown by Napoleon, he was offered the Kingdom of Lombardy, which he refused. He was made King of Naples in 1806, and in 1808 the will of the Emperor removed him to the throne of Spain, his fall from which we need not relate. On the abdication at Fontainebleau, he retired into Switzerland; but on the return of the Emperor, in 1815, came back, and entered Paris on the same day as his brother. After the battle of Waterloo, he went to reside in America. In 1817, the State of New Jersey, and in 1825, that of New York, authorized him to hold lands without becoming an American citizen. In 1832, he left America for England, where he resided for sev-

eral years; but his impaired health made it necessary for him to live in a milder climate, and he removed to Florence. He was attended in his last moments by Louis and Jerome, who are his only surviving brothers.—*Court Jour.*

REV. HENRY FRANCIS CAREY.—The death of this distinguished author was announced by a correspondent of the *Times*, last week; and also the interment of his remains, on Wednesday, in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. He began his poetical career in boyhood, and at the age of fifteen published a spirited ode on the death of Kosciusko, of whom Campbell wrote ("Pleasures of Hope"):

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd when Kosciusko fell."

Mr. Carey proceeded to the degree of M. A. in Christ's Church, Oxford, and took a wide and prominent range in the study of modern literature. In 1805 he published the "Inferno" of Dante in English blank verse, with the text of the original. An entire translation of the "Divina Comedia" appeared in 1814, and has long since taken its place among our standard English authors. To this Mr. Carey afterwards added a translation of the Birds of Aristophanes and of the Odes of Pindar. He contributed to the old "London Magazine" a valuable continuation of Johnson's "Lives of English Poets," and also "Lives of Early French Poets." In 1826 he was appointed assistant librarian in the British Museum, which office he resigned about six years since. From that period he had continued his literary labors with almost youthful energy, having edited the poetical works of Pope, Cowper, Milton, Thompson, and Young, together with a fourth edition of his own Dante, to which he added many valuable notes. The late government marked its sense of his literary merits, by granting him a pension of £200 a year.—*Lit. Gaz.*

From Göttingen, we hear of the death of M. GEORGE CHRISTIAN BENECKE, the oldest of the functionaries of the University. For forty-two years he filled the chair of the ancient German languages and literatures; and he was chief Conservator of the University Library, to which he had been attached for sixty-one years. He was the last of the pupils of the philologist Heyne, and formed, himself, some of the distinguished scholars of Germany. He is the author of many works which have attained celebrity.—*Athenæum.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

A History of China, from the Earliest Records to the Treaty with Great Britain in 1842. By Thomas Thornton, Esq., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. In two volumes. Vol. i. pp. 560, with a Map. London: Wm. H. Allen & Co.

Mr. Thornton, the author of an elaborate History of India, and other works connected with the East, some years since formed the design of writing a systematic history of the Chinese empire, a work which he considered much wanted. In point of fact, part of this history was printed so far back as 1835; but the design was suspended from the frequent announcement of original works on China which appeared about that time. Mr. Thornton, however, concludes that none of those which have appeared have materially interfered with his design, or at all fulfilled his purpose, which was, to give a "narrative, written in a plain and perspicuous style, of principal events, deduced from the Chinese annals and synchronical authorities, relieved, as much as possible, from matter that might impede or offend the general reader, without sacrificing any information essential to the Oriental student." He, therefore, resumed his labors, the first half of which lie before us, in an account of the origin of the Chinese nation, the physical geography of China, and Chinese chronology, with its Ancient History down to the Tein, or seventh dynasty. The volume concludes with an account of the Introduction of Buddhism. We fear that Mr. Thornton has cast his work on too broad a scale to be able to complete it satisfactorily in another volume. From some interesting notes on the ancient manners of the Chinese we select the following specimens:—

Officers of state had six kinds of dresses, for the different seasons of the year; the princes had seven. At the court of Wan-Wang (in Shen-se) the officers wore woollen dresses embroidered with silk. In some courts, the upper garments were adorned with fur and leopard skin. A king of T'hsin wore a dress of foxes' skins. Generally speaking, the princes' habits were embroidered with silk. Red was the color adopted by the Chows as the court color. The officers of the court wore a red collar to their robe. The prince's cap was of skin, adorned with precious stones; the officers wore, in summer, a hat braided with straw; in winter, a cap of black cloth. The agricultural laborers had straw hats tied with ribbons. Beyond the court, the dresses worn were of various colors, except red; the caps were of black skin; the girdles of silk, fastened by a clasp, and wealthy people attached precious stones to them. Princes of the blood wore red shoes, embroidered with gold. In general, the summer shoes were of hempen cloth, and the winter of leather. The women of the middle class wore undyed dresses, and a veil or cap of a grayish color. The princes and dignitaries wore pendants in the ear. A lady was spoken of who had not only precious stones set in her ear-drops, but thin plates of gold in her hair. The toilette of the Chinese belles had a mirror made of metal. The ladies of rank plaited or frizzed their hair on each side of the head. The children of the rich wore in their girdle an ivory needle, with which

they used to untie a knot when they undressed. Until they attained their majority, they wore their hair gathered up in two bunches on the top of the head. At sixteen they assumed the cap. Both men and women anointed their hair, (which was black,) and had an ivory comb at their side. It is well known that the practice of shaving the head was introduced into China by the Manchoo Tartars in the 17th century.

The walls of the houses were of earth. The soil was beaten hard, and upon the beaten foundation of the intended wall was placed a frame of four planks, two of which corresponded to the two faces of the wall, which was dressed by a plumb-line; the frame was filled up with moistened earth, which was rammed down with wooden clubs. The beams were of bamboo, fir, or cypress. The frames of the doors were of wood. The poor built themselves cabins of miserable planks. In winter they commonly stopped the door with mud, to keep out the cold. In the 14th century before Christ, the inhabitants of Western China had no houses, but dwelt in caverns or grottos.

Cities were enclosed with an earthen wall, and a ditch, from whence the earth had been taken for the wall.

One of the principal resources for subsistence was *hunting*, in which bows and arrows were employed. The bow was made of carved wood, adorned with silk; it was kept in a leathern case. The game consisted of wild fowl, wild boars, wolves, foxes, deer, and wild cattle or buffaloes. Dogs were employed in the chase. The great hunting parties of the chiefs and grandees resembled those of modern Asiatic princes: large spaces of forest were enclosed, and the game was forced together by setting fire to the grass. Another resource was *fishing*, which was performed by line, but most commonly with nets made of fine split bamboo.

Cultivation of the soil, by means of irrigation, was carried on in the vast plain which forms the lower valley of the Yellow River, from Lung-mun in Shan-se, to the Gulf of Pih-chih-le. Each portion of land assigned to a family was surrounded with a trench of water, which communicated with canals from the river. Till the Chow dynasty, beyond this large valley, to the west and east especially, were vast tracts of forest. Herds and flocks are mentioned as constituting the wealth of the powerful families. The grains referred to in the *Sheking* are rice, wheat, barley, buck-wheat, and two kinds of millet. The plough is enumerated amongst agricultural instruments, with its share; the hoe or spade, and the scythe or sickle. Weeding is recommended, and the burning of the weeds in heaps, "in honor of the genii who preside over the crops," the ashes manuring the soil. After two crops the ground was suffered to lie fallow for a year. A plant was cultivated which yielded a blue color, and others from which a yellow and a red dye were extracted.

Bread was prepared in the same manner as at the present day. Meat was broiled on the coals, or roasted with a spit, or boiled in pots. Amongst the common people, pigs and dogs were kept for food. According to the *Chow-le*, the *Le-ke*, and Mencius, the practice of eating dogs' flesh was general. Beef and mutton were served only on the tables of the chiefs and dignitaries, who kept herds and flocks. Wine was ordinarily

drank at solemn repasts; the wine was a spirit extracted (as at the present day) from rice. One of the odes states that, "in the tenth moon, the rice is cut to make the wine of spring." This wine was kept in vessels of baked earth. The lower orders drank out of horns rough or cut.

The metals referred to are gold, silver, iron, lead, and copper. Articles were manufactured of all these metals. Gold was obtained from mines in the south; mines of iron were worked in Shensu by Kung-lew, in the 18th century B. C.

References to matters relating to war are numerous, and seem to denote that, excepting in the use of fire-arms, the Chinese have made little progress in the art military since those early times.—*Tait's Magazine*.

Germany.

Niederländische Sagen—Gesammelt und mit Anmerkungen begleitet, herausgegeben von Johann Wilhelm Wolf. (Legends of the Netherlands, collected, illustrated with Notes, and edited by J. W. Wolf). Leipsic. 1843. 8vo. pp. 708.

Since the year 1818, when those profound scholars and philologists, the brothers Grimm, published their collection of German Traditions, a spirit of inquiry into these interesting relics of the literature of the people has manifested itself in almost every country of Europe, and produced numerous volumes of popular legends, calculated alike to interest the mere reader for amusement, and the philosophical investigator into national antiquities and the history of fiction.

Too many of these collections have, however, been disfigured by one glaring and unpardonable fault—an attempt to invest their contents with a dignity and importance utterly at variance with their artless and fragmentary character. The best and most interesting of these traditions, although furnishing admirable materials for the poet and romancer, possess, in their childlike simplicity, a grace beyond the reach of art, and are always most effective when narrated in the homely style of the old crone whom Akenside so admirably describes:

"By night

The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant audience, with her tales,
Breathing astonishment, of witching rhymes
And evil spirits; of the deathbed call
To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave, to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life concealed; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and
wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed."

From this offence against propriety and good taste, the vast body of Flemish traditions, here gathered together by the industry and research of the editor, is entirely free, as indeed might be expected from the complaints to which he has given utterance, against such of his predecessors as have fallen into this error. Thus, while he commends Schayes for his 'Essais Historiques sur les Usages, les Croyances, et les Traditions des Belges,' and Dr. Bovy for his 'Promenades Historiques,' he does not scruple to point out the defects of Berthoud in his 'Chroniques et Traditions surnaturelles de la Flandre,' and to denounce as utterly unworthy of notice the 'Chroniques des Rues de Bruxelles.' As it will be seen from these re-

marks, that the editor of the present collection has had many predecessors, even in our own day, in the great work of collecting the traditional remains of the Netherlands; and as he has moreover diligently sought them out from time-honored chronicles, and noted them down from the recitation of venerable graybeards, in whose memory the tales heard in their youth still held their place, and in addition to these sources, has been favored with communications from some of the most distinguished Flemish antiquaries, it will readily be believed that the five or six hundred legends with which his goodly octavo volume is filled, form a perfect storehouse of Flemish traditional lore—the value of which is certainly considerably increased by the editor's notes and comments. The connexion which subsists between the early language and literature of England and Flanders, and the light which they are calculated to throw upon each other, render the present volume one of peculiar interest to the antiquaries of this country, who will find in it many a striking picture of the manners and customs of bygone times, many a startling illustration of old world feelings and old familiar phrases.

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